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THE NEW YORKER

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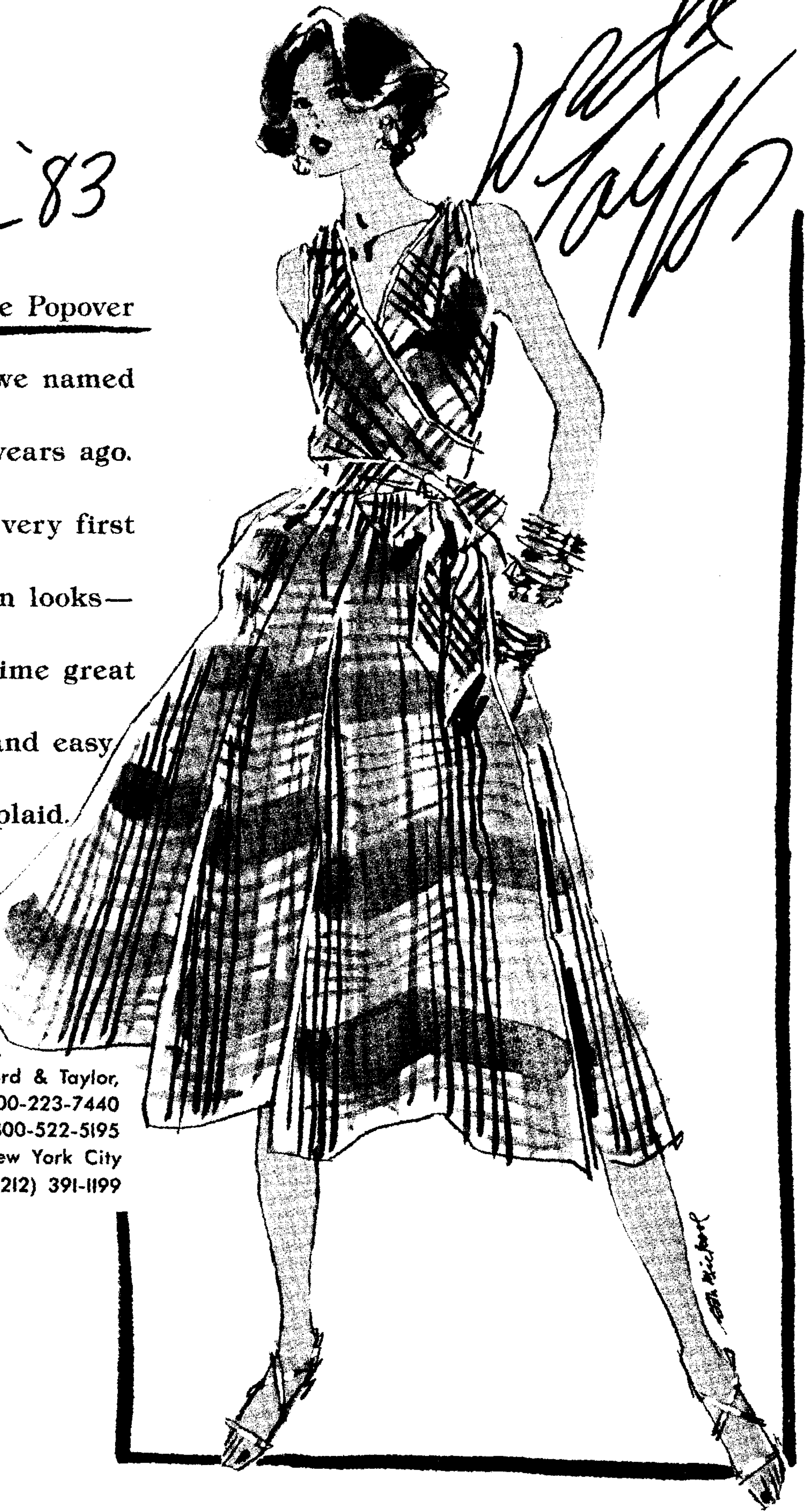

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL—If Homer nodded once, Shakespeare nodded several times, and this was one of them. Still, the Royal Shakespeare Company, under the direction of Trevor Nunn, *has given the play a handsome* production, with a very high level of acting. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/83.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy is worth seeing for the performance by Matthew Broderick as its fifteen-year-old hero. (4/11/83) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BURIED INSIDE EXTRA—Thomas Babe's puzzling play—not quite a comedy, not quite a thriller—is set in the city room of a newspaper during a bomb scare. Hal Holbrook, Sandy Dennis, Vincent Gardenia, Dixie Carter, and William Converse-Roberts are the good actors. Joseph Papp directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CATS—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. *A superb spectacle, which* may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera, *performed by alumni of the* Acting Company. John Houseman is the director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

DANCE A LITTLE CLOSER—A musical based on Robert E. Sherwood's 1936 play "Idiot's Delight." The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, the music is by Charles Strouse, and the cast is headed by Len Cariou, Liz Robertson, and George Rose. Mr. Lerner is the director. Opens Wednesday, May 11. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DUET FOR ONE—A trashy play about a concert violinist who is stricken with multiple sclerosis. The setting is the office of her psychiatrist. With Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer. (5/9/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

EARLY WARNINGS—Three one-act plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—A festival of fourteen plays, running through Monday, June 13. "Poisoner of the Wells," by Brother Jonathan, O.S.F.; "Postcards," by Carol K. Mack; and "Two Conversations," by David Mamet: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 11-12; Saturday evening, May 14; Sunday matinée, May 15; Friday evening, May 20; and Saturday matinée, May 21. . . . ¶ "The Dolphin Position," by Percy Granger; "The Survivalist," by Robert Schenkkan; and "Touch Black," by Bill Buzzone: Friday evening, May 13; Saturday matinée, May 14; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 15-16; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 18-19; and Saturday evening, May 21. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The last in this season's series of eight productions will be a revival of the musical **PROMISES, PROMISES,** with a book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. Opens Thursday, May 12, and will run through Sunday, June 5. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Mat*inées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For in*formation about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EXTREMITIES—Karen Allen in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FOXFIRE—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are irresistibly tart and tender in a play about life in Appalachia, where the old seek in vain to cling to their old customs and the young light out for the fleshpots of Florida. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

GOODBYE GOODBYE—A play by Rina Yerushalmi. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

GREATER TUNA—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequenty funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HAJJ—Ruth Maleczech presenting a performance poem by Lee Breuer. (Public, 425

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 7 and 9. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

K2—The designer Ming Cho Lee has provided an icy mountainside of startling verisimilitude as the setting for a dialogue between two mountain climbers facing death. The cast consists of Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson. The author is Patrick Meyers. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly as George Bernard Shaw in a revival of the one-man show devised by Michael Voysey from the writings of G.B.S. Preview Wednesday, May 11. Opens officially on Thursday, May 12, at 6:30. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Natalia Makarova and Lara Teeter.

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(3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Frank Langella and Cathryn Damon in Peter Nichols' play, imported from London. Previews through Saturday, May 14. Opens officially on Sunday, May 15. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—A stirring production of the Gershwin-Heyward opera given as Gershwin had always hoped it would be, at full length as a true opera. The amplified sound is a problem, but for once it can be forgiven. (4/18/83) (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday May 15.)

Private Lives—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton put themselves on display in Coward's imperishable comedy, where they do not belong. John Cullum and Kathryn Walker are also in the cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Dalton Dearborn plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Show Boat—Age has not withered the Kern-Hammerstein score, but the book has its problems, and the present production is unable to cause us to forget them. The cast plays with the self-indulgence of amateurs. (5/9/83) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Top Girls—The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Polly Draper, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Trio—Three one-act plays by Bill Harris. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Gary Sinise and Dan Butler. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Unspeakable Acts—A one-character play by and with David Gibson, presented by the Fool's Theatre of Oxford. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival, flawlessly cast and directed, of the Arthur Miller melodrama about an Italian longshoreman in Brooklyn who has the bad luck to fall in love with his niece. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A silly parody of the English murder-mystery genre, written by Anthony Shaffer and enacted by a cast about whom it would be kind to say that all of them have been miscast. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wilderness of Shur—A play by Nicholas Biel. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Wild Life—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Win/Lose/Draw—Three one-act dialogues marvellously performed by Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim. The authors—singly and combined—are Mary Gallagher and Ara Watson. The third and most substantial of the plays is "Chocolate Cake," by Miss Gallagher (about two secretly ravenous women), but the others are entertaining as well. All of them were first done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Amy Saltz was the good director. (5/9/83) (Provincetown, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. Kate Burton, Michael Butler, Jeanne Ruskin, and Bernie McInerney are the adroit actors. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Jason Robards. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W.

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45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Dukes plays the villainous Salieri, and Mark Hamill plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whizbang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,584 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical verson of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays —humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty— by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

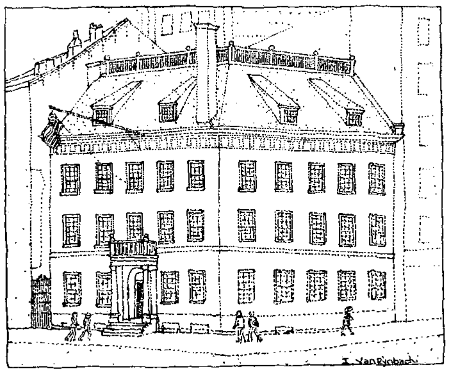
Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Five performers who sing, dance, juggle, tell jokes, and play instruments. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kaze-No-Ko—A troupe of actors, mimes, and musicians from Japan, in their first appearance here. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Monday through Thursday, May 16-19, at 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 11: "Ballo della Regina," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Swan Lake," "Glass Pieces" (première), and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Ballo della Regina," "Andantino," "Glass Pieces," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 15: "Mother Goose," "Concerto Barocco," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 15: "Swan Lake," "Andantino," "Tzigane," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 17: "Rossini Quartets," "Glass Pieces," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 18: "Swan Lake," "Celebration," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 19: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 20: "Swan Lake," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Celebration." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 21: "Swan Lake," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Andantino," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 21: "Glass Pieces," "Episodes," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)



American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 11: "Push Comes to Shove" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "Duets," "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Raymonda Divertissements," "Airs," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "Raymonda Divertissements" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 16: "Airs," "Estuary" (New York première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 17: "Interludes," "Estuary," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 18-20, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 21: "La Bayadère." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, May 11: "The Consort," "Summer's Lease," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "Over the Pavement," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "A Footstep of Air," "Circa," and "Three Dances." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Straw Hearts," "Three Dances," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 15: "The Real McCoy," "The Consort," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 15: "Circa," "Three Dances," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 17: "Three Dances," "At Midnight," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 18: "Three Dances," "A Footstep of Air," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 19: "Play Bach," "Over the Pavement," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 20: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "Circa," and "Three Dances." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 21: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Summer's Lease." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 22.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 11: "The River," "Sonnets," "Treading," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Blues Suite," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Satyriade," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "The River," "Research," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Seven Journeys," "Pigs & Fishes," "Satyriade," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 15: "Streams," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Songs Without Words," and "Seven Journeys." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 15: "Fontessa & Friends," "Spectrum," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 17: "Landscape," "Research," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 18: "Streams," "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 19: "Fontessa & Friends," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Seven Journeys." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 20: "Satyriade," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Songs Without Words," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 21: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 21: "Fontessa & Friends," "Research," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 22.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, May 12, and Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, at 8. . . . **JEAN-LÉON DESTINÉ AFRO-HAITIAN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, May 19, and Saturday, May 21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 6:30. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Joan Miller Dance Players—Three benefit performances, with guest artists. (Martin Luther King, Jr., High School, 122 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, May 19, at 7:30, with Ruby Dee. . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 7:30, with Odetta. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 7:30, with Oscar Brand. For information about tickets, call 568-8854.)

DanceAfrica Festival—A program of traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; the International Afrikan American Ballet; the Izulu Dance Company; the Art of Black Dance and Music; the Calabash Dance Company; Women of the Calabash; A Touch of Folklore and More, with soloist Chief Bey; and a children's group from the Bernice Johnson Cultural Arts Center. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

Mel Wong Dance Company—The first three of eight performances of "Jade," a new full-length work. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Friday through Sunday, May 20-22, at 7.)

Maryland Dance Theatre—Performances of modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, May 21-22, at 8.)

Tribute to Agnes de Mille—Among those taking part will be Isaac Stern, Jerome Robbins, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Cynthia Gregory, Chita Rivera, Natalia Makarova, and Adolph Green. A benefit for the Friends of the Theatre Collection of the Museum of the City of New York. (Shubert Theatre, 225 W. 44th St. Monday, May 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 421-2531.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Detroit hard-bopper pianist **BARRY HARRIS** leads his trio on Friday and Saturday, May 13-14; on Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will collaborate with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **STANLEY TURRENTINE,** a compelling, funky tenor saxophonist whose music is accessible, fun, and sounds great on a car radio, leads his combo through Sunday, May 15; on Monday, May 16, Alice Berke and the Walter White quintet will be here; and on Tuesday, May 17, percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** will bring in his Latin-jazz orchestra. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, May 11, the Individuals; Thursday, May 12, Savoy Brown, with Kim Simmonds; Friday, May 13, Scottish folkie John Martyn; Saturday, May 14, **ARCHIE SHEPP** and **LESTER BOWIE;** Monday and Tuesday, May 16-17, Ronnie Scott; Wednesday, May 18, Level 42; Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, veteran protest folkie **TOM PAXTON** and country-folk singer **JOHN HARTFORD;** Saturday, May 21, Dr. Demento. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, May 14; beginning Monday, May 16, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle—nowadays, a prized visitor—is back, vigorously paying his respects to Coward, Porter, Gershwin, and company, as his ardent followers vigorously pay him theirs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work at the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be found once again in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, May 11, Lost Tropics, Standing Waves, and Strate A's; Friday, May 13, Keeper and Mode I.Q.; Saturday, May 14, the Rattlers, the Midnight Walkers, and the Colors; Sunday, May 15, Psycho and Rosemary's Baby; and Tuesday, May 17, Chris Bond, Shh. . . , and ICBM. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, **OSCAR BRAND** sings seagoing, terra-firma, and bawdy ditties; Sundays and Mondays are claimed by bassist and singer **JAY LEONHART,** with pianist **MIKE RENZI.** Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

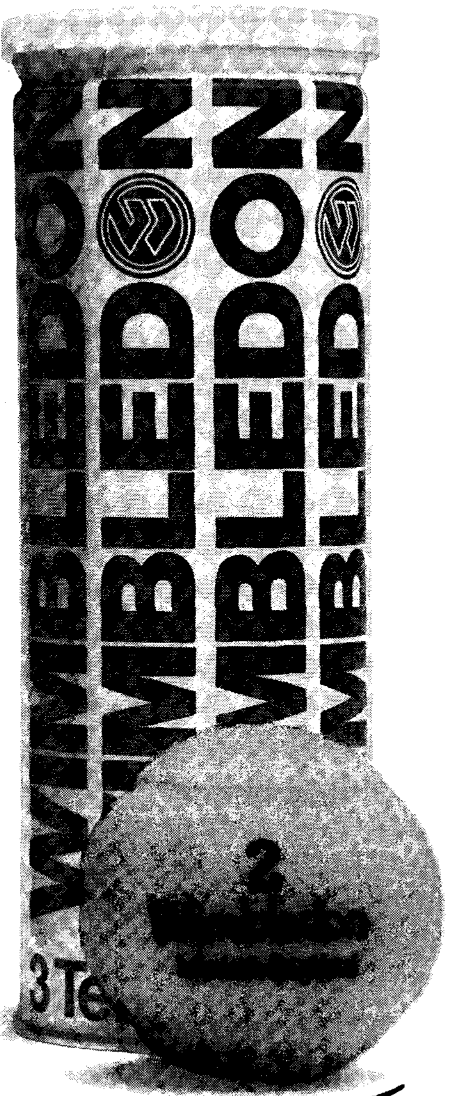
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. Wednesday, May 11, John Roberts; Thursday, May 12, Lew Gelfond & Bob Mellman; Saturday, May 14, Cranberry Lake Jug Band; Wednesday, May 18, the Haydown Treaders; and Saturday, May 21, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA'S** bluegrass band, **SKYLINE.** Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, May 15, trumpeter Glenn Zottola will lead a quintet from nine-fifteen, and on Monday, May 16, Jack Maheu's quintet, which features vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** will occupy the stand from eight-thirty. Wednesdays, the Bill and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** plays some bluesy hard bop with pianist **HAROLD MABERN,** bassist **JAMIL NASSER,** and drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD;** and beginning Tuesday, May 17, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** will arrive with one of the world's greatest rhythm sections, pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY.** The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-

You are cordially invited to play Wimbledon. The ball used exclusively at Wimbledon since 1902. Available here for the first time.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, May 11, La Guapa Papa, Toy Killers, and The Scene Is Now; Thursday, May 12, Adrienne Torf and Cathy Winter; Saturday, May 14, Frank Christian; Sunday, May 15, Jane Brucker; Monday, May 16, Lynn Samuels; Wednesday, May 18, the Neats; Thursday, May 19, Mary Watkins and Gayle Marie; and Friday, May 20, the Bermuda Triangle. Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, sound-stage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE;** Friday, May 13, singer, pianist, and composer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** and **CECIL MC BEE;** Saturday, May 14, *Jerome Olds and Tom Grose; Sunday through* Thursday, May 15-19, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS;** and Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, singer Val Eley. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **DOM MINASI** heads up a trio, on Mondays **JANET LAWSON** sings with *her* trio, and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to pianist and singer Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **RALPH SUTTON,** a strong, buoyant, blues-tinged, early-jazz pianist who can really move on out, performs through Saturday, May 14; Sunday and Monday, May 15-16, will belong to pianist **MIKE ABENE;** and on Tuesday, May 17, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will return. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL.** On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and *restaurant that is often crowded*—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to real fine piano-bass duos: **LOU LEVY** works with **MICHAEL MOORE** Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays and Mondays, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** have the floor. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, Leslie West & Corky Laing & New Mountain; Monday, May 16, **TANYA TUCKER;** Tuesday, May 17, rockabilly patriarch **CARL PERKINS;** and Wednesday, May 18, *Pure Prairie League. Music from about eight*-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A real fine lineup, as usual: Wednesday, May 11, tenor saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD;** Thursday through Sunday, May 12-15, drummer **JIMMY COBB'S** band; Tuesday, May 17, violinist **BILLY BANG;** and Wednesday through Sunday, May 18-22, tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER,** ever a Coltrane believer, and his sextet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**NANCY WILSON** is singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** and bassist **BRIAN TORFF** pay tribute to composer Harold Arlen Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West *Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz,* rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Friday, May 13, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** and Saturday, May 14, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, May 11, Jeffrey Roy; Friday, May 13, Maura & the Mirrors and Topper Lilien & the Blue Tycoons; Saturday, May 14, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl. Shows begin at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

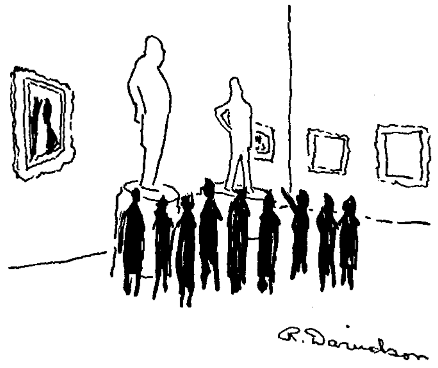
Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, Modern English, and Sunday and Monday, May 15-16, Simple Minds. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, May 11, **SYBIL THOMAS,** a young and skillful R. & B. singer; Thursday through Sunday, May 12-15, the **HEATH BROTHERS BAND;** Monday, May 16, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, May 17, Keija Bostic; Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, Bob Mintzer; and Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, **TANIA MARIA,** a lively, chirping, Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist. Music from nine-thirty.



Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and somehow resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, May 11, *Brazilian Express;* Thursday, May 12, Brazuca; Tuesday, May 17, Marcos Silva; Wednesday, May 18, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Thursday, May 19, Malaparte; and Fridays and Saturdays **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and seven other adept, advanced players—**OLU DARA, CRAIG HARRIS, JULIUS HEMPHILL, BUTCH MORRIS, JOHN HICKS, WILBUR MORRIS,** and **ED BLACKWELL**—will be here through Saturday, May 14. Sunday, May 15, will be Brazilian-flavored, with percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his ten-piece band, **AMAZON;** on Monday, May 16, Kansas City blues and jazz legend **BIG JOE TURNER** will sing here; and on Tuesday, May 17, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—R. & B. singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN** was most likely influenced by *the* singer-pianist of the forties, Nat King Cole, and he most likely influenced *the* singer-pianist of the fifties, Ray Charles. His piano playing is strictly hot, laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords that nevertheless sound just fine. He is also personable as all getout. Shows after nine-thirty through Saturday, May 14. Wednesday through Saturday, May 18-21, have been set aside for Delta-blues singer and guitarist **CEDELL DAVIS.**

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, May 11, Newton and Le Mans; Thursday, May 12, the Burns Sisters and the Cutaways; Friday, May 13, Urgent and the Privates; Saturday, May 14, Brock and Swing; Monday, May 16, **LESTER CHAMBERS,** and Tuesday, May 17, Picasso. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

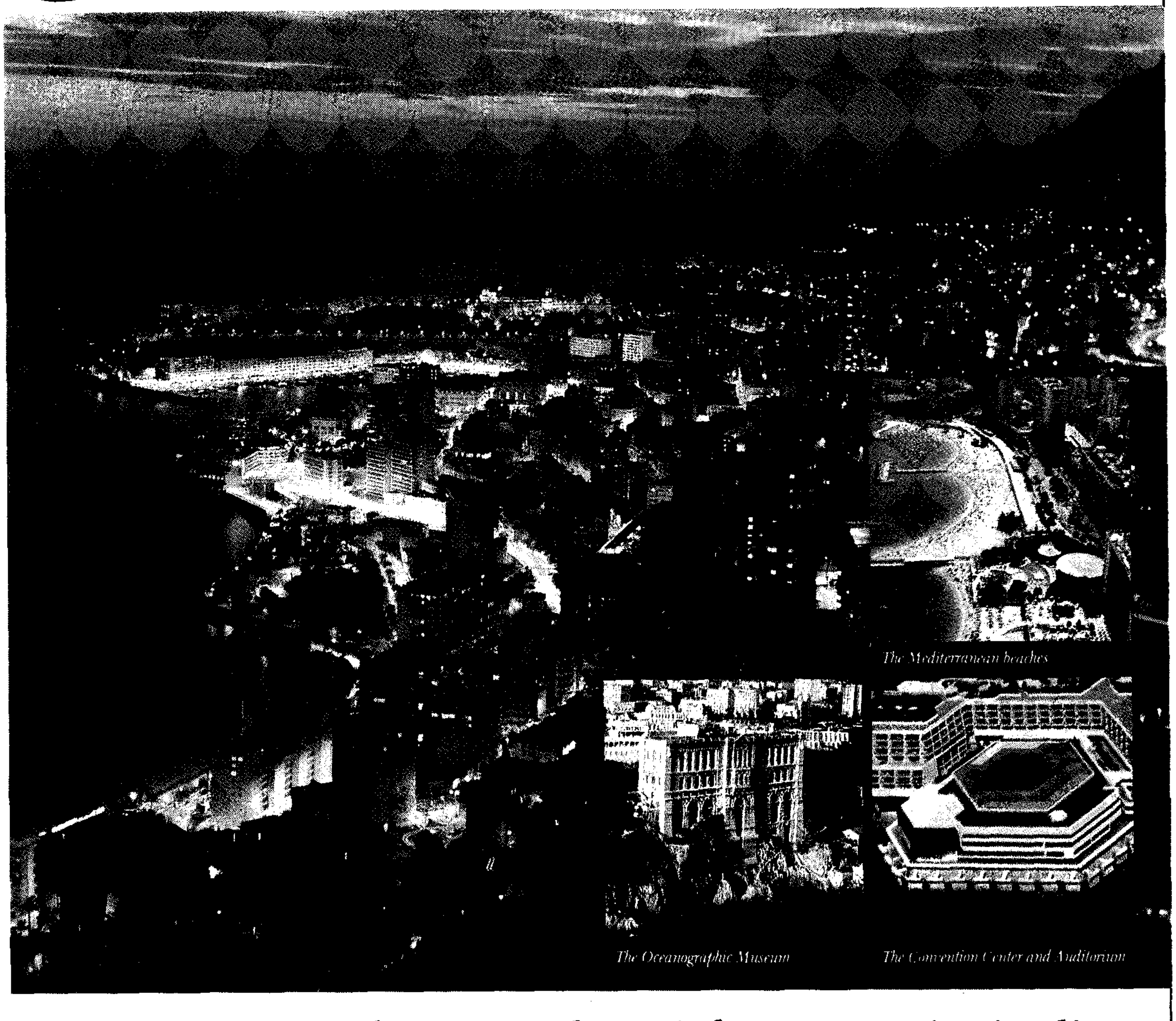
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa Monday nights downstairs: on Monday, May 16, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA COMPANIA** trade sets, and their guest jazz soloist will be alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE.** Music from nine. Thursday through Sunday, May 12-15, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** perform from ten, along with guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER'S** trio on Friday and Saturday. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist **ROLAND HANNA'S** quartet finishes up on Sunday, May 15; on Tuesday, May 17, guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads *to the dining room).* A laid-back, swinging trio—pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER,** bassist **RAY BROWN,** and guitarist **HERB ELLIS**—is ensconced here nightly, except Mondays. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; first-generation bop pianist **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—*A loose and informal Columbia*



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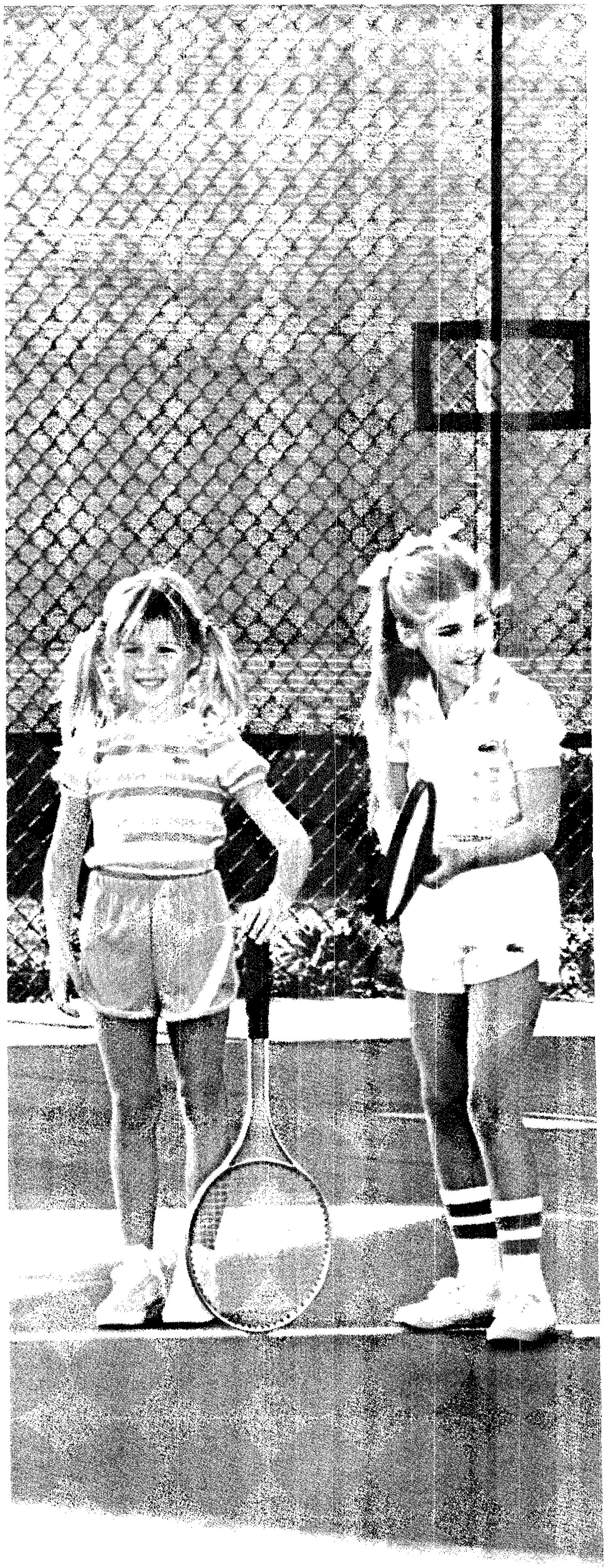

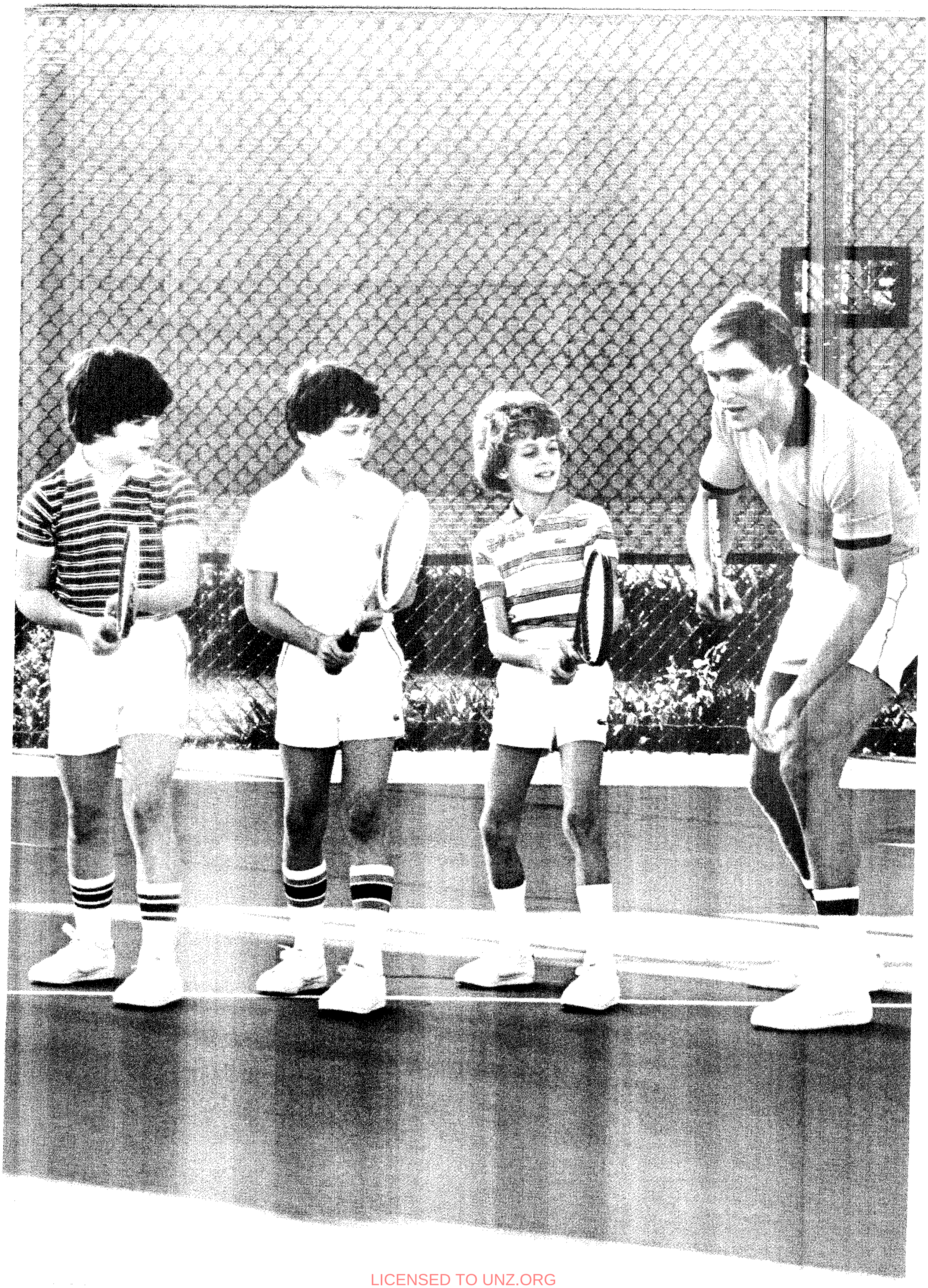

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University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: Django's Music, a hot-jazz outfit, through Saturday, May 14, Sunday, May 15, a benefit concert for WKCR-FM, and Monday and Tuesday, May 16-17, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY**. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. The roster: Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, May 14; starting Monday, May 16, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **RON MC CLURE**. Sundays belong to guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Nona Hendryx, Afrika Bambaataa & Soulsonic Force, and **Sweet G**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 12, at 9.

Garrison Keillor's A Prairie Home Companion—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, May 13, at 8; Saturday, May 14, at 5:45; and Sunday and Monday, May 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Shades of Sheila—Sheila Jordan performing with musicians Harvie Swartz, Steve Kuhn, and Robert Moses, and dancer Catherine Mapp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

Daniel Poncé & Jazzbata—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950.

Klezmer Meets Jazz—With Henry Sapoznik, Andy Statman, Pete Sokolow, and others. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, May 13, at 11:30.)

Highlights in Jazz—Dick Hyman, Milt Hinton, Phil Bodner, and others in a salute to Irving Berlin. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Zebra—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

James Emery Ensemble—With Ned Rothenberg. (Public Theatre. Saturday, May 14, at 11:30.)

Kingston Trio—With Mary Travers, Tom Paxton, and others. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

Marvin Gaye—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday through Saturday, May 17-21, at 8.

Tony Bennett—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, May 20, at 8.

Jazzmania Society—Wednesday, May 11, at 9 and 11: Carla White & Manny Duran. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 8:30: Herman Angel Big Band, featuring Paquito d'Rivera. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8:30: Janet Grice & Tropical. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

Jazz Interviews—Janet Lawson (with pianist Tony Monte), being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Monday, May 16, at 8. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Paintings and graphics. Through June 11. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Bill Beckley—New paintings and drawings combining oil, encaustic, and collage. Through June 11. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Watercolors from the mid-forties, by an abstractionist. Through June 4. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Dobbs—Oil paintings of the beach scene at Nice and crucial instants in baseball. Through Saturday, May 21 (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Will Horwitt—A huge work on paper from 1967, "Drawing in Thirty-Eight Parts," and related sculptures in bronze and wood. Through June 3. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Maria Cooper Janis / Sooky Maniquant—Abstract paintings. / Abstractions from landscapes. Through May 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—The Danish Cobra artist's paintings and other works, from the Lefebre family collection. Through May 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes rendered in marble, granite, and onyx, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Eight paintings and drawings exhibited for the first time, in addition to other works. Through May 31. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Richard Piccolo—Allegorical figures (poetry, painting, sight, smell) done in oils, plus a few small fresco paintings. Through Wednesday, May 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes reflecting the terrain of Wellfleet and of Tepoztlán, Mexico. Through Saturday, May 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

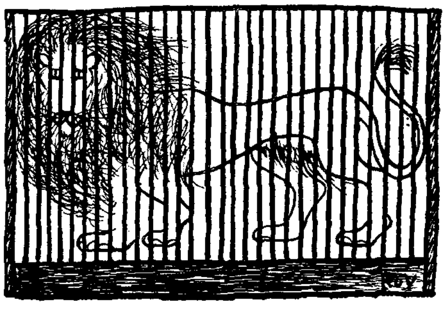
Judith Shea—Clothing shapes, such as skirts, translated into cast-metal and cloth sculptures—on the wall, flat on the floor, and free-standing. Through Saturday, May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Julio Silva—Fantasy paintings—masked figures, strange plants—by this Argentine-born artist, now resident in Paris. Through Saturday, May 21. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, with the hesitant scrawls and indecipherable writing that characterize so much of this artist's work. Through May 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings for his opera-in-progress, "Civil Wars." Through June 11. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

British Artists—Just a few of the galleries throwing open their doors for the next month or so to artists from the U.K.—**BEADLESTON,** 60 E. 91st St.: Paintings by Alfred Sisley and drawings by Henry Moore. Through June 11. (Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **BROWNE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints spanning two centuries by artists from Gainsborough (a 1783 mezzotint—the only one he ever did) and Stubbs to Moore and Hockney. Through June 3. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by Stanley Spencer (1891-1959). Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A bicentenary show of watercolors by David Cox. Through May 28. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painted-aluminum wall sculptures, plus drawings, by Nigel Hall. Through June 1. . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and drawings on the theme of "Apollo and Daphne in Umbria" by Carole Robb, and drawings by Peter de Francia and Thomas Newbolt. Through Saturday, May 14. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Nicely balanced paintings, by William Scott, of cups, saucepans, skillets, and an occasional fish, all simplified almost to abstractions. Through May 28. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Large figurative paintings and drawings by Graham Nickson. Through Wednesday, May 18. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Cityscapes by Julian Barrow. Through May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lawrence, and others. Through May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of paintings and drawings, largely of hunting scenes, horse races, and famous thoroughbreds, by Alfred J. Munnings (1878-1959). Through June 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



Group Shows—At the **COLNAGHI,** 26 E. 80th St.: Thirty drawings by eighteenth-century French artists, including three by Fragonard and one by Boucher. Through May 26. (Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil of a summery interior at Nice by Matisse and a reedy bronze figure by Archipenko are included in the current offering. Through May 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Arman—Twenty examples from his repertoire of fragmented musical instruments (in bronze), collectively called "Arman's Orchestra." Through June 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—Ceramic sculptures that consider and convey the effects of nuclear war. Also, a characteristic, mocking self-portrait by the sculptor. Through May 27. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Nell Blaine—Sunny paintings of fresh flowers, interiors, figures, and Gloucester scenery. Through Wednesday, May 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alice Dalton Brown—Precise and realistic renderings of old hotels at Chautauqua and typical residences around Lake Cayuga. Through May 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Watercolor landscapes of Ohio in the years 1915 to 1920, when the artist did most of his painting during his lunch hours, evenings, and weekends rather than full time. Through June 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

James Childs—An allegorical painting, "The Three Ages of Man," among others. Through May 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Painted-paper collages in checkerboard patterns. Also etchings. Through May 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Elizabeth de Cuevas—Human heads are the principal subject of bronze and stainless-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 21. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman / Dan Marshall—Oil paintings, chiefly of Western mountains. / Symbolic, figurative works on paper. Through June 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Ginnever—Four monumental sculptures in metal. Through July 2. (Marlborough, on the terrace, at 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Oils and watercolors of Cape Cod. Through June 4. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Carol Haerer—Abstract paintings. Through June 4. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Heliker—Views of Mount Desert Island, still-lifes, and interiors—both painted and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawn. Through Saturday, May 14. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Hinman—A new set of his paintings on paper and on shaped canvases that project from the wall. Through May 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Photographic assemblages: Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits. Through June 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William King—Seven huge, lanky aluminum figures—savoring a cocktail, curled up on the floor with a book, at utter ease with folded hands. Through May 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Karl Mann—Large-scale collages incorporating bits of old clothing and various junk-pile finds. Through Saturday, May 14. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Sculptures, gouaches, and mixed mediums on paper in a ninetieth-birthday salute. Through June 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A number of gallery shows are being held to coincide with the sculptor's retrospective, which will open at the Metropolitan Museum on Saturday, May 14. Etchings and lithographs at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Prints at Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Working models, maquettes, reliefs, drawings, and prints from recent years at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Sculptures, watercolors, and prints at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Sept. 20.

Isamu Noguchi / Edward Weston (1886-1958)—New sculptures in carved stone and in steel. Through June 17. / Fifteen contact prints, including a series of nudes, four cloud studies, and four sand-dune landscapes, all printed by his son Brett Weston. Through June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Roseate nymphs sunning themselves on the banks of New Hampshire brooks. Through Saturday, May 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Santomaso—Basic architectural forms—a rectangle and a triangle—are elements of these abstract paintings done in homage to Palladio. Through May 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rolph Scarlett—Drawings and watercolors dating from the twenties through the forties and ranging from lighthearted landscapes to Klee-influenced abstractions. Through Saturday, May 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Sharpe—Paintings of angular, Neo-Expressionist nymphs seen in landscapes that by contrast are models of realist sylvan beauty. Through May 25. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

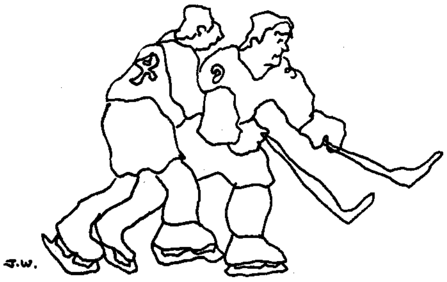
Joyce Weinstein—Abstract paintings. Through May 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Yasuda—Shaped canvases done in dark fields of color. Through Wednesday, May 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

British Artists—At the **Alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: New paintings by Stephen Buckley. Through Saturday, May 21. . . . **Kornblee,** 20 W. 57th St.: A sculpture by Alexander Hollweg which consists of twenty-four individual carved-wood panels evoking the Somerset countryside. Through Saturday, May 21 . . . **Prats,** 29 W. 57th St.: Sculptures, collages, and paintings by Brian Nissen. Through June 4.

Group Shows—At ***Baskerville & Watson,*** 24 W. 57th St.: Abstract drawings by eight painters and sculptors, including Louise Fishman, Eva Hesse, Gary Stephan, and Steve Wood. Through June 4. . . . **Blum Helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Robert Mangold; sculptures by John Duff and Bruce Nauman. Through May 28. . . . **Esman,** 29 W. 57th St., and **Rachel Adler,** 58 E. 79th St.: A two-gallery show highlighting Russian graphic art of the twenties and early thirties: Drawings, photographs, and books having to do with architecture, plus film posters, at the former; typography, book jackets, and stage designs at the latter. Through June 11. . . . **Janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: Recent work by seven artists, among them Tom Wesselmann and Marisol, and paintings by the late Swedish Pop artist Öyvind Fahlström. Through June 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Miller,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through June 30.

Sculpture—At the **Goodman,** 24 W. 57th St.: One work each by Richard Artschwager, Marcel Broodthaers, Sol LeWitt, and Claes Oldenburg. (Also, photographic portraits by Mr. Broodthaers.) Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Zabriskie,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Representative pieces by eight New York School artists—Herbert Ferber, Peter Grippe, David Hare, Ibram Lassaw, Seymour Lipton, Theodore Roszak, David Smith, and Richard Stankiewicz. Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30. . . . ¶ One large-scale work by each of these same artists can be seen at the gallery's 521 W. 57th St. address, which opens Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5. (Through May 28.)



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GALLERIES—SoHo

Calvin Albert—Semi-abstract terra-cotta sculptures. Through Saturday, May 21. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Stephen Antonakos—Large abstractions "drawn" in fiery neon tubing mounted on canvas or wood, and one installation in the same medium. Through May 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Ilan Averbuch / Muriel Castanis—An installation of massive pine timbers and large boulders. / A new set of her classical robes draped over figures that aren't there. Through Saturday, May 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the back galleries are unusual monoprint photographs by Denny Moers and wooden relics made and painted by Alan Kessler.

Alice Aycock—"The Thousand and One Nights in the Mansion of Bliss," an installation that makes use of such materials as steel, galvanized metal, and light-emitting diodes. Through June 4. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

Troy Brauntuch—Large drawings in white pencil on black paper and black linen. Through May 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Sandro Chia—Paintings of huge figures seen in attitudes associated with mythology, plus big bronze figures in a similar style. Through Friday, May 20. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Seven large oils in which contoured shapes are prominent, plus a group of drawings. Through Saturday, May 14. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Joe Fyfe—Lush paintings that embody fantasies—John Belushi's spirit marooned among the donkey-headed creatures of Pinocchio's Island of Bad Boys, for instance. Through Saturday, May 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Gilbert and George—Back in the saddle again, this time with huge photomontages, in vivid colors, plus pornographic drawings. Through Saturday, May 14. (Sonnabend, at both 420 West Broadway, and 121 Spring St.)

Hans Haacke—Works that present the artist's less-than-sympathetic views of the Reagan Administration. Through Saturday, May 21. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

K. H. Hödicke—Expressionist paintings on the theme of Medea. Through June 10. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Tom Holland—Three-dimensional painted works. Through May 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—Minimalist sculptures in metal and wood, usually in combination with Plexiglas. Through June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

William Leavitt—Clean-cut pastel drawings, mostly of architectural forms. Through Saturday, May 14. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Mimi Korach Lesser / Martha Margulis—Paintings of the animals and landscapes of Africa. / Semi-abstract landscapes. Through May 29. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Ed Paschke—New oils. Through May 28. (Kind, in a new location at 136 Greene St.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—New work: Large canvases, mostly, and a five-panel screen eight feet tall, on which bold abstract forms are painted. Through May 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—New sculptures in a wholly new direction for him—vertical zigzags of wood (or bronze) rooted to the floor at implausible angles. Also, drawings and more familiar Minimal pieces. Through June 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robin Tewes—Informal, realist paintings of contemporary home life—mom and pop on the sofa, teen-agers at a party, a baby dressed up for company. Through May 28. (Josef, 113 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At the **Bonlow,** 150 Greene St.: Painters from Berlin and Cologne, including Rainer Fetting and Salomé. Through Saturday, May 14. . . . **The Drawing Center,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Milliken,** 98 Prince St.: Robert Berlind, Mary Ann Currier, Steve Hawley, and other gallery artists showing representational works. Through June 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Bang—New sculptures. Through May 28. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Group Shows—At **Condeso-Lawler,** 119 W. 25th St.: Paintings by Donald Alberti, Russell Maltz, Olivier Mosset, and Ted Stamm. Through May 28. . . . **Gallery 1199,** at 310 W. 43rd St.: Forty-seven American paintings that portray the Depression. Artists include Thomas Hart Benton, Alice Neel, and Philip Evergood. Through Saturday, May 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.) . . . **The New Museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Eight Seattle artists showing diverse works, among them four installation pieces. Through June 1. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Nicholas Nixon—Photographs of people in their homes in the poor sections of Boston, Detroit, and Louisville. Through May 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through June 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Stanley Wulc / Carol Mothner—Meticulously arranged photographs that evoke the tableaux of the Old Masters. / Still-life paintings of flowers. Through May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **Federal Hall National Memorial,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Phototypes: The Development of Photography in New York City," documented with about a hundred examples by Steichen, Hine, Arbus, Van DerZee, Penn, and others. A loan show mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **Museum of Modern Art,** 18 W. 54th St.. Extremely large photographic works by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, and others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective will contain two hundred works, including direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Starts Saturday, May 14. (Complementary shows are at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.; William Beadleston, 60 E. 91st St.; Bernard Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.; Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.; and the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable, including some of his native Dedham. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through Sunday, May 15. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Large-scale prints. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the centenary of the Brooklyn Bridge: Engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harper's Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Botanical engravings of plants gathered in the Pacific Ocean region during Captain Cook's 1770 round-the-world journey—the first such specimens seen by European botanists. The prints were recently reproduced from copperplate etchings made two centuries ago and used now for the first time. Also on display: Dried plants collected on the trip and some watercolors that were studies for the prints. Through July 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nine designers offer "New Departures in British Jewelry," one of which, Caroline Broadhead's "Neckpiece/Veil," covers the entire head in see-through, cylinder-shaped nylon filament. Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Washington Irving's bicentenary is being marked with a show that includes, among other manuscripts, a page from "Rip Van Winkle" (it is exhibited alongside a first edition of the book in which the short story appeared). Also, memorabilia and several portraits of the author. Through June 4. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through June 12. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The plaster cast for "The Holocaust," a sculpture by George Segal which was commissioned by Mayor Dianne Feinstein's Committee for a Memorial to the Six Million Victims of the Holocaust and which is to be cast in bronze and installed on a site overlooking San Francisco Bay, is on view. Through Sunday, May 15. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of almost forty photographs documenting the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A pair of loan shows from Great Britain: Fifty paintings by Winston Churchill. Starts Thursday, May 12. . . . ¶ Forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Royal Academy, by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Silvia Ziranek (performance with audiotapes), Thursday, May 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Short audiotapes, by Stuart Brisley and by Gerald Newman, will be played on a rotating schedule through Saturday, May 14.

Just Above Midtown/Downtown, 178 Franklin St. 966-7020. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Martha Wilson (performance), Friday, May 13, at 8; Hope Gillerman and Mary Ann Capehart (performance), Friday, May 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Three solo exhibitions: An installation by Frank Parker; paintings by Toshihisa Yoda; a wall installation by Barbara Garber. Through May 28.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Lisa Kraus (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 12-15, at 8:30; Michael Smith (performance), Friday through Sunday, May 20-22, at 8:30 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A two-channel video installation, by Lyn Blumenthal, commenting on television programming. Starts Saturday, May 14.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Keith Sonnier's video installations, drawings, and neon and bamboo sculptures occupy the main exhibition room. Through June 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, May 11 and 18, and Fridays, May 13 and 20, at 8, and Sundays, May 15 and 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting the final performances of the regular season—Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, at 8; Friday, May 13, at 2; Saturday, May 14, at 8; and Tuesday, May 17, at 7:30: A Vaughan Williams–Elgar–Dvořák program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8; Friday, May 20, at 2; and Saturday, May 21, at 8: A Harrison Birtwistle–Walton–Beethoven program, with Lorne Munroe, cello.

Cleveland Orchestra—Victor Borge conducting and playing the piano in a pop concert. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Beethoven-Brahms program, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

Montreal Symphony Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducting a Berlioz-Saint-Saëns-Stravinsky program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; James McCracken, tenor; and Louis Quilico, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the final concerts of the season, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 15, at 3.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Johannes Somary directing, with John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Arthur Hart, piano; Cynthia Richards, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; and the Horace Mann School Chamber Chorus. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Charles Barker conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

Wesleyan University-Javanese Gamelan Ensemble—Sukanto S. Darsono and Sumarsam conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

West Texas State University Symphonic Band—Gary T. Garner conducting, with Julius Baker and Bradley Garner, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conduct-

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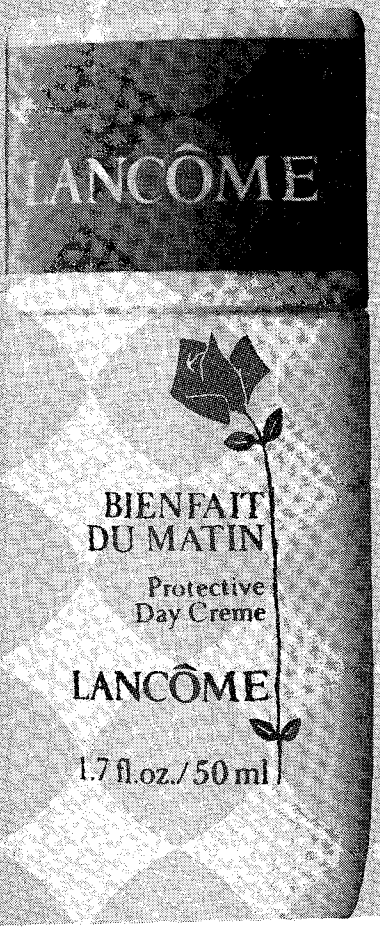

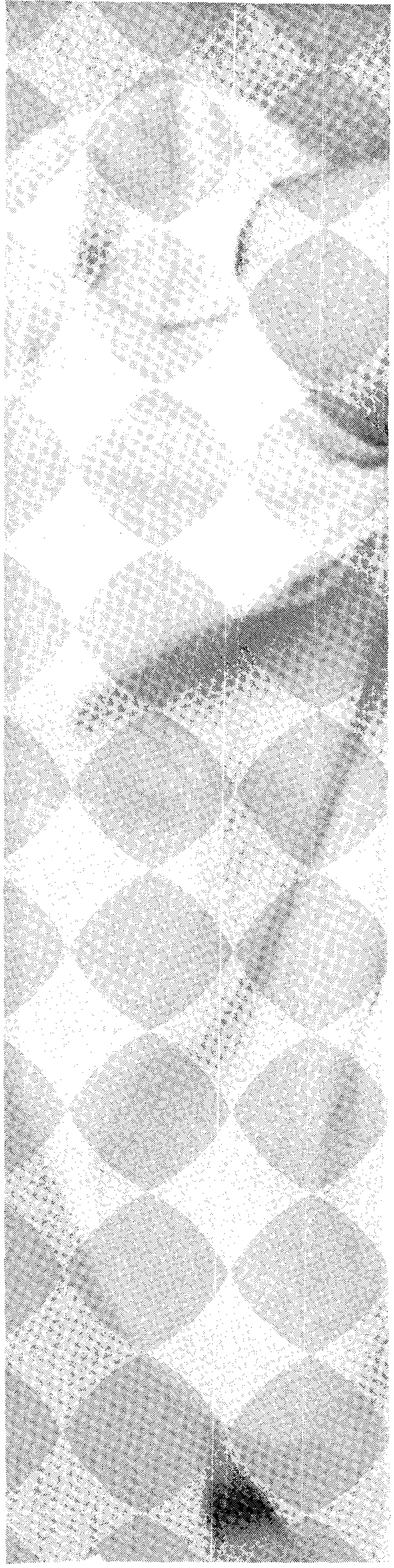

LANCÔME
PARIS

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ing the final concerts of the season, with Veronica Jochum, piano, and Richard Fredrickson, double bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing a program of American music, with Lynn Beckstrom, mezzo-soprano; and David Ancel, bass. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. *For information about tickets, call* 869-0970.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Stravinsky's "Les Noces" and Fauré's Requiem, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Ben Holt, baritone; and Ursula Oppens, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Donna Merriman, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; Michael Crouse, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of Elizabethan music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 14, at 9.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, May 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Metropolitan Greek Chorale—George Tsontakis directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

Bernard Yannotta—Clarinet, with a string ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Three in a series of seven recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 12; Monday, May 16; and Thursday, May 19, all at 8.)

Brahms Concert—The fifth in a series of seven concerts presenting Brahms' complete chamber music for strings and piano, performed by the Guarneri Quartet and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Concert Royal—A program of Venetian baroque music and dance, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Roland Jullien, dancer; and the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ An all-Purcell program, with the St. Thomas Choir. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, May 17, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

The Bach Winterfest—Kenneth Cooper and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and the Bach Family Strings, in a concert postponed from Feb. 12. (St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Cho-Liang Lin—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Mozartean Players—A program of music by Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, played on eighteenth-century instruments. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, May 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Rivka Golani-Erdesz—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 15, at 3.)

Thomas Hewes and Cynthia Richards—Baritone and soprano, in a program of American music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, May 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Heidi Nitze—Soprano, with Dennis Smylie, bass clarinet, and Margaret Singer, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

Tashi—With José Ferrer, narrator, and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

Newband—A program of contemporary music, with the Erich Hawkins Dance Company. (Symphony Space. Sunday, May 15, at 8:30. A half-hour before the concert, there will be a showing of a film with music by Harry Partch.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Sunday, May 15, at 8.30.)

Robert Páce and Allen Shawn—Composer-pianists, with Joseph Passaro and Louis Oddo, percussion, and Jane Bryden, soprano. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Monday, May 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Nash Ensemble of London—The first appearances here by this English chamber group. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 16, and Saturday, May 21, at 8. . . ¶ Symphony Space. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

Natan Brand—A program of piano études, postponed from Nov 9. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

Michael Collins—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

Hiroko Ohki—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Symphony Space. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in a recital postponed from March 2. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

Thouvenel String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

Arnaud Dumond—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Jupiter Symphony Chamber Players—An all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, May 20, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Arthur Weisberg, guest conductor, and John Swallow, trombone. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Eric Stumacher—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 21, at 9.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, May 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, May 13, at 8; Saturday, May 14, at 1:20; and Sunday, May 15, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Tuesday through Thursday, May 17-19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 20, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 21, at 7:35.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. Sunday, May 15.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Finals: Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Saturday, May 14, and Tuesday, May 17, at 8:05, and if necessary, Saturday, May 21, at 8:05.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Withers, Saturday, May 14, and the Comely, Sunday, May 15. . . . BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 18, through Monday, July 25. The Roseben Handicap, Wednesday, May 18, and the Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 21. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1.30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, from Friday, May 20, through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 21.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tulsa. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 15, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM: Nancy Milford reading from her biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Thursday, May 12, at 6. . . ¶ Irving Feldman and Anthony Petrosky reading from their own poetry, Thursday, May 19, at 6. (20 W. 53rd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . 92ND STREET Y: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., reading from his own prose. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 16, at 8.) . . . DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP: *Linda Gregg and Caroline* Knox reading from their own poetry. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday, May 16, at 8.) . . . NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY TRUSTEES ROOM: Jamaica Kincaid reading from her own prose. (Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Thursday, May 19, at 6. Admission is free; for reservations, which are required, call 930-0855.)

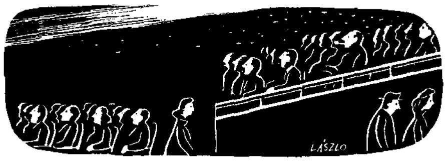
Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the financial district sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, starting at the U. S. Custom House, Bowling *Green at the foot of Broadway, at 2. (For in*formation about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "East Sixties," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 15, starting at Hunter College, Park Ave., between 68th and 69th Sts., at 1:30. (*For information about tickets, call* 534-1672.)

Flower Show—"Salute to Chelsea," a horticultural exhibit in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, which was inspired by London's *annual Chelsea Flower Show. (Open daily,* except Mondays, 10 to 5—last admission at 4—and Sunday and Wednesday evenings until 8:30. Through Friday, May 20.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, *9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)* Thursday, May 12, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, May 13, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 7, and Friday, May 13, at 2: Latin-American paintings, sculptures, and prints. Admission to the Thursday sale by *ticket only; for information,* call 472-3033. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 18, at 7: Impressionist paintings and drawings, from the estate of Doris D. Havemeyer. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-3033. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 18, immediately following the Havemeyer sale: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from the Metropolitan Museum and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 19, at 2: Modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 12, at 11: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 17, at 7: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 12. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 546-1127. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 18, at 10: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 18, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, May 17, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 15: "Rough Cut and Ready Dubbed" (1982; directed by Hasan Shah and Dom Shaw); and "At the Fountainhead" (1980; Anthea Kennedy and Nick Burton); and "Before Hindsight" (1977; Jonathan Lewis).
From May 17: "Maeve" (1981; Pat Murphy and John Davies); and three Bill Douglas films: "My Childhood" (1972), "My Ain Folk" (1973), and "My Way Home" (1977).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 12: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†) and "Still of the Night" (†).
May 13-19: "The King of Comedy" (†); and "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
From May 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 19: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.
From May 20: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 12: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.
From May 13: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Tootsie" (†). From May 13: "Blue Thunder" (John Badham), with Roy Scheider and Warren Oates.
Theatre 3: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 12: "Rocky III" (†).
From May 13: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 12: "The Flight of the Eagle" (†).
May 13-19: "The Missionary" (Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin and Maggie Smith.
From May 20: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 12: "Invitation au Voyage" (Peter Del Monte; in French).
From May 13: "La Boum" (Claude Pinoteau; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Brigitte Fossey.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero. From May 20: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish). From May 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From May 13: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev. From May 20: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From May 13: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi.
Theatre 2: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Ruling Class" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 12: "Routes of Exile: A Moroccan Jewish Odyssey" (Eugene Rosow).
May 13-19: "The King of Comedy" (†).
From May 20: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 12: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.
May 13-19: "Poltergeist" (†).
From May 20: "My Tutor."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. From May 13: "Blue Thunder" (John Badham), with Roy Scheider and Warren Oates.
Theatre 2: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage. May 13-19: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film; and "Dawn of the Dead" (†). From May 20: "Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone" (Lamont Johnson), with Peter Strauss and Molly Ringwald. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "All By Myself" (*directed by Christian Blackwood*), *with* Eartha Kitt. From May 18: A program of films by Nadine Gordimer.
Theatre 2: May 11: "Early Spring" (1956; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). May 12-13: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 14-15: "Late Spring" (1949; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori, Kinuyo Tanaka, and Machiko Kyo. May 16-17: "Early Summer" (1951; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). May 18-19: "Late Autumn" (1960; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Women of the Night" (1948; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). May 20-21: "An Autumn Afternoon" (†) and "A Geisha" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "The King of Comedy" (†). From May 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero. From May 13: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "The Verdict" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (†).
Theatre 3: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.
Theatre 4: "In Love" (Chuck Vincent), with Kelly Nichols.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 12: "Playtime" (†).
From May 13: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Dirty Dishes" (1978; Joyce Buñuel; in French), with Carole Laure.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Waiting for Gavrilov" (Pyotr Todorovsky; in Russian). From May 16: "Reaching Out" (Patricia Russell).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Tender Mercies" (†). From May 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 19: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman. From May 20: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 19: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards. From May 20: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 19: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

David Bowie. From May 20: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy. From May 13: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Local Hero" (†). From May 13: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Rocky III" (†). May 13-19: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†) and "Still of the Night" (†). From May 20: "My Tutor."
Theatre 3: Through May 12: "In Love" (Chuck Vincent), with Kelly Nichols. From May 13: "The King of Comedy" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 12: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards. From May 13: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Porky's" (1982; directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon. From May 13: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 3: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 5: Through May 12: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From May 13: "Pink Motel."
Theatre 6: "Bad Boys" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From May 13: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 3: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow.
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. (No performances on Monday, May 16.)

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 12: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From May 13: "Blue Thunder" (John Badham), with Roy Scheider and Warren Oates.
Theatre 2: "Still Smokin'," with Cheech & Chong.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through May 12: "Curtains" (Jonathan Stryker), with John Vernon and Samantha Eggar.
From May 13: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Rivoli I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through May 19: "Mausoleum" (Michael Dugan), with Marjoe Gortner. From May 20: "Gates of Hell."
Theatre 2: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Rocky III" (†). May 13-19: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film; and "Dawn of the Dead" (†). From May 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards. May 13-19: "Poltergeist" (†). From May 20: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Through May 12: A program of Chuck Jones cartoons.
From May 13: "Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through May 12: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
May 13-19: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).
May 20-21: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 12: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allegret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson.
May 13-14: "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
May 15-17: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill.
May 18-19: "Cruising" (†); and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
May 20-21: "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Aretha Franklin, and Carrie Fisher; and "Animal House" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Hollywood Twin Cinema I, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 11: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
May 12-14: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
May 15-16: "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor; and "Carmen Jones" (†).

May 17-18: "Tempest" (1982; Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Susan Sarandon, and Raul Julia; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†).
May 19-21: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 12: "Butterfield 8" (1960; Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
May 13-14: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "The Howling" (1981; Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.
May 15: "David Copperfield" (†); and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
May 16-17: "Cruising" (†); and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.
May 18-19: "Ticket to Heaven" (1981; Ralph L. Thomas), with Nick Mancuso and Saul Rubinek; and "Guyana, Cult of the Damned" (1980; Rene Cardona, Jr.), with Stuart Whitman, Gene Barry, and John Ireland.
May 20-21: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 11: "Contract" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish); and "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).
May 12: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.
May 13: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
May 14: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
May 15: "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three" (1961; Billy Wilder), with James Cagney, Horst Bucholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.
May 16: "Sullivan's Travels" (†); and "Christmas in July" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Ellen Drew and Dick Powell.
May 17: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Petria's Wreath" (1983; Srdjan Karanović; in Serbo-Croatian).
May 18: "The Left-Handed Woman" (†); and "The Girl from Lorraine" (1980; Claude Goretta; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Bruno Ganz.
May 19: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish); and "The Father" (1973; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
May 20: "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and Francois Périer.
May 21: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 14: "Going My Way" (1944; Leo McCarey), with Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The

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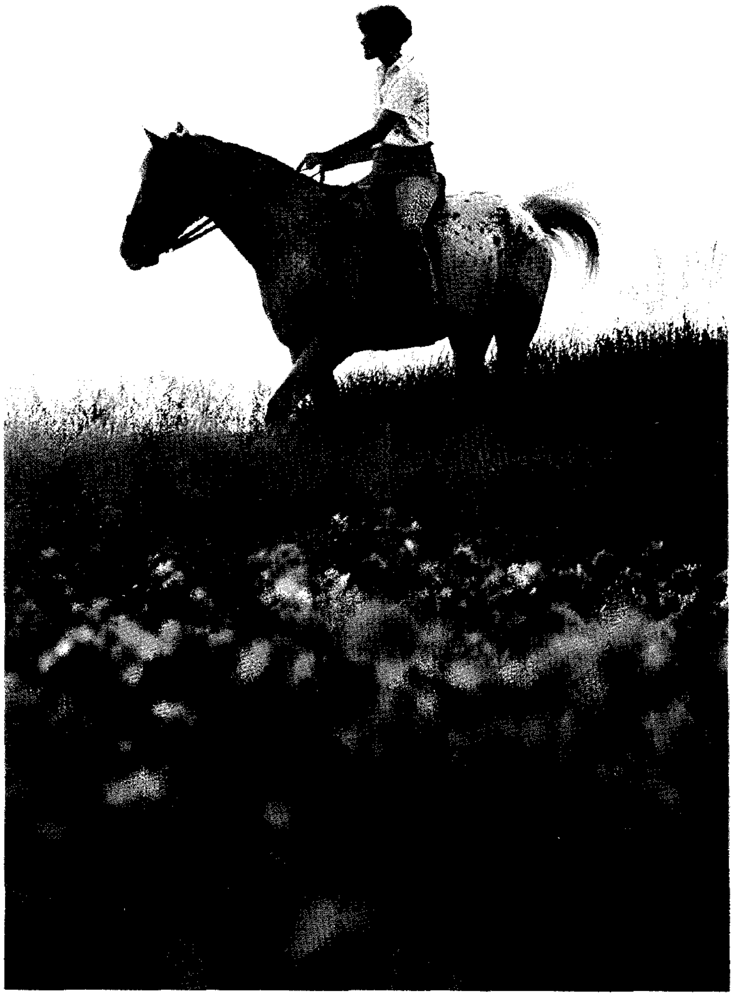

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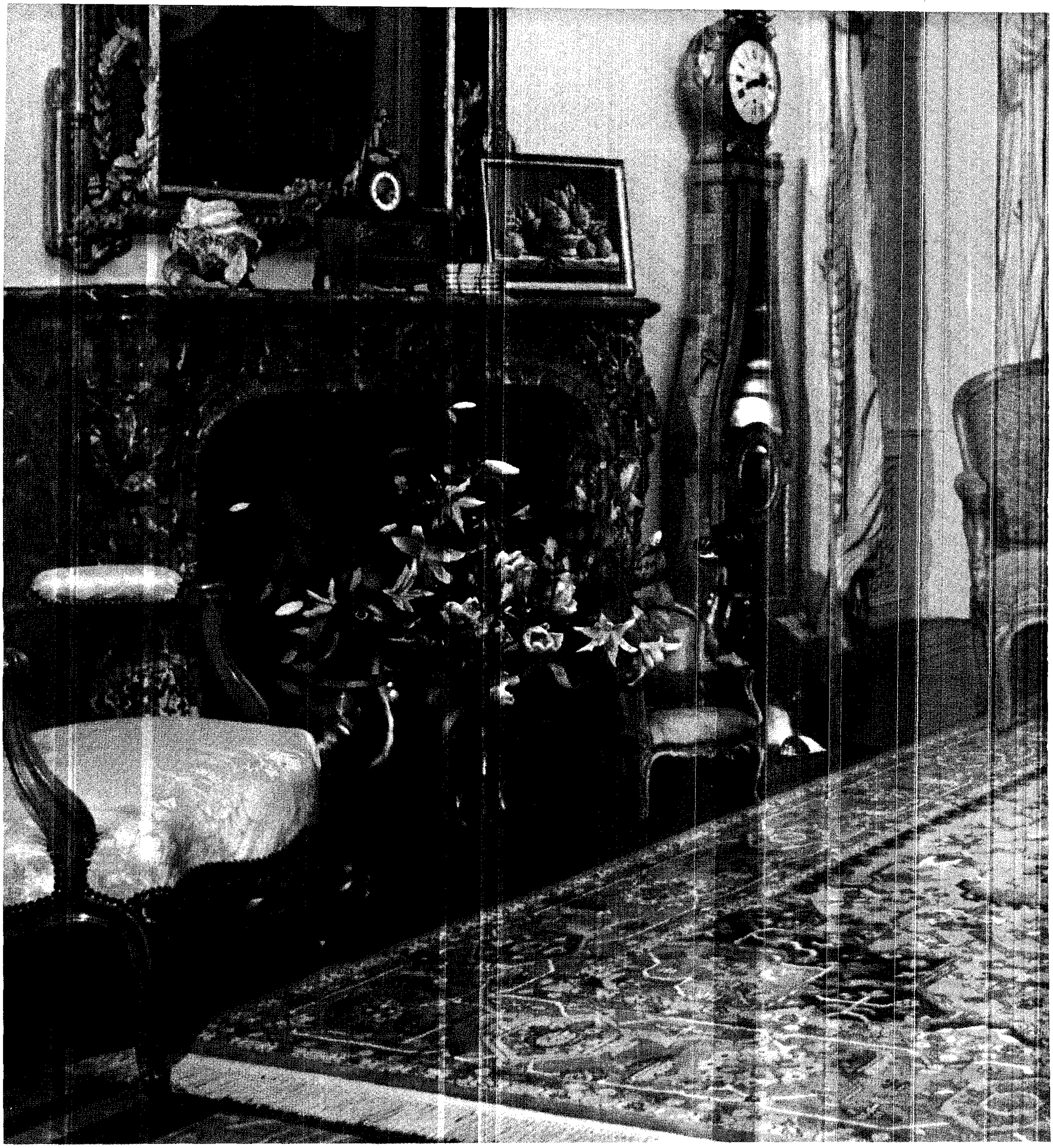

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Lost Weekend" (1945; Billy Wilder), with Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard Da Silva.

May 15: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946; William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, and Dana Andrews.

May 16-17: "Gentleman's Agreement" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield.

May 18-19: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

May 20-21: "All the King's Men" (†); and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 11: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Eric von Stroheim; "The Great Flamarion" (1945; Anthony Mann), with Eric von Stroheim, Dan Duryea, and Mary Beth Hughes; and "The Gangster" (1947), with Belita and Barry Sullivan.

May 12: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Devine and Tab Hunter; and "Whatever Happened to Susan Jane?" (1982).

May 13-14: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

May 15: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (†).

May 16: "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" (1970; Douglas Hickox), with Beryl Reid and Peter McEnery; and "The Birthday Party" (†).

May 17: "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore; and "Carefree" (1938; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy.

May 18: "Thieves' Highway" (1949; Jules Dassin), with Richard Conte and Lee J. Cobb; "Night and the City" (†); and "City That Never Sleeps" (1953; John H. Auer), with Gig Young and Mala Powers.

May 19: "You Are Not Alone" (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and "The Third Sex" (1959; Veit Harlan; in German), with Paula Wessely and Paul Dahlke.

May 20-21: "Mephisto" (†); and "The Age of Daydreaming" (1964; István Szabó; in Hungarian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 11: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward and Simon Oakland; and "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1956; Daniel Mann), with Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, and Don Taylor.

May 12: "The Painted Veil" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky), with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

May 13-14: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff.

May 15: "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944; Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as the detective; and "The Chinese Cat" (1944; Phil Rosen), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

May 16: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (†).

May 17: "No Man of Her Own" (1932; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "Made for Each Other" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart.

May 18: "Roman Holiday" (†); and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

May 19: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, and Lena Horne; and "Stormy Weather" (†).

May 20: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

From May 21: "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—May 12 at 12:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "They Drive by Night" (1939; directed by Arthur Woods), with Emlyn Williams, Ernest Thesiger, and Anna Konstam. . . . ¶ May 12 at 6: "The Small Back Room" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Farrar, Kathleen Byron, Jack Hawkins, and Leslie Banks. . . . ¶ May 13 at 12:30: The fourth of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "So Long at the Fair" (1950; Terence Fisher and Anthony Darnborough), with Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde, David Tomlinson, and Honor Blackman. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Piccadilly" (1929; E. A. Dupont; a silent film), with Anna May Wong, Gilda Gray, Cyril Ritchard, and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 14 at 12:30: The first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: "Piccadilly." . . . ¶ May 14 at 5: "So Long at the Fair." . . . ¶ May 15 at 12:30: The second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "Victoria the Great" (1937; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook, H. B. Warner, and Walter Rilla. . . . ¶ May 15 at 5: "Five Over England" (1937; William K. Howard), with Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier, and Vivien Leigh. . . . ¶ May 16 at 12:30: The fourth of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "Seven Days to Noon" (1950; John Boulting), with Barry Jones, Olive Sloane, and Andre Morell. . . . ¶ May 17 at 12:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "Victoria the Great." . . . ¶ May 17 at 6: "Juan Felix Sanchez" (1980; Cologero Salvo); and "Artists at Work" (1981; Mary Lance). . . . ¶ May 19 at 12:30: The second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Fire Over England." . . . ¶ May 19 at 6: "No Funny Business" (1951, abbreviated version of 1933 release; John Stafford and Victor Hanbury), with Gertrude Lawrence, Laurence Olivier, and Jill Esmond; and "Radio Parade of 1935" (1935; Arthur Woods), with Will Hay, Helen Chandler, and Clifford Mollison. . . . ¶ May 20 at 12:30: The first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "Mauvaise Graine" (1934; Billy Wilder; in French, with no subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6: "Le Crime de Monsieur Lange" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French, with no subtitles), with René Lefèvre, Florelle, Jules Berry, and Nadia Sibirskaia. . . . ¶ May 21 at 12:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 21 at 2:30: "La Maternelle" (1933; Jean Bentôit-Lévy and Marie Epstein; in French, with English subtitles), with Madeleine Renaud and Paulette Elambert. . . . ¶ May 21 at 5: "Rapt" (1934; Dimitri Kirsanoff; in French, with no subtitles), with Dita Parlo and Nadia Sibirskaia. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films (through May 22) and video works (through May 29) made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All the King's Men (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark just might make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed; the film took the Academy Award for Best Picture, with Broderick Crawford also winning Best Actor, and Mercedes McCambridge, as tough Sadie, winning Best Supporting Actress. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; cinematography by Burnett Guffey. (Regency; May 20-21.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (Cinema Village; May 20-21.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 20-21.)

Bad Boys—Sean Penn gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (Criterion Theatres.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material becomes frozen and arbitrary. Cinematography by Denys Coop. (Thalia; May 16.)

Carmen Jones (1954)—The setting of Bizet's "Carmen" has been changed from Mérimée's Spain to Jacksonville, Florida, and Meilhac's and Halévy's libretto has been rewritten by Oscar Hammerstein II, who provides colloquial, rather basic lyrics, but the music retains much of its excitement in this flamboyant version with an all-black cast. Dorothy Dandridge is a marvellous-looking Carmen—fiery and petulant, with whiplash hips in a hot-pink skirt. (Her singing was dubbed by Marilyn Horne.) The man Carmen destroys is played by Harry Belafonte, who seems miscast and miserable (he was also dubbed). It's somewhat frustrating to watch performers who *can* sing but aren't allowed to; of the principals, only Pearl Bailey sings in her own voice—she comes up with a whacking rendition of the Gypsy Song. She's pure, comic

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

energy up there in the center of the screen, and the director, Otto Preminger, seems to just stand back, enjoying her, like the rest of us. Made from a hit Broadway musical, this movie is terribly uneven—best when it's gaudy and electric, worst in its more realistically staged melodramatic moments, especially toward the end. Over all, it's an entertaining show, choreographed by Herbert Ross, featuring the dancers Carmen de Lavallade and Archie Savage, and with a cast that includes Diahann Carroll, Olga James, Joe Adams, Nick Stewart, and Brock Peters, who plays Sergeant Brown and also dubbed the singing voice of Rum, played by Roy Glenn. Adapted to the screen by Harry Kleiner; art direction by Edward L. Ilou. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 15-16.)

Cruising (1980)—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent if powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 16-17. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; May 18-19.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 15.)

Dawn of the Dead (1979)—The recently deceased rise from their graves; they're insatiably hungry, and they cannibalize the living, chomping on anyone they can grab. The chomped, in turn, become ghouls. This idea has already served the director, George A. Romero, as the subject of his 1968 "Night of the Living Dead," a cheaply made, gray and grainy, truly frightening movie, but this time he did it in shining, comic-book color, and on an epic scale. The four central characters hole up in a suburban shopping mall and are besieged there, and for most of the film's two hours and six minutes the audience watches as, one by one, heads splatter and drip in bright, gory reds. You're supposed to need a strong stomach to sit through this one, but it's so stupefyingly obvious and repetitive that you begin to laugh with relief that you're not being emotionally affected; it's just a gross-out. With Scott Reiniger, Ken Foree, Gaylen Ross, and David Emge. Made in the Pittsburgh area. (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; May 13-19.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son; when she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be, and as she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, the viewer's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic tensions of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier as Marthe, the old woman who is arrested and burned at the stake in the great early sequences. Based on the play "Anne Pedersdotter," by Wiers Jensen. The musical arrangements of the "Dies Irae" (which gives the film its title) and the other fateful hymns are by Poul Schierbeck. Not shown outside Denmark until after the war, it opened in this country in 1948. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 16.)

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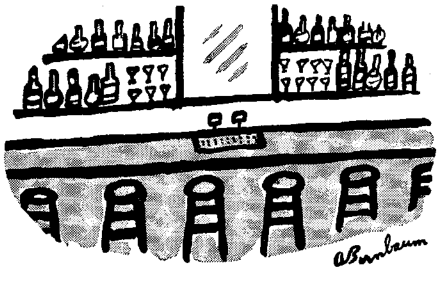
Diva (1982)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland.)

The Flight of the Eagle—With Max von Sydow, directed by Jan Troell. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton; through May 12.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (*3 hours, 8 minutes.*) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)



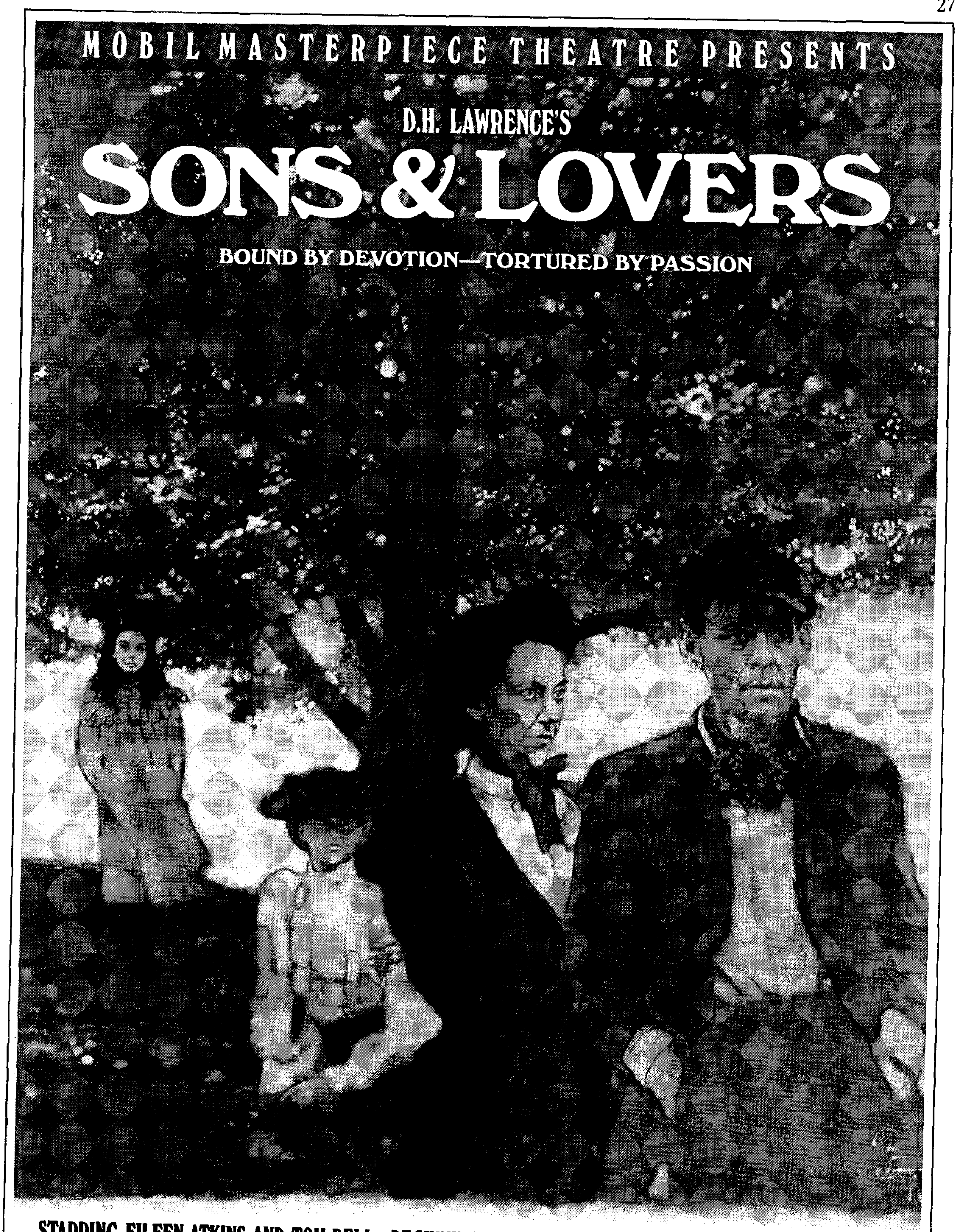
A Geisha (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compared the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mt. Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 20-21.)

The King of Comedy—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (Waverly; through May 12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; May 13-19. . . ; ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 13.)

The Left-Handed Woman (1980)—Peter Handke wrote and directed this moving, mysterious film about a young German wife and mother living near Paris who suddenly understands that she must live apart from her husband and from almost everyone else in the world. Watching it, we struggle a little at first against such an all-encompassing alienation, but the beautifully photographed (by Robby Müller) quiet scenes and the thrilling pauses of the movie, to say nothing of the presence and gravity of Edith Clever in the central role (she played the heroine in Eric Rohmer's "The Marquise of O . . . ," see below), silence and reward us with the unanswerable logic of art. With Bruno Ganz, Markus Mühleisen, and Bernhard Minetti. In German. (Metro Cinema; May 18.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Murray Hill, and Beekman. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through May 12.)

The Marquise of O . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a for-



MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE PRESENTS

D.H. LAWRENCE'S

SONS & LOVERS

BOUND BY DEVOTION—TORTURED BY PASSION

STARRING EILEEN ATKINS AND TOM BELL · BEGINNING MAY 15 · SUNDAYS ON PBS CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS
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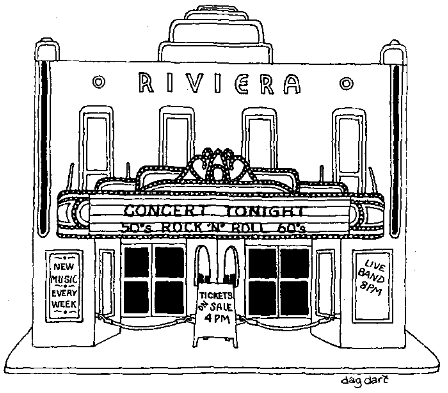
mal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. With Edda Seippel as the Marquise's mother. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros. In German. (Thalia; May 15.)

Mephisto (1982)—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. (Hendrik Höfgen is based on Gustav Gründgens, who was married during his early years to Thomas Mann's daughter Erika; the movie is loosely adapted from the 1936 novel "Mephisto," by her brother Klaus Mann, who is believed to have been Gründgens' lover.) Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who has no substance, who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on—and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. The film is gripping, but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer-mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. This West German–Hungarian co-production was originally two hours and forty minutes long; the version showing here runs two hours and sixteen minutes. In German. (5/17/82) (Thalia; May 20-21.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (Sutton; starting May 20.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. Also with Jeff Goldblum, Dori Brenner, Lois Smith, Mike Kellin, Michael Egan, John Ford Noonan, Lou Jacobi, Rochelle Oliver, and John C. Becher. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 17-18.)

Night and the City (1950)—Several years before he made "Rififi," Jules Dassin directed this less flamboyant thriller, which is much less well known but in some ways better. Dassin's shocking speciality—a kind of stifled violence that one fears will explode—finds the right milieu in the Gerald Kersh novel, a complex view of the underside of London entertainment. An Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who has possibly his best role, as Harry Fabian, "the artist without an art"—a tout with a creative passion for fantastic, shady schemes. The victims of his double-crossing artistry include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom, and—as the old-time wrestler pitted against Mike Mazurki—Stanislaus Zbyszko. With Hugh Marlowe. Script by Jo Eisinger; cinematography by Max Greene. (Thalia; May 18.)



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The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (57th St. Playhouse; through May 12.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Exorcist" without morbidity, or, more exactly, it's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. But he isn't really thinking in this film—he's just throwing ideas and effects at us, and there's no rationale for the forms that the poltergeists (there seem to be multitudes of them) take on or for what they do. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family itself in its tract home, full of toys, in a fast-expanding new subdivision. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. When the ghostly manifestations start in the kitchen, what happens seems so benign that the mother reacts as if her household objects were staging a vaudeville show for her—she's turned on by it. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind and brings the film to a momentary halt, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Steven Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (U.A. 85th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; May 13-19.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy; through May 12. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting May 13.)

Rocky III (1982)—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of

"II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria—and is on its way to becoming another hit. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The pace is accelerated by a crude, hustling shorthand—montages of Rocky in the ring defending his title against a series of contenders, Rocky doing commercials, Rocky with his family, Rocky's training intercut with his opponent Clubber's training, and so on. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; and an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through May 12.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until she has the audience in thrall, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a Central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck, who is at his most animated and likable) and his photographer sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. (Children adore this movie about a modern princess.) With Harcourt Williams, Hartley Power, Margaret Rawlings, and Tullio Carminati. Much of it was shot on Roman locations. The cinematography was by Franz Planer until he fell ill and Henri Alekan took over; the music is by Georges Auric; the editing is by Robert Swink; the story is credited to Ian McLellan Hunter and the script to him and John Dighton, though Ben Hecht also worked on it at one stage, and Ennio Flaiano and Suso Cecchi d'Amico are said to have rewritten it for Wyler when he was in Rome. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin.)

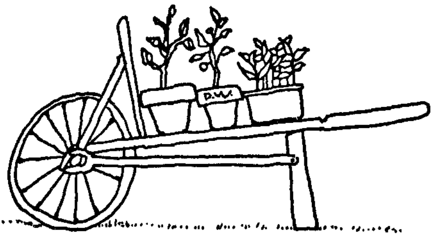
Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house where they live and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

Still of the Night—The writer-director Robert Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, and her performance is all about her hair. It's platinum-white, it hangs bone-straight like a curtain, and part of her face is hidden behind it; from time to time she peers up and shakes it back a little. This femme fatale is meant to be guileful and slinky—a woman with neurotic wiles. But Streep's high-strung emotionality isn't fun in the way that Faye Dunaway's has often been. She seems pale and gaunt, and more zombified than anything else. And as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless; he brings nothing to his role but his physical frame—some sinews, a profile. In the early part we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house that resembles Sotheby Parke Bernet. Sommer here is like a snide and slightly dirty Trevor Howard; he and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). But Benton seems to have misplaced his sense of fun; it's as if he couldn't really get down to dirtying his mind with the genre he's working in. The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; May 13-19.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Lena Horne, Cab Calloway, Ethel Waters, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, the great Nicholas Brothers, Zutty Singleton, Ada Brown, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Benny Carter, and many other black performers and musicians. There are so many famous people in this movie that sometimes three or four "greats" are packed together in the drably staged scenes. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. The script, by Frederick Jackson and Ted Koehler, is about as bad as a script can be. In black-and-white, originally released in sepia. (In "Hi, Mom!" De Palma parodies the use of sepia for black subjects.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 19.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular, slightly fatuous Hollywood director (Joel McCrea) who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve," earlier in 1941) than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure, and Margaret Hayes, and many of the actors Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly—William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, Robert Warwick, Porter Hall, Eric Blore, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Willard Robertson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Roscoe Ates, Dewey Robinson, Chester Conklin, Arthur Hoyt, Robert Greig, Frank Moran, Harry Rosenthal, Monte Blue, and others. Sturges himself can be glimpsed behind Veronica Lake on a set inside the movie studio. (Metro Cinema; May 16.)



Tender Mercies—With Robert Duvall, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 19.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews New York Twin, Loews Paramount, and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through May 12.)

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Greenwich Playhouse; through May 12.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; May 13-19.)

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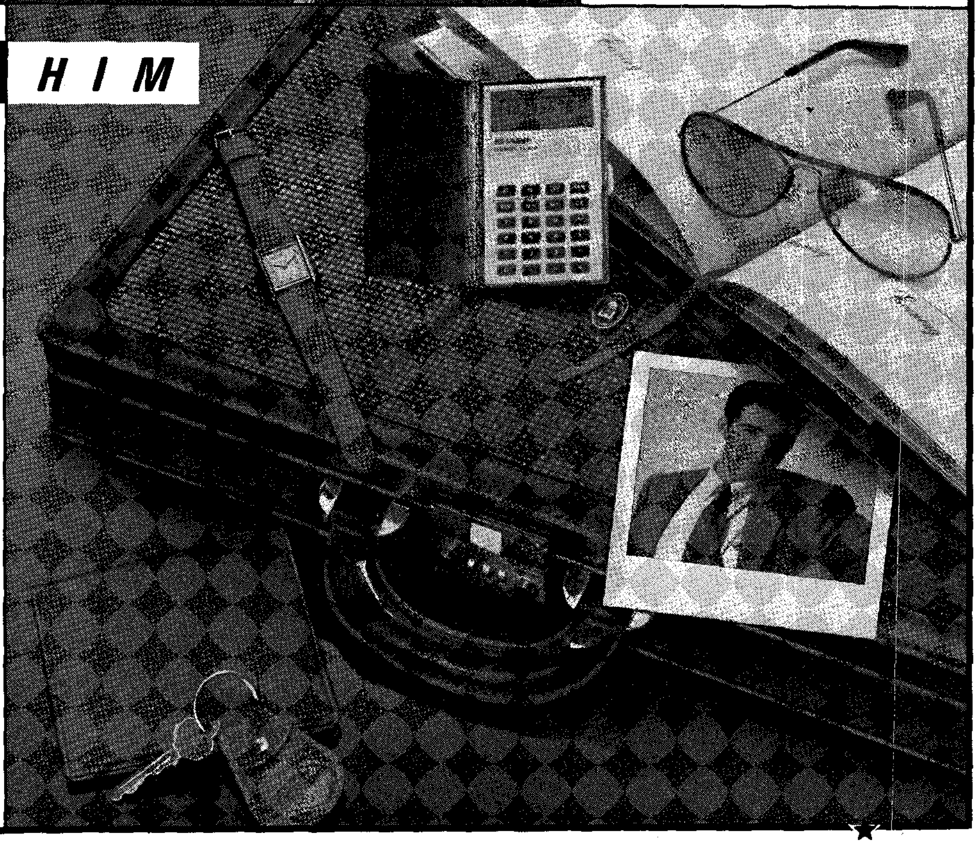

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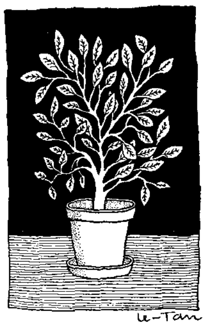
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS President Reagan weighs deepening the United States involvement in Latin America, he might like to have a look at a letter that Queen Victoria, in her eightieth year, wrote in 1898 to her Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. In the letter, she defined the qualities that she was looking for in the next Viceroy of India, who turned out to be Lord Curzon. She wrote, "He must be *more independent*, *must hear for himself* what the *feelings* of the Natives really are, and do what he thinks right and not be guided by the *snobbish* and vulgar, over-bearing and offensive behavior of our Civil and Political Agents, if we are to go on peaceably and happily in India, and to be liked and beloved by high and low—as well as respected as we ought to be—and not trying to trample on the people and continually reminding them and making them feel that they are a conquered people. They must of course *feel* that we are masters but it should be done kindly and not offensively, which alas! is so often the case." The letter is illuminating because it lays bare the contradiction that underlies all attempts by the well-meaning to impose their vision of life on another people. At the heart of the contradiction is the impossibility of substituting one's own will for another person's. It is, of course, possible to bend or crush another's will, but Queen Victoria clearly wanted something else. She did not merely want to rule over India but also wanted the Indians themselves to want whatever she wanted for them. She wanted them to exercise their wills and at the same time to forgo that exercise in favor of her will—to be both free and not free—and this was impossible. Thus, she wanted the English to be "masters" yet not to be "snobbish;" to rule without opposition yet also to be "liked;" to conquer a people without "reminding" them that they were conquered. Her tragedy in this respect was the familiar one of good intentions—intentions that are manifest in her anguished, italicized promptings to the Prime Minister and her wonderfully clear-sighted denunciation of the reality of colonial rule—producing harmful results. The dilemma was one from which England could not escape until India won its independence.



We Americans are particularly prone to those evils that flow from good intentions. And we are especially likely to go astray when we try to force our vision of the good life on other peoples. At present, our chief targets are El Salvador, where we seek to prop up a right-wing government, and Nicaragua, where we seek to undo a left-wing one. To hear our President and members of his Administration tell it, our intentions in these countries are impeccable. We seek to establish a moderate center against terrorist extremes; we seek human rights; we seek democracy. And not only that but in seeking these things locally we also champion them globally, as partisans in a worldwide struggle of liberty against totalitarianism. The principal flaw in our Latin-American policy, however, lies not in our "goals," with which it is hard to quarrel, but in the fact that it is *we* who champion them. Like Queen Victoria, we want other peoples to want what we want for them. Indeed, in practical terms our task is more hopeless than hers was, because England was at least determined, in effect, to occupy India indefinitely, and that resolve permitted England to hold on to India for another half century, in spite of the disaffection of "the Natives." We, on the other hand, are unwilling to embark on the military occupation of Latin America for an indefinite period, and the actual success or failure of our policy thus hinges on our ability to inspire the Natives (who live, depending on who is speaking, either in our "back yard" or, as the President said recently, in our "front yard") to want the things that we want for them. It was the failure of this kind of paradoxical effort that determined the outcome in Vietnam. In order to "win," we had to do something other than win military battles. We had to erect political institutions that would have enough support among the Vietnamese to survive our departure. Our failure to accomplish this aim was the reason that our military, much to its bewilderment, could win virtually every military battle yet lose the war. It was simply fighting on the wrong battlefield. But in truth there was no "right" battlefield, because the political battle, for "the hearts and minds" of the Vietnamese, which was the crucial battle, was one that we, as Americans, could not win, simply because we were not Vietnamese. Ultimately, our policy in Latin America is circumscribed by the same two apparently insurmountable constraints that doomed our effort in Vietnam. The first is that we, unlike, say, the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe, are quite properly unwilling to embark on an indefinite, outright military occupation of other countries. The second is that the peoples of our day, unlike those of the nineteenth century, have become politically aroused, and are unwilling to take direction from abroad. For some time now, they have been rejecting the attentions, kind or otherwise, of foreign Queens, Presidents, and other would-be missionaries, and have been taking their affairs into their own hands.

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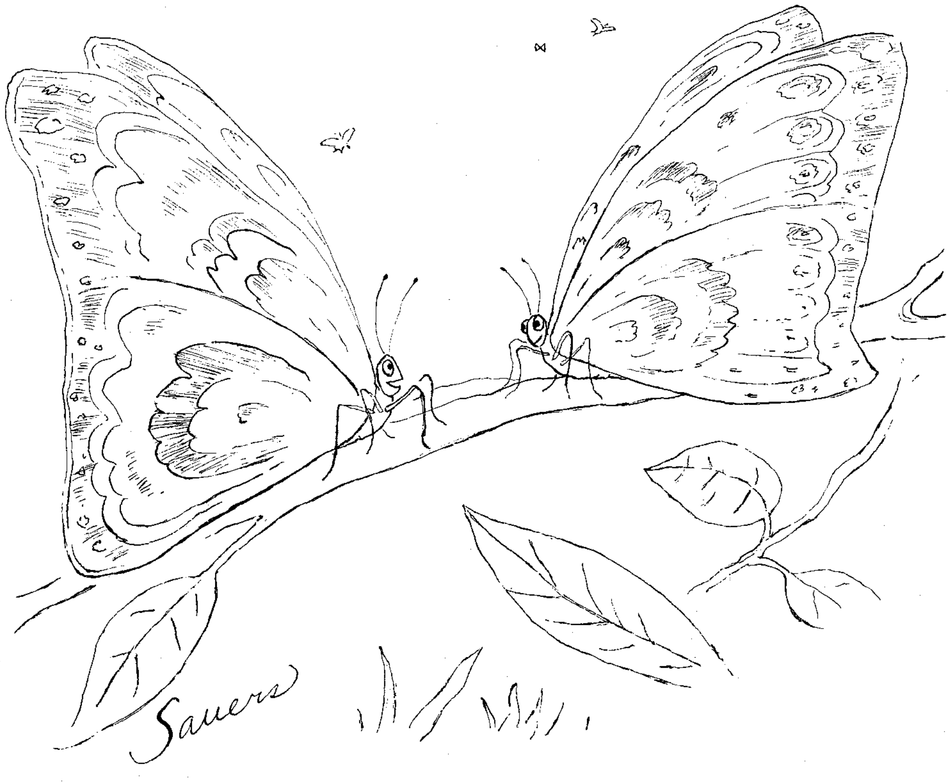
A CHILD born in the United States will consume from thirty to fifty times as many goods of all descriptions in his or her lifetime as one born in the highlands of Bolivia. With one eye we were watching President Reagan address the Congress about Latin America, and with the other we were glancing through Penny Lernoux's 1980 book about the region, "Cry of the People," when that statistic snared our attention. (It was contained in Miss Lernoux's book, and not in Reagan's speech; *he* dealt with freedom, dignity, and military advisers.) It struck us as an exceptionally useful figure, because it has to do with consumption, not income, so there is no need to worry about the cost of living in Latin America or calculate the exchange rate for pesos, and because it involves people, not nations. It says that you—that we—consume from thirty to fifty times as many goods in our lives as a Bolivian peasant, and that is the same as saying that we are very, very rich. Americans resist this notion (though we also appear to crave the status that comes with wealth). We have invented a dozen euphemisms for the condition, with the result that people who are rich even by American standards can call themselves "comfortable" or "upper middle class." But rich is what we are when we are consuming thirty times as much as someone else—and that someone else is managing to stay alive. Add a grain of salt to the statistics—add enough salt to take care of any quibbles about different life expectancies or faulty measuring techniques—and say that our wealth exceeds that of the average Bolivian peasant by a ratio of only twenty to one. Only twenty to one! For every twenty visits to the doctor—one. For every twenty shirts in an American closet—one. (For that matter, there are South American slums where an American closet would seem a luxury condo.) For every twenty pairs of socks, for every twenty movies we take in—one. American walls are lined with books; campesinos may save for years to buy a Bible. Our traditional defense against the charge that we are rich is that somewhere, perhaps next door, someone else is richer. But to say that someone else owns even more sounds meaningless if we possess twenty times what survival requires. Mt. McKinley is not as high as Mt. Everest, but it is not low.

The reason many of us would prefer not to be confronted with the thought that we are rich is that it seems to demand some response—at least, an intellectual one. The common first reaction is to worry about whether our riches are the cause of their poverty—their poverty the result of our exploitation. Have we underdeveloped the underdeveloped countries? Probably. But that is one of those battles which can be argued about forever on the op-ed pages. Anyway, the causal relationship between wealth and poverty may be less important—less damning—than the concrete, existential relationship. We have more than enough goods, and they have too few. Faced with that truth, we can say "Christmas falls in December" and let the issue lapse—things are the way they are, we are not responsible, and the cocktail hour approaches. Or we can give some of our enormous excess in the form of charity, which will—there is no doubt—do some good. Maybe, someday, the differential between the Bolivian peasant's standard of living and the average American's standard of living can be narrowed to, say, fifteen to one. Maybe even ten to one.

Radicals, and perhaps historians, would suggest that charity offers no solution—that what we need is a different system of running the world, a more equitable distribution of wealth, and a lot of windy meetings to discuss it all. If they are correct, they have been correct for decades and not much has come of it. Americans oppose changes in the system which would truly help the poor of our own nation and of the world, because most of us like living as we do, enjoying the comparative riches that come to us almost as a birthright. The most radical step to take might be to renounce some portion of our way of life—a step that would have no real effect on the poverty of others but might invest some of us with the courage to begin working for new structures. It is a step that, at least for individuals, would start to cure the damnation that the great disparity points up, but it is not a step that anyone will take—not yet, while there are still plenty of ways to hide from the idea that we are rich. President Reagan fears that Central and South America are full of danger to the American way of life. He is right, but only in the sense that on some future day we may examine closely the lives of the people who live there, compare them with our own, and feel compelled to do something about it.



"Looks like we made it from larva to pupa to adult, but it sure wasn't easy."

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Sunday in Manchester

CAN you think of a better way to spend the first Sunday afternoon in May than to go to the Manchester,

MANET
KOREN

"Can I call you back? Jim and I are struggling with our roles."

New Hampshire, City Library for one-fifth of a seminar on Five New England Poets? We couldn't. We went.

Poet of the day: Robert Frost. Manchester: Population ninety-one thousand, making it the largest city in the state. On the Merrimack River. With the Amoskeag Bridge, the Amoskeag Bank, the Amoskeag Market, and other Amoskeag things, all named (approximately) after the Namoskeag Indians. The leader of the seminar: Richard Lederer, chairman of the English Department of St. Paul's School, in Concord, about twenty miles away. Co-author, with Philip Burnham, of the unusually coherent English grammar textbook "Basic Verbal Skills." Writer of a weekly syndicated column called "Looking at Language." Forty-four-year-old, six-foot-four bear of a man with an air of unabashed comfort with himself, even while looking constrained wearing a blue blazer, gray flannels, and a button-down shirt. The library: Two-story, granite and marble, with marble columns inside. More than two hundred thousand books. Across from Victory Park, with lawns, benches, granite First World War memorial ("In memory of the Manchester men who died in the great war that the world be made safe for democracy"). Not far from a lot of old textile mills and factories now struggling to stay solvent through diversification. Movers and shakers of the seminar: The librarians Beverly White, Cindy O'Neil, Betty H. Carr, Louise C. Price, and Eleanor Rogers; and the grant-giver New Hampshire Council for the Humanities.

The people in the library auditorium: A bit more than one-tenth of one per cent of Manchester's population. Looking like the greatest central-casting cross-section of New Englanders ever assembled in one place: old, middle-aged, teen-age, even younger; men, women, boys, girls; suits, print dresses, sweaters, red-and-black checked lumber jackets. Their dialect: Strictly "fahm" and "shahp," for "farm" and "sharp," and all that. The other poets on the seminar program: Before Frost—Emily Dickinson and Edwin Arlington Robinson. To come—Wallace Stevens and E. E. Cummings. Frostian speaker besides Lederer on the program: Jo-Anne Randall, a trim and pretty young woman who had worked for seven years as curator at the nearby Frost Farm, now a state historic site. How Lederer feels about his seminar: "This is my third time around with this seminar, and my energy is still sky-high." How Lederer feels about poetry in general: "Poetry is the heartbeat of life. Poems are life transmuted into diamonds, compact and indestructible. The first literature of every country is its poetry. It is the oldest language we have, the most primitive, the most elemental, and the most natural expression of ourselves as human beings."

Précis of Lederer's description of Frost as "a man of many paradoxes": Frost is known as a New Englander, but he was born in San Francisco, in 1874, and came to Massachusetts at the age of ten. He was associated with the North, but he was named after Robert E. Lee. He married his high-school sweetheart, but he always tortured himself with doubts about whether she cared for him as much as he cared for her. As a student, he left Dartmouth after three months and Harvard after two years, but he was associated with Amherst College as a teacher and poet-in-residence for almost fifty years. His first book of poetry was published in England, in 1913, before it was published in the United States. He is not what he seems to many Americans to be—the nice old codger dispensing wisdom around a potbellied stove or the kind white-haired patriarch reading his poem "The Gift Outright" at John F. Kennedy's Inauguration. Frost speaks in the persona of a New England farmer, but he really speaks for universal man.

Lederer's introduction of Jo-Anne Randall to the audience: "Jo-Anne will tell you about the Frost years at his nearby farm. Thank you for coming, Jo-Anne. We appreciate it."

How Jo-Anne Randall has come to feel about Frost: "I think I know him. What's more important, I like him."

Précis of Jo-Anne Randall's report: Frost knew he wanted the farm the moment he saw it, in 1900. Thirty acres. In Derry, about a fifteen-minute drive from Manchester. Actually, the present city of Manchester was incorporated, in 1751, as Derryfield and was renamed Manchester sixty years later. Frost was broke. His paternal grandfather gave him the money—sixteen hundred dollars—with which to buy the farm. From 1900 to 1909, Frost lived, worked (the work included milking a cow), had four of his six children (only one of the six, his daughter Lesley, now eighty-four, is still living), and wrote poetry at the farm. He came there having been told he had tuberculosis, but it turned out he had only hay fever and asthma. He stayed put longer there than he had ever stayed put, or ever would stay put, in any other one place. He suffered from ill health, depression, anxiety, a hot temper, and paranoia. A four-year-old son died of cholera. Another child died a few days after birth. A third was institutionalized with mental illness. A fourth committed suicide. What kept Frost sane? What saw him through? His writing. Even "the dark poems." The ponds he described as "deep enough for drowning" were still the ponds he loved, the ponds he wanted to write poetry about.

" 'Home is the place . . .' " Mrs. Randall said, and asked if anybody in the audience wanted to complete the line.

" '. . . where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in!' " about half the audience called out.

Subjects of slides shown on a white screen from a projector run by a teen-age boy: Front view of white frame farmhouse, front porch, steps, trees, quinces, fields, junk yard in the fields (what they became in the fifties, before they were restored), a nearby stream that still spills oil from the pollution, a brook, ferns, white birch trees, a stone wall.

Poem recited by Frost himself on a record played by Lederer: "Mending Wall."

Comments on the poem from people in the audience:

"I get the feeling that Frost understands why good fences make good neighbors, but his neighbor didn't understand."

"I think Frost would have liked to shoot his neighbor."

"But with words."

"He's being humorous. He's not being serious."

"There was nothing else to do with those strips. No sense in letting your wall fall down. Might as well keep it looking decent."

"What could be more New England than walls?"

"This is not an anti-war or an anti-wall poem. It's not just about wall-hating."

Comments from Lederer on the comments: "Very nice, thank you. Good. Excellent. Thank you very much."

Next poem: "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

Comments:

"Very regular. 'Miles to go before I sleep.' Iambic tetrameter. Like the sound of horses' feet."

"He feels the deepness and stillness of the wood as though it were death. Very cold. But he wants to live his life out."

"You have to do it, because it's the only life you have."

"When I was in the hospital, right after an operation, I kept saying those lines to myself—'miles to go . . .' "

"It's wonderful for everybody to see poetry in a different way."

"Somebody said this poem, talking about the longest night of the year and miles to go, and everything, is really about Santa Claus delivering gifts on Christmas Eve."

"The very act of pinning down the butterfly destroys it for you."

Grand finale: The serving to all present of punch and the best homemade cookies it has ever been our pleasure to eat.

Balanchine

George Balanchine died at four o'clock on the morning of April 30th, a matinée day. The audience filing into the lobby of the State Theatre that afternoon passed between two giant sprays of white lilacs, white roses, and lilies of the valley. A color photograph of Balanchine taking a curtain call had been hung in the display case. Except for TV camera crews at the stage door, there were no other signs that anything had happened. The program posted beside the box-office windows was unchanged: Jerome Robbins' "Mother Goose" and "The Four Seasons" and Balanchine's "Kammermusik No. 2." Leslie Bailey, the New York City Ballet's press representative, was standing in a corner of the lobby, looking pale but composed. "Jerry Robbins offered to cancel," she said, "but we felt we couldn't disappoint the children who would be coming." Mikhail Baryshnikov arrived, wearing a dark-blue suit and dark glasses. "I had to come," he said. "I woke up early this morning, in a panic. I thought I must be late for something. I started to get up, thinking, I'm late, I'm late! And I couldn't go back to sleep." Lincoln Kirstein, co-founder of the New York City Ballet, passed swiftly through the lobby and stopped, noticing Baryshnikov. The two men embraced without speaking. Then Kirstein headed backstage.

Upstairs at the bar, Bob Ross, the bartender, talked about Balanchine drinking his celebrated vodka toast to the memory of Stravinsky and saying, "In Russia, we drink to the health of the guy that died." Ross went on to say, "Mr. B. was quite a belter. I served him here all the time—not vodka but Scotch. He liked boilermakers. One time, he said, 'Have one.' We clinked glasses, and he downed his in one gulp. I did, too. Then I had to pretend to be very busy under the counter. My eyes were watering. Smoke was coming out of my ears. But he didn't turn a hair."

The audience that was settling into its seats was the standard Saturday-matinée audience—grandmothers, small children, no critics—on whom Balanchine would frequently try out new casts unannounced. In place of the usual pre-performance din, there was subdued chatter. Only a few musicians were warming up in the pit. Then the house went dark, and Kirstein stepped before the curtain, holding a hand microphone, and began speaking, hoarsely but distinctly. "I don't have to tell you that Mr. B. is with Mozart and Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky," he said. "I do want to tell you how much he valued this audience, which is like a big family that has kept us going for fifty years and will keep us going for another fifty. The one thing he didn't want was that there be an interruption. So there will be none. Think of yourselves as the marvellous, supportive, cohesive family who understands—" Here Kirstein was drowned out by a loud electronic wail. He lowered the microphone and continued, "—who understands the family that's about to perform now."

Hugo Fiorato, the white-haired

conductor, appeared on the podium, and after a brief orchestral prelude the curtain rose slowly on the first scene of Robbins’ “Mother Goose,” which shows the dancers, in practice dress, standing or reclining about the stage, surrounded by the scenery and props of a dozen other ballets in the repertory. It was a perfect illustration of Kirstein’s reference to “the family.” One of the dancers, having the inspiration to act out the tales of Mother Goose, reached into a wardrobe trunk, pulled out a cavalier’s plumed hat (from “Harlequinade”), and clapped it on his head. In an instant, as the other dancers were pulling out more hats, the creased old garden backdrop that has done service since City Center days was rolled down. Then Sleeping Beauty entered, skipping rope, and the show went on.

On that weekend, there was more Balanchine activity in the city than there would have been on any other weekend of the year. Not only was the New York City Ballet playing at the State Theatre and “On Your Toes” on Broadway but the School of American Ballet was giving its annual workshop performances at the Juilliard Theatre on Saturday and Monday, and on Monday night American Ballet Theatre was opening at the Met with a program featuring Baryshnikov’s revival of “Symphonie Concertante,” a Balanchine ballet that was introduced by School of American Ballet pupils thirty-seven years ago. The stir of dancers in and around Lincoln Center was intense. And their emotion united them, perhaps, as never before. Wherever one looked, there seemed to be dancers meeting and embracing wordlessly. At the Juilliard Theatre, the students who would be dancing on Saturday evening began dress rehearsals at ten o’clock that morning. They rehearsed two Balanchine ballets they had probably never seen—“Valse Fantaisie” and “Western Symphony.” Many of them had never even seen Balanchine, except from a distance, having grown up at the school in the years when he was following a curtailed schedule under close medical supervision. Like the rest of Balanchine’s organization, the students had lived with bad news of Mr. B. almost daily since last November, when he entered Roosevelt Hospital. Now, on the fatal Saturday, they worked with their teachers as if it were any other day, and the rehearsal went smoothly. The only voice to be raised was Robert Irving’s, repeatedly admonishing the student orchestra not to watch the stage. That night, at eight o’clock, the performance went on after Kirstein, flanked by Jerome Robbins, Peter Martins, and John Taras, made another brief speech from the stage, thanking the audience for “this school and your support of it.” Kirstein continued, “We know that this night George is probably teaching the angels to tendu. The *angels*, who don’t need to rehearse.”

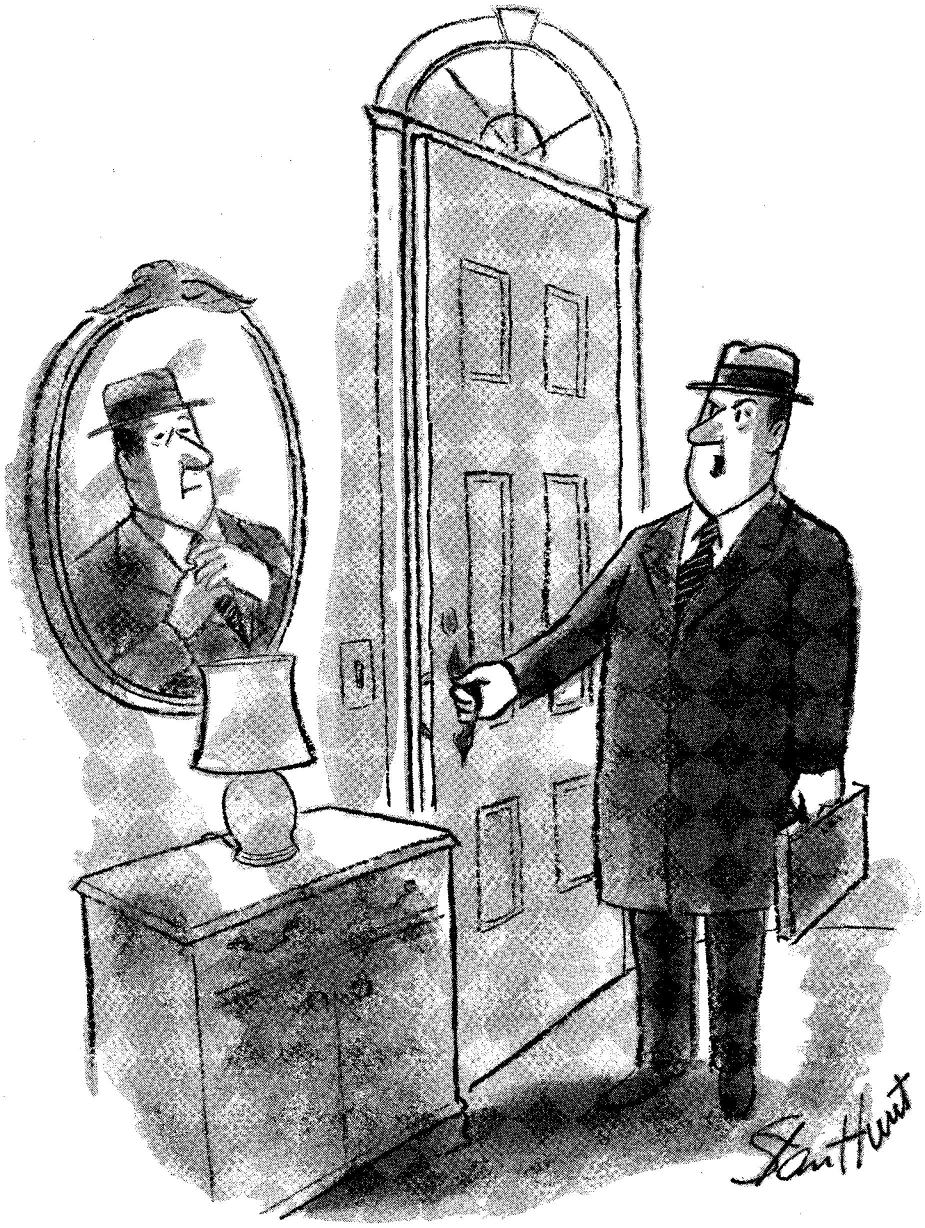
Kirstein also spoke to the Saturday-night audience a block away at the State Theatre, and he would appear onstage at the school performance on Monday night, reassuring the audience each time of the continuity of the Balanchine tradition and, each time, wearing in his lapel the silver lyre pin designed by Balanchine for the Tchaikovsky Festival. On Saturday night, the closing ballet at the State Theatre was “Symphony in C,” conducted by Gordon Boelzner before a packed house. Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins appeared in the great adagio and finished to a storm of applause. They took two bows. They took a third. Then, as the audience began to demonstrate, they ran off and did not return for another bow. In the finale of this ballet—surely the most exhilarating finale ever devised by Balanchine—there comes a moment when the profuse invention of the choreography clears away like mist and the stage turns into a classroom, its three sides lined with young women doing battements tendus while the four principal ballerinas compete like dervishes in the center. In this moment, at once the simplest and the most complex moment in the ballet, Balanchine seems to be outlining both his dream for American ballet and the foundation necessary to achieve it. Then, the vision having been disclosed, the happy dazzle of invention returns, mounting and mounting until, with an abrupt flourish, it ends. This time, the dancers took call after call from the standing, shouting audience. It had been a performance that Balanchine, had he been backstage running the curtains, would have been glad to acknowledge as extraordinary.

A lifelong communicant of the Russian Orthodox Church, Balanchine died the day before Palm Sunday, on the feast of the resurrection of Lazarus. At the funeral, Bishop Gregory Grabbe pointed out the coincidence in his eulogy, and he went on to praise Balanchine as a devout Christian who had prepared himself for death. The Cathedral of Our Lady of the Sign, at Ninety-third Street and Park Avenue, was overcrowded; the funeral service was long, and the humid air was thick with the scent of flowers, incense, and hundreds of burning candles. When the service ended, shortly after noon, the candles were extinguished, and for an hour or more the mourners filed by the open coffin, some pausing to kneel, to kiss the ribbon printed with a prayer which lay across the forehead, to kiss or touch the hands, or to leave a flower. Some chose just to pause and pass on. Among those who approached the casket, one by one, were great and famous dancers—dancers young and old—whom Balanchine had nurtured. The beautiful little faces were crumpled with grief. The crowd overflowed onto the staircase outside and into the courtyard, two stories below. As the church emptied, it was impressive to see six generations of ballerinas descend the stairs. Many were weeping. Some children of “Nutcracker” age wept, too, though they were too young to have known the man—only the legend. The mass of mourners dispersed; a few hundred lined the stairs or joined the crowd that had gathered on Ninety-third Street. At length, the closed coffin appeared in the doorway, was lifted, and, accompanied by the tolling of a bell and the chanting of the cathedral’s small choir, was borne along the balcony, down the stairs, through the courtyard, and out onto the street, there to be placed in a waiting hearse and covered with a blanket of gardenias. It was the ending of “La Sonnambula” in reverse. As the cortege rolled away, heading toward Long Island, where the burial would take place, it was impossible not to think of the ballets in which Balanchine staged his own death. Besides “La Sonnambula,” there is “Orpheus” and “Don Quixote” and “Robert Schumann’s ‘Davidsbündlertänze’ ” and, most awful and explicit of all, his setting of the last movement of the “Pathétique” Symphony. And there are dozens more in which the fact of mortality is held out to us not in sorrow or anger but in the calm certainty of transcendence. If the readiness is all, then the Bishop was right, and Balanchine died a happy man. It was only that his dancers and his audience could not bear to let him go.

MOURNING DOVES

MY mother, Lorraine, fell in love with Wayne Lissell at the Paradise Valley K Mart. She was trying on sneakers while I spied on my stepbrother, Lewis. He was scouting the lingerie department, watching women choose underwear and closing in on a blonde checking out a pair of red panties. He pretended to be fascinated by some striped pajamas with feet. Lewis had on a madras shirt that had belonged to his father in the sixties, and I happened to know that when it wasn't tucked in it covered his knees. Lewis was five feet tall, and fine-boned. He flirted with girls in a relentless way, like this blonde he was moving closer to, ready to deliver the big punch line. I called his name as if I were calling in a dog for dinner, and he jumped and backed off. By the time we reached Lorraine, she was on the floor between six pairs of sneakers and Wayne Lissell, this cowboy/hardware man from Tulsa. He was chewing gum and smiling as Lorraine introduced us. Lorraine's own shoes—brown open-toed, high-heeled sandals—lay suggestively on the floor near his feet.

On the way home, Lewis drove. I sat in the back and listened to a discussion about Lewis's room, which he was papering with black felt. "You think it's going to drive the girls crazy," Lorraine said. "You think they're going to see those fuzzy walls and jump out of their pants, Lewis. You're nineteen and you're crazy. That's O.K., that's how it is when you're nineteen. But take it from your mother—girls are going to see those walls and run like hell. Ask your sister, Lewis."



"Come on. It's late."

He didn't ask me. He lit a cigarette and closed his window. Lorraine and I opened windows. He started combing his hair in the rearview mirror into his peculiar punk rooster style.

"Drop me off at my apartment and come back when you're thirty," I told him.

"Bleu!" Lorraine said. She named me Bleu, after the cheese.

"I have to go to work," I said. "I told Mr. Hall I'd fill in tonight for a girl who got pregnant." Mr. Hall managed the Phoenix resort where I worked as a waitress. He was also Billy's father. Billy was the man I used to date; he was dead.

"That man would do anything for you," Lorraine said. "He told me that."

I didn't say anything; Mr. Hall was none of her business. I was missing a biology class, which made me feel bad. I took college classes on my nights off; Billy had talked me into it, then I started to like it. "Come back when you're forty-nine," I told Lewis.

A FEW days later, Mr. Hall and I were having dinner out, and Lorraine and Wayne Lissell were in the bar. Wayne was a big man—six-three maybe, blond, with a mustache, and a gold coin for a belt buckle. He had large blue eyes that moved around a lot.

"This is Lewis's first night with the walls and a girl—what's-her-name," Lorraine told us. "He's got the leftover felt stuffed in the garbage. Wayne says Lewis is a character."

Wayne had his arm around her like he was used to being quoted. He snapped his fingers for a waitress, and Mr. Hall and I sort of shuddered.

"Honey, call her over," Lorraine told him. "You're giving Bleu and Mr. Hall here high blood pressure."

"Sweetheart!" Wayne called out to the waitress. "Sugar!"

"I wish Lewis would turn twenty-five real quick," Lorraine said.

"I worried about Billy all the time, and it didn't prevent a thing," Mr. Hall said. "It didn't make a bit of difference. My son was killed in an automobile accident," he told Wayne. "A sports car. I tried to talk him out of that little car. I offered to buy him something more substantial. The only thing I found out was that when you love someone you better protect yourself. I mean emotionally." Mr. Hall was small, delicate-looking, and handsome.

"Mr. Hall, you get hurt anyway," Lorraine said.

"Yes, you do. I know that. You can't protect yourself from all the things you did wrong in the past. I think that's the pain, right there." Wayne lit a cigarette. "That's what gets you," Mr. Hall said. He spread his hands on the table. He had very nice hands, with long fingers. He spread them apart as far as possible.

"I miss your Billy," Lorraine said. "To this day, sometimes I'll be at Bleu's and find myself thinking Billy must be asleep in the bedroom."

"I'm a fortunate man. I've never lost anybody," Wayne told us.

"I'll tell you what I've been meaning to say to Bleu," Lorraine said. "It seems to me that if you miss someone so much you keep thinking he's still there, then he is still there."

"You forget he's dead," Wayne said.

"Wayne, you don't forget someone you love is dead, honey. What I'm saying is, it's like if you were standing in an empty room you'd say it felt empty, but what you'd feel is more of yourself or the chairs or something. It's like that." Lorraine helped herself to Wayne's cigarettes. "Hey, I'm not talking about ghosts."

Mr. Hall was opening and closing his hands as if they hurt, watching himself do it.

"She's always talking about love," Wayne said.

"What happens is you talk about it when you don't know you're talking about it," Lorraine said.

"That's right," Mr. Hall said.

"You've got a great boss, baby," Lorraine told me. "And he had a wonderful son." She leaned over and kissed Mr. Hall on the cheek.

"I'll tell you what," Wayne said. "I need another drink. Do me a favor, sweetheart," he told Lorraine. "Hold back on some of that love."

A WEEK later, Lewis told me Lorraine was acting funny. "She doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep. At four in the morning she's cleaning the oven. She's turned into some crazy broad." I was at work and he was sitting in my section having a Coke. He was wearing a maroon silk shirt he bought at the Salvation Army for a dollar. His hair was wet.

Mr. Hall came over to say hello. He shook hands with Lewis. "My mother's wacko," Lewis said.

"She's in love with Wayne," I told him.

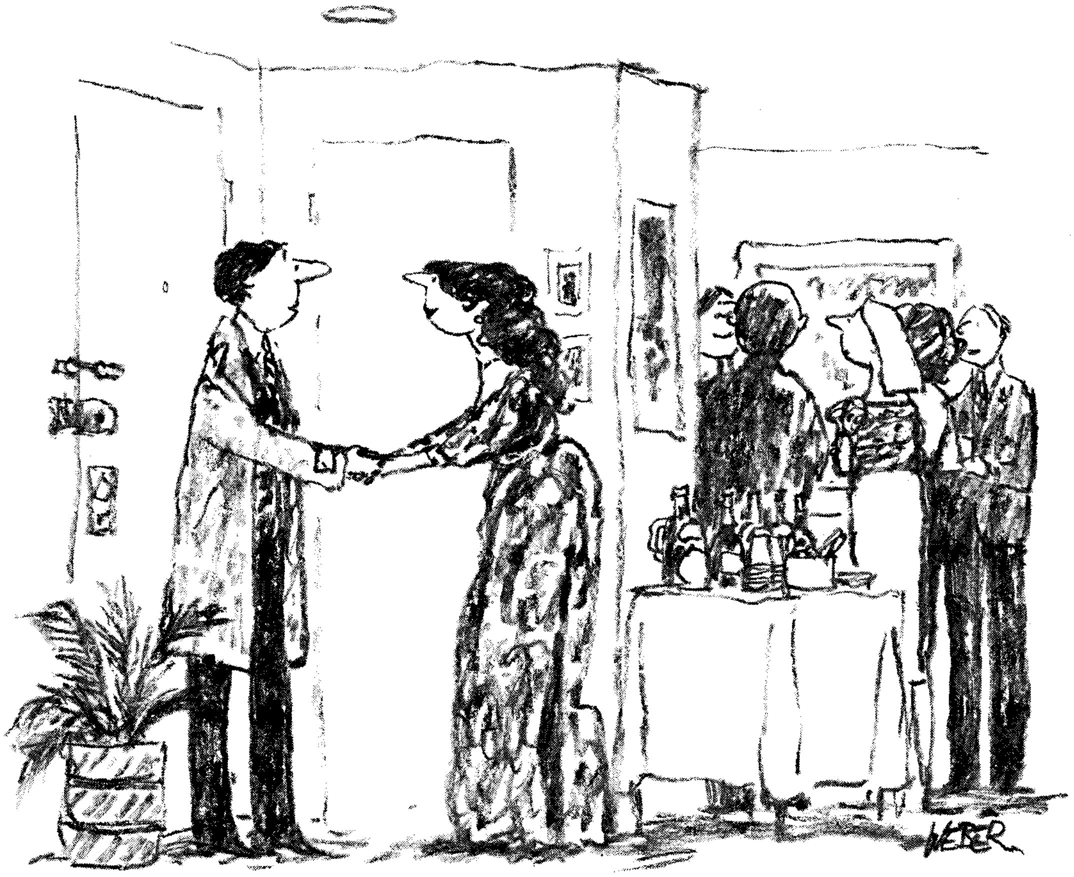
Lewis raised his eyebrows—never an effective gesture for him, because they were so pale. I tried to tell him that once; he was offended. "Wonderful," Lewis said. He rolled up his napkin and acted like he was going to toss it at an elderly couple across the room. Mr. Hall took it away from him.

"Look at my teeth," Lewis said. "I spent twenty bucks on this stuff I sent away for to make them white, and I think they're turning green. When I was in L.A. with my dad, the whole city was filled with teeth so white it hurt your head. I looked for a job. Those applications had two blanks—one for your name, one for the color of your teeth. Someday I'll get them capped or paint them or something and get a job in show business."

After he left, Mr. Hall picked up the remains of Lewis's placemat. "I wouldn't mind believing in white teeth," he said. "It would be so easy." I went to check on the old couple.

Wayne Lissell's sixteen-year-old son, Ray, rode in on the bus for a surprise visit, and Wayne brought him over to Lorraine's for dinner. He was almost as big as Wayne, and had a long, doglike face. Lewis and I watched him swallow two Quaaludes in the bathroom before we ate. He was wearing his high-school letter jacket. After he took the pills, he wet his hair down and combed it carefully, making a little wave in the front.

We had pot roast. Ray had three helpings, and then excused himself and went outside and fell down on the grass. "He's so relaxed," Lorraine said. "He makes himself right at home. Wouldn't you like to be like



"Good night, Paula. I tried to have fun, as you told me to."

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SHADOW

I am the shadow you once blessed

Though I was told later you meant only
To bless a small monkey carved of ebony
On the leg of a particular chair

Didn't you notice
That when you fell to your knees I too
Fell & kissed this scarlet earth

Blackened by the lyre of your wings
—David St. John

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that, Lewis? Lewis is always running around in first gear," she told Wayne.

Outside, Ray was on his back piling grass on his chest. After a while, he started rolling all over like a big pipe. In the kitchen, Lorraine and I were doing dishes; Lorraine had on a red apron and very red lipstick. She motioned me over to the window. The patio light was on; the evening sky was a bright dark blue—the color of outer space. We watched Ray roll all the way from the left side of the yard to the right and back again, in a slightly diagonal pattern. "Look at what he's doing," Lorraine whispered. "Jesus, I hope this isn't some kind of weird revelation from God about my life."

IN the end, Wayne Lissell returned to his wife/ex-wife. "He packed up his nuts and bolts and took his ass back to Tulsa," Lewis told me in an emergency phone call. I drove over, and Lewis and I performed a little sunset ceremony. We lit the charcoal grill and burned a shirt Wayne had left behind, along with the state of Oklahoma, which Lewis cut out of the atlas. Lorraine stood outside in her mourning-for-men outfit, an old tent dress with poodles on it. In back of us, the sun sat on the horizon like an Italian tomato.

"You'll have to set me on fire, too," Lorraine said.

Lewis rocked back on his heels and poked at the remains of Wayne's shirt with a stick. He was nervous. His former girlfriend, Darlene, had lost control one night at a 7-Eleven and tried to hold up the cashier with an emery board. She was institutionalized somewhere. Lorraine patted him on the head and went inside to calm herself with some vodka.

After dinner, Lewis and I insisted that she change clothes and go out with us to the Blue Owl. Lewis had an I.D., which he flashed impatiently, lighting a cigarette while they looked at it. He was wearing a tight shirt unbuttoned halfway, and tight red pants. Lorraine had changed into a green jumpsuit and cowboy boots. She looked tired but O.K. Two or three men at the bar were eying her. A country-and-Western band was tuning up; the lead singer had the kind of body Lewis would have sacrificed white teeth for. We sat in front and ordered pitchers.

"He had a big heart," Lorraine said. This was after her fourth trip to the ladies' room and a few philosophical exchanges with the barstool men on the way.

Lewis, not the drinker he liked to think he was, was swallowing directly out of the pitcher. "His heart was so big he deserved a harem," Lewis said. "He should have been king somewhere, he was such a hell of a guy. He was so great I was falling in love with him—I was going to propose the night he left."

"He had some wonderful qualities," Lorraine said. Her eyes were wet.

"He was a jerk!" Lewis shouted.

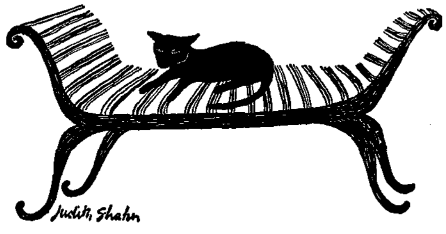
Lorraine grabbed his arm. "Don't tell your mother about men," she said. "His wife was holding something over his head. He couldn't tell me what it was. Something big."

One of the barstool men came over and asked Lorraine to dance. "I'd rather die first," she said. She smoothed her hair and put on lipstick, missing part of her bottom lip. She wiped it off and tried again. Lewis was shouting something at the band in Spanish. "Lewis is speaking a foreign language," Lorraine said. "What the hell are you saying, Lewis?"

"The song sucks," Lewis said.

"Such a lovely song," Lorraine told him. "I turn up the radio when this song comes on."

Lewis was getting wound up. He was on his feet, climbing on top of the table. "Here's the song I want you to play," he told the band. "It's from the movie 'Hawaii.' You dumb-asses never heard of it." He had his hands in his hair, scrubbing, and his hips were going like a washing machine. Everyone was clapping and yelling except the band, who had seen too many Lewises. They took a break and filed past us without even looking up.



After Lewis was thrown out, Lorraine drove him home. I stayed and had a few drinks with the lead singer. His name was Buddy, and he drove me back to my place. Buddy liked good wine. He had lived in Australia for six months, and he had a small tattoo on his left shoulder, which he regretted.

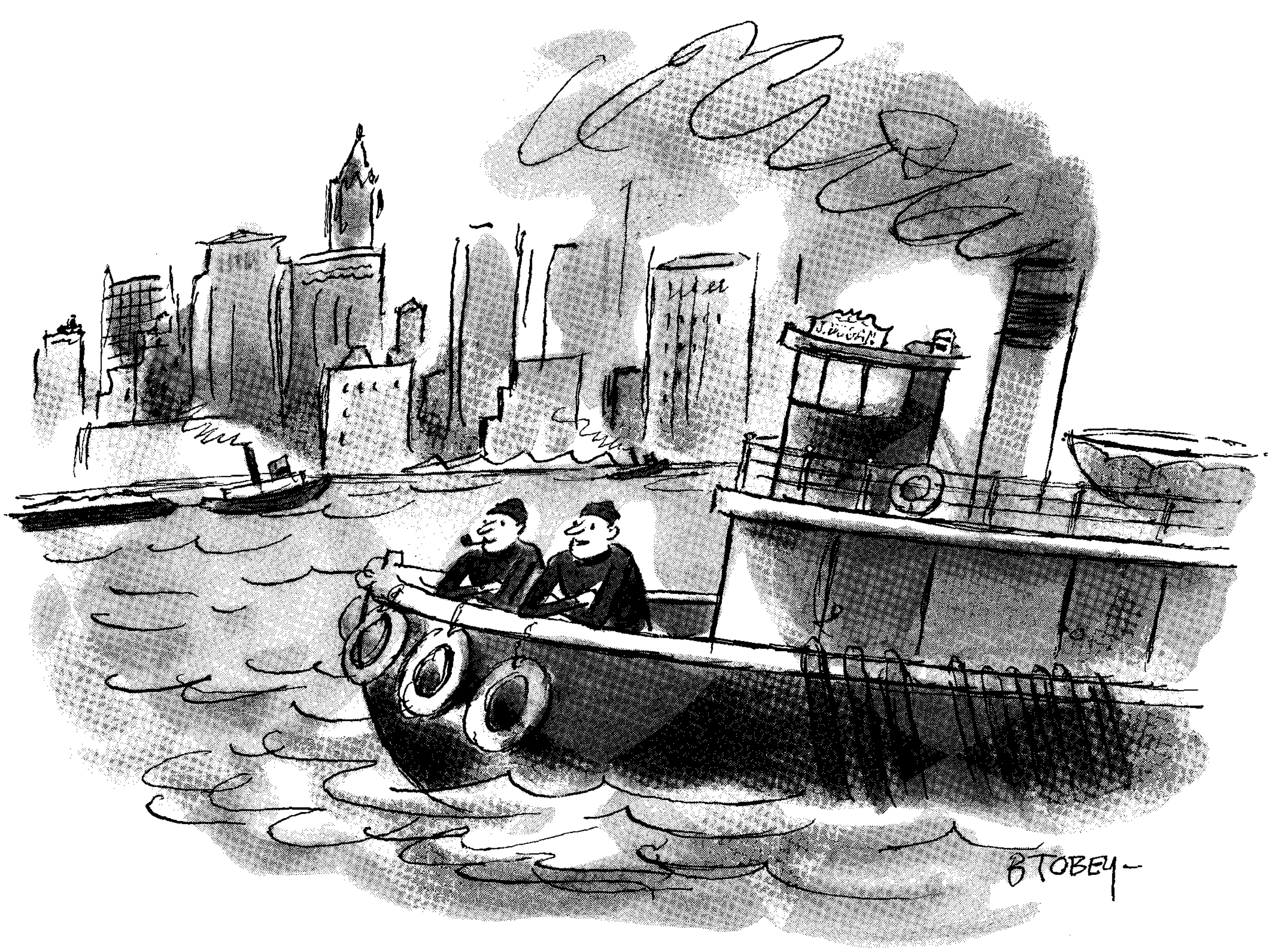
"Tell me what makes you feel good," he said. We were undressed, lying on my living-room rug. The TV was on without the sound; the room was blue in the light. I was pretty drunk.

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe doing those experiments in biology lab with the bacteria swimming around under the microscope. Things you can figure out."

Buddy sat up. "Biology lab?" he said, shaking his head. "I've never heard that one." He put his hand on my back. "What makes me feel good is to touch a girl like this and not have to think about anything else," he said.

I started to cry, thinking about Billy. "Well," Buddy said. He started to scratch my back in careful circles, as if he were tracing half-dollars or drawing with a compass. "If you need to fall in love with somebody, make it me," he said. "I never hurt anybody. I'm not a perfect person or anything, I'm just not dangerous."

LORRAINE was upset about Wayne for a long time. I'd seen her survive a lot of men, better men, but this was different. "Because I'm older," she said. "I mean business now. I'm not



"Well, we did it again. We pushed the QE2 out to sea."

• •

some deer for men to shoot at." We were at my apartment, finishing lunch.

"You look good," I told her. She had her hair done a new way.

"I look O.K.," she said. "I've tried to pull myself together for Lewis's sake. I can see he's still thinking about that crazy Darlene. Watch out for love, baby." She got up and helped herself to a beer.

What I knew about love was how it felt bouncing off someone who'd disappeared. I leaned back and put my feet up on the coffee table. "You've been in love at least a dozen times that I know of," I told Lorraine. "Of course, I'm counting a lot of quick infatuations in there, like the time you went crazy over the guy who yanked out the mailbox."

"Harry," Lorraine said. "He did that because he loved me so much." She offered me a sip of her beer.

"And the one with the skin disease?"

Lorraine gave me her beer and got another one for herself. "Count him twice," she said. "He was really something. And I'll tell you, honey—he loved me. He loved me, and what's more he didn't want to kill me." She stood up and smoothed down her slacks. "I'm getting chunky," she said. "I was watching Lewis this morning. Honey, he shouldn't wear stripes. He looks so skinny, like some of that striped toothpaste." She put her beer down and picked up her purse. "Well, I've got to go and meet somebody."

He was Charles Crouch, the owner of a car dealership and a gourmet cook. He had us all over for dinner one night and served mourning doves on little nests of spinach and rice. Lorraine and I got three apiece; Lewis, Charles, and Mr. Hall each got four. They were steaming hot. It was like they'd been asleep in their nests and then were suddenly zapped in the microwave.

Lewis was looking at his plate openmouthed. His teeth looked great. He was in the process of having them bleached—a new dental procedure. He'd just had a permanent, and his hair curled close to his head. It was a lighter blond—almost white. "We can't eat these," he said. "These are birds, man. This is what you eat when you're lost in the jungle and you finished off your leather boots the day before."

"I'm sure they're delicious," Mr. Hall said.

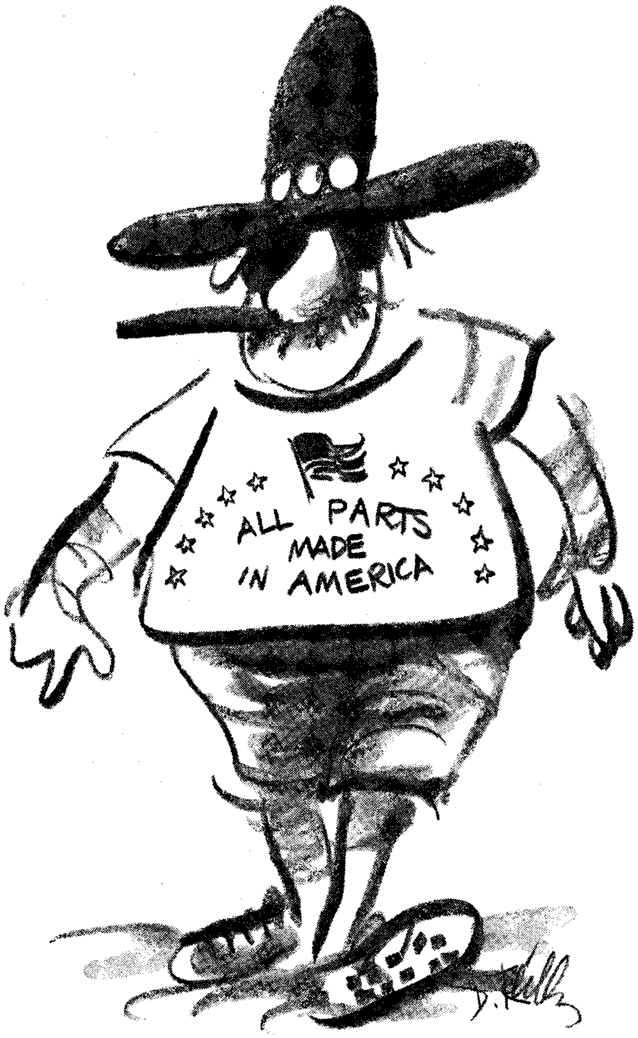
"Look at their little wings." Lorraine picked one up with her napkin and held it up to the light. "You never get to see birds real close like this."

Charles started to eat one of his while we all watched. He put it down. We were staring at the buckshot hole in its side. "I've got some pasta and some cheddar cheese, and they were both dead when I bought them," he said. "I'm going to throw something together."

While Charles was in the kitchen,

Lewis buried all the birds in the yard. From the patio, he took a small cactus in a pot and used it for a headstone.

Mr. Hall got up and wandered around Charles' living room, a big place with leather furniture and glass tables. He sat in a red chair with his legs crossed and started to read a *Gourmet* magazine. He cleared his throat a few times. He had had a chronic sinus problem since Billy died, and now it was part of his personality, like a gesture. “Bleu,” he said, “let's show this recipe to Eddie.” Eddie was the chef at the restaurant. Mr. Hall held up the magazine and showed me a picture of a lamb stew. I nodded. Every once in a while I sort of fell in love with him, which made me feel like we were fused together in some extraordinary way, like jets refuelling in midair.



Lewis had walked out of the yard into the desert. Charles' house was on the edge of a new subdivision. It was very dark out—no moon, no stars. “I *think* I can see Lewis's teeth out there picking up light from a spacecraft or something,” I told Mr. Hall.

“He'll be pleased to hear that,” Mr. Hall said. “Here's a good recipe for ratatouille. You'd like it, Bleu. I'm going to make it for you sometime.” I sat on the floor and looked at my reflection in the window. “Filet of sole with lobster tail,” Mr. Hall said. “How does that sound to you?”

“Good,” I said. Through my reflection I could see Lewis coming back, stepping carefully over the birds' grave, wiping his hands on his jeans.

“What do you think of cats who eat birds?” Lewis asked Mr. Hall when he came in.

“Cats?” Mr. Hall said. “Mr. Crouch has cats?”

Lewis put one foot up on the edge of the coffee table, tightened his belt, and lit a cigarette. “A guy. A man,” Lewis said. “You know, a cat—*Crouch*.”

“Oh, yes,” Mr. Hall said. “I can't keep up with you, Lewis.” He motioned for him to take his foot off the table. “Well,” he said, “I think Lorraine's safe with him—she's too big to cook. He seems all right to me, Lewis. People who cook well tend to be careful about what they do.”

“Those little wings,” Lewis said. “Like a baby's fingernails or something. Nightmare material. I'm going to dream about those suckers for years. That's how I am. When something freaks me out, it digs a little spinach-and-rice nest here by my heart.” Lewis outlined a circle on his chest. Mr. Hall moved an ashtray under Lewis's cigarette a second before the ash would have fallen on a translucent green vase.

“I'M really in love this time,” Lorraine told me. We were at the Blue Owl with Lewis, who had been reinstated with Buddy's influence, and Mr. Hall. “Charles'll be here later, honey, and *I want you to notice* his shoes. I've never known a man with such beautiful shoes. That means something.” Lewis rolled his eyes, and Lorraine patted him on the knee. “Have faith in your mother, baby,” she told him. “And forget about those little birds.” She called the waitress over and ordered herself a Southern Comfort Manhattan with an extra cherry.

We were sitting right up in front at a small table covered with the band's drinks. Lorraine had on three silver bracelets. “Honey, I feel great,” she said. “I feel like I'm in the movies. Take a look at my teeth, Lewis. Are they movie material?” She winked at Mr. Hall.

Lewis shielded his eyes with his hand. “Man, you're blinding me,” he said. “I must be in Hollywood with the stars.” Lewis was wearing a white Western shirt and a red bandanna around his neck. “I'm in a front-row seat at the Academy Awards.”

“We need to find you a girl, Lewis,” Lorraine said.

Lewis tilted back his chair. “I can live without broads,” he told us. “I can go to Tibet and live up in the mountains in a cave. I can be a rock star and use drugs. Anyway, she'd have to be rich.”

Lorraine put out one of Lewis's cigarettes. He had two going. “I mentioned your name to the little redhead at the meat market,” she told him.

“O.K.,” he said.

Mr. Hall and I were drinking Stingers and holding hands, which was just a thing we did sometimes. After a while, he put both his arms around me and sang the songs along with Buddy. Mr. Hall liked country-and-Western—all those people who break your heart and leave you with a little healthy sadness, or a lot, even. They were good songs, and if you were drunk enough they'd make you cry. And then you'd feel better.

—JUDY TROY

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A BROOKLYN

[*From the Brooklyn Heights Press*]

While munching egg rolls and knishes and listening to Brooklyn “schtick,” visitors will have time to renew old friendships and, hopelessly, make new ones.

THE INTERVIEW

I HAVE met in my time a number of female rebels, but the first one engraved herself in my memory. I was only nineteen years old and I was the proofreader of the Yiddish literary magazine *Literarishe Bleter.* The editor sent me to interview an important visitor to Warsaw—an old philosopher, essayist, and aesthete, Dr. Gabriel Levantes, who had resided for the last twenty years in Berlin, where he was the co-editor of a Jewish encyclopedia. I had the opportunity to observe him a few days earlier at the Writers' Club. He was small and stooped, with shoulders too broad for his size, and his stomach stuck out like a pregnant woman's. He had a huge head of white hair. His beard and mustache were also white. Only in his bushy eyebrows were there a few black hairs. From under them peered out black, piercing eyes, like those of a porcupine. He wore a pelerine that reached to his ankles, and a plush hat with a broad brim. An article about him in a Warsaw Yiddish newspaper said that no one had ever seen him without an umbrella or without a cigar in his mouth. There were jokes about him that he even slept with the cigar between his lips.

This interview was my first effort at journalism, and I prepared for it days in advance. The night before, I could hardly sleep. About eleven o'clock in the morning I called up the Hotel Bristol, where Dr. Levantes was staying. He seemed to be hard of hearing, because I had to repeat every word three times. He roared at me, as if I were the deaf one, "Young man, be here punctually at four o'clock—not a second earlier, not a second later."

At fifteen minutes after three I began to walk to the Hotel Bristol from my lodgings on Nowolipki Street, and I got to the hotel at twelve minutes to four. It was cold outside, and now snow began to fall as thin and prickly as needles. I walked to and fro before the entrance, so as not to arrive, God forbid, too early. My winter coat had lost its cotton batting and I was shivering. In my haste and my fear of being late, I had forgotten my scarf and my rubbers. The hotel doorman, in a uniform with gilded buttons and the epaulets of a general, looked me up and down with suspicion. Droshkies, and even some motor taxis, which in those days were still somewhat of a rarity, pulled up at the curb. The gusty winter day was short, and the street lamps were lit early. The sky reflected the violet of an abortive sunset. I continued to look at my wristwatch, which had misted over. At three minutes before four I tried to enter the hotel, but the doorman stopped me with his white-gloved hand. "Hey, you, where are you going?"

"To Dr. Levantes."

"I think a woman is visiting him."

After some hesitation, the doorman gave me permission to visit Dr. Levantes, but I had to climb four flights of stairs, since I could not take the elevator, which was reserved for more prominent visitors. The doorman told me to wipe my shoes and not to dirty the carpet on the marble steps inside.

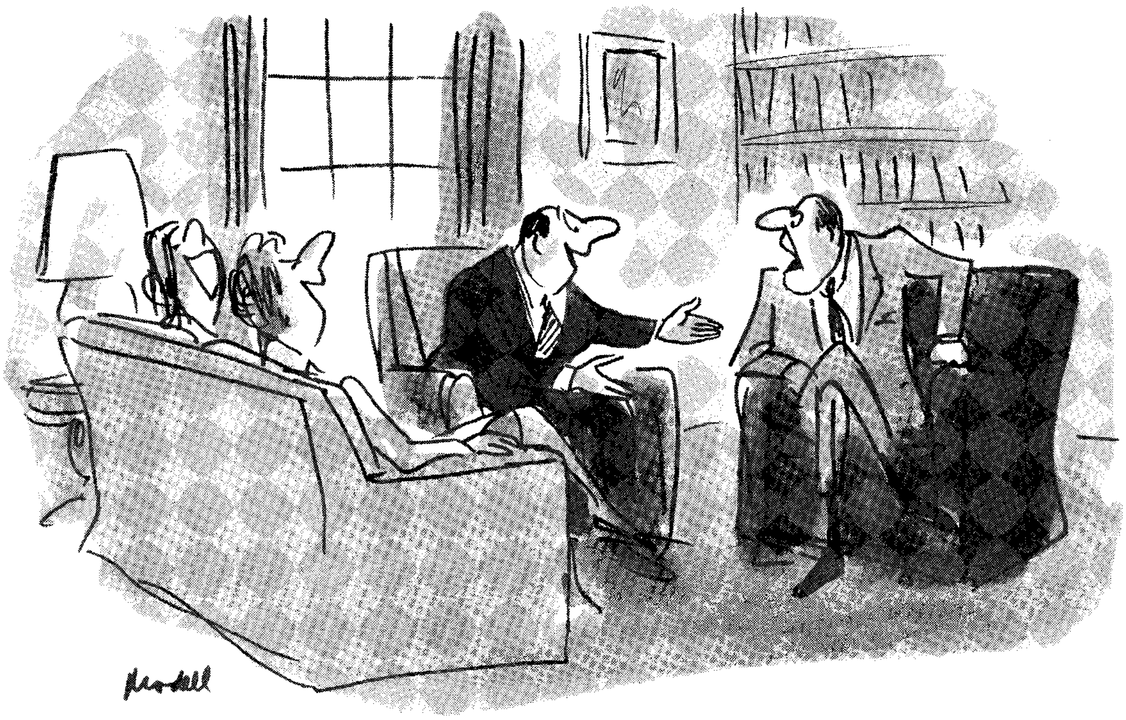
Exactly at four o'clock, I rang the bell and Dr. Levantes opened his door. He wore a long dressing gown with a braided sash and a pair of huge slippers. I immediately saw the woman the doorman had mentioned. She sat on the sofa across from the Doctor's desk and was wearing a short, knee-length skirt in the current fashion. She seemed to me in her late thirties, perhaps even forty. She had on a hat that resembled an inverted pot, and boots that came up to her broad calves. She wore no makeup, and I imagined that I saw signs of pockmarks on her high cheeks. Between the fingers of her right hand she held an extinguished cigarette.

Dr. Levantes showed me to the sofa, and he himself sat down on a plush chair so as to face both of us. On the edge of his desk I saw a slender unbound book, a brochure. I could read the title and the name of the author on the first page: "The Naked Truth," by Machla Krumbein. Dr. Levantes lifted the booklet with his thumb and index finger, looked at it for a moment, then mincingly put it back on the desk.

He said to me, "You'll have to wait awhile for the interview. This woman came to me unannounced. She considers herself a poetess." He turned to the woman. "Where did you say you came from?"

The woman mentioned the name of some village.

"Where is this godforsaken shtetl?" Dr. Levantes asked. "My dear lady," he said angrily, "this young man is a mother's child, most likely a former



"Just because I'm not laughing doesn't mean I don't get it."

yeshiva boy, just hatched from the egg, and I don't want to spoil him by quoting your kind of poetry. I can already see your approach. So holy is art that everything is kosher in its name, even a pig's knuckle boiled in tallow. Let me tell you clearly: pornography is not literature. The purpose of literature is to lift up the spirit, to bring out for the reader what is beautiful and lofty, not to tease his lowest instincts. I know that since the war there has been a new strain in literature—in Germany, France, and especially in Russia, among the Bolsheviks. They have turned everything topsy-turvy. Evil is good, ugly is beautiful, crooked is straight. We have in Berlin a certain Rilke, who carries his poems in a sack like a peddler. You cannot understand a word of what these poets write. Their slogan is 'Back to chaos,' but I'm too old for that and this young man is too young. There is in Russia a madman, a certain Mayakovsky, who wrote a poem about a cloud in pants, and they quote him with great admiration. How can a cloud wear pants if it is all vapor? It could just as well wear spats and a fur coat. Some of these so-called poets are Jews. What is the name of that crazy woman? Something like Lasker. Well, I can still understand all this taking place in Berlin or Paris—even in Petersburg, Petrograd, or whatever they named it lately. These places always teemed with futurists, Dadaists, nihilists—all kinds of other 'ists.' But how is it possible that a woman from a decent Jewish hamlet should use such abominable language? Do you try to imitate the maniacs of Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"I don't try to imitate anybody," the woman said, in a voice almost masculine. "But since every human being, without exception, thinks about sexual relations from the cradle to the grave, how can poetry ignore the subject?"

"Every human being?" Dr. Levantes cried out. "I don't think about it even one hour in a week. Neither did my great friend Professor Hermann Cohen. If the human brain were always occupied with thoughts of lechery, men today would still crouch like apes and live in caves. There is in Vienna a certain Dr. Freud, a half-charlatan and full-fledged dilettante, and he tries to persuade us we are all a band of sex fiends. He's trying to become the Newton of human behavior. He has a whole coterie of hangers-on. May I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes, Doctor, of course," the woman said.

"Do you have a husband or are you unmarried?"

"I had one."

"What happened to him?"

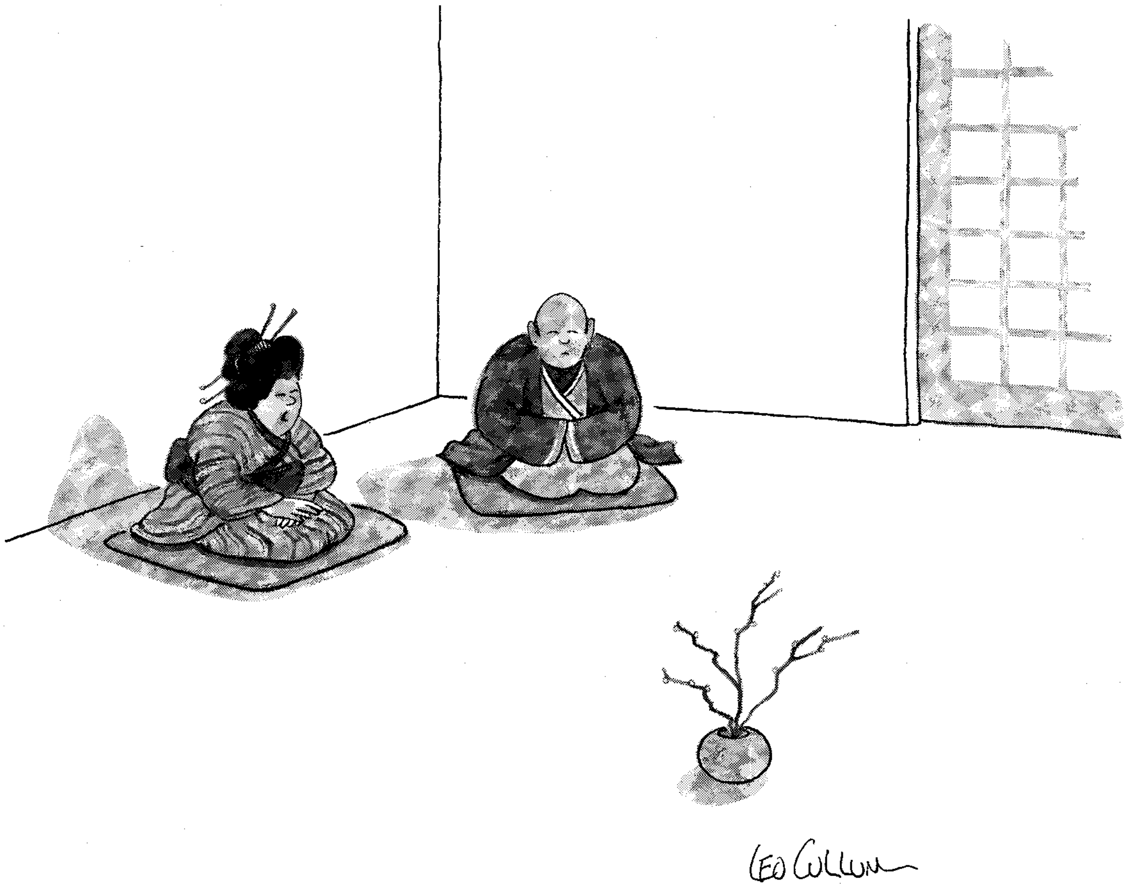
"We are divorced."

"May I ask why you are divorced?"

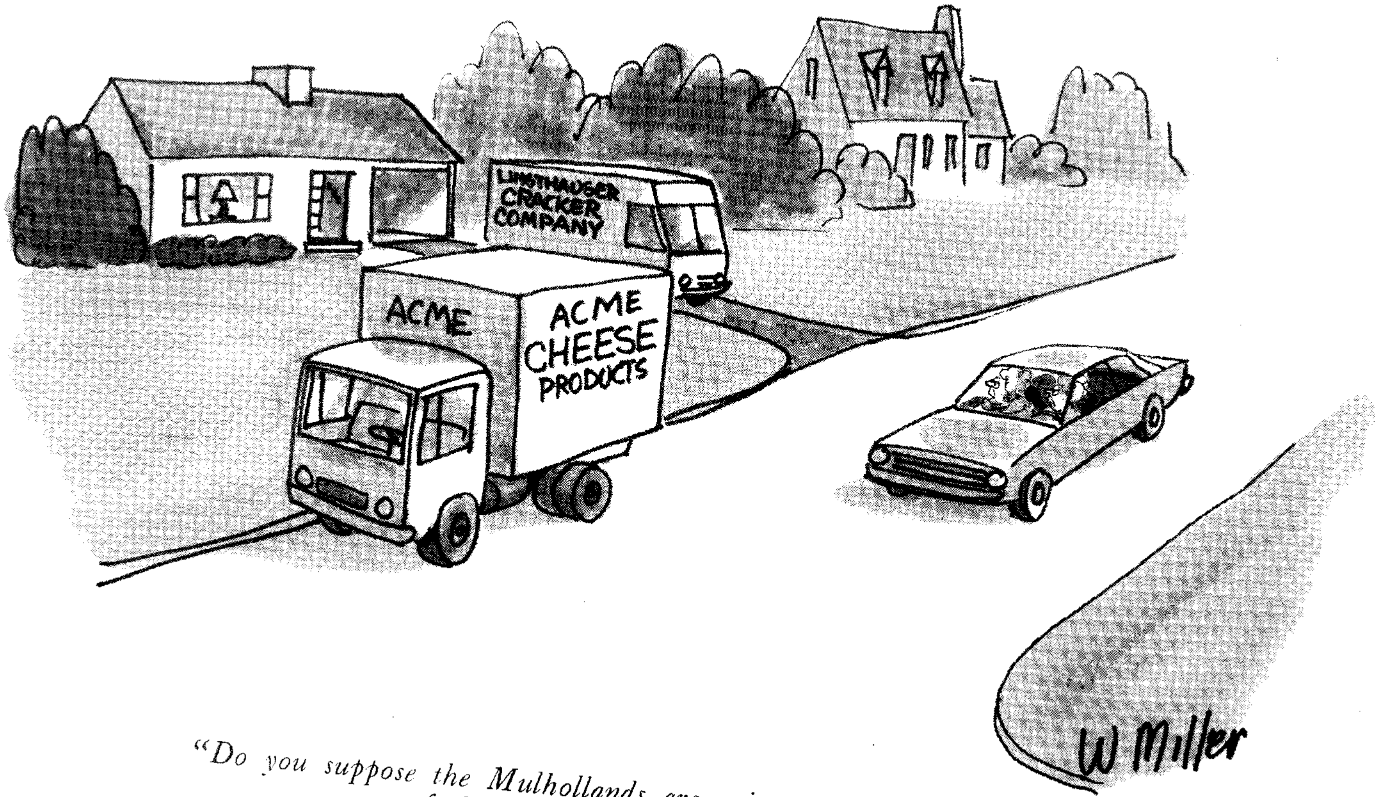
"You can ask anything. I left him because he did not satisfy me. Before he said good evening it was already good night. He was as quick as a rabbit."

Young as I was, I grasped what she meant, and I felt flushed. I had already read Professor Forel's book about sex, and I think I had even looked into Krafft-Ebing. Dr. Levantes began to growl and cough. He took a large handkerchief from his pocket and spat into it.

The woman rose. "Dr. Levantes," she said, "there was an article about you in the newspaper, and the author called you an independent thinker. This is the reason I came to you. Now I see you have all the prejudices of the fanatics. You probably recite thanks every day to God that he did not create you a woman. Let me tell you, Doctor, you've studied many books, but I've studied life. Our village was occupied by the Austrians in the war, and they brought with them first the cholera and then a famine. Many girls and young women became smugglers. They wrapped meat around themselves, under their clothing, and smuggled it into what used to be Galicia. On the way back they smuggled tobacco and other articles, which they hid in their underwear. There were gendarmes, called *Finanzer*, who lurked at night in the woods around the frontier. When they caught one of these women they forced her to undress and did with



"I was at my sister's today. They have two pots."



"Do you suppose the Mulhollands are going to have another one of those get-togethers of theirs?"

her whatever they wanted. I can tell you, Doctor, one fact—"

"I don't want to hear it, I don't want to hear it!" Dr. Levantes screamed. "If you want to tell me that most people are still animals, I will have to agree with you, but poetry is written for better human beings, not for the rabble."

"Your better human beings are as interested in sexual matters as the rabble," the woman said. "Everything you, Doctor, call culture has to do with it. What is the theatre? What do the painters paint? What do the sculptors sculpt? Breasts, bellies, behinds. Give this young man a choice between the most wonderful book and a voluptuous female and you'll see what he'll choose."

"Madam, be so good as to go your way!" Dr. Levantes shouted.

It had become so dark that the woman's face had turned into a bundle of shadows. Only her eyes sparkled in the wintry twilight. I wanted to say that I would choose the book rather than the female—perhaps to please Dr. Levantes—but my throat became dry and I began to sweat. The woman moved backward and hesitated. Suddenly she ran to me and caught my wrist so hard that I almost cried out in pain. "I will wait for you downstairs," she whispered, and kissed me behind my ear. She slammed the door with such strength that the windowpanes rang.

Dr. Levantes called after her, "Whore! Harlot! Piece of dirt!" He shook, and said, gasping, "I don't recognize my Polish Jews anymore."

I HAD written a long list of questions for Dr. Levantes, but as soon as I asked the first he delivered a lengthy speech. He blew the smoke of his cigar directly into my face and spoke of many things at once—Spengler's "Decline of the West," Bergson's "Creative Evolution," the Balfour Declaration, the Bolshevik revolution, even Einstein's theory of relativity. He again and again attacked Freud. Even though steam hissed in the radiator, frost trees formed on the windowpanes. I wrote down as quickly as I could the Doctor's clever words, but my brain was occupied with one thought: Would Machla Krumbein really wait for me? It was too cold for her to wait outside. As if Dr. Levantes could sense that I was thinking of her, he tried to refute her arguments. He compared the "human affects," as Spinoza called them, to a volcanic eruption. One must avoid the glowing lava, not try to swim in it. "There's only one question," he said. "Why did God or nature bestow on *Homo sapiens* such an abundance of emotions? What is their biological function? Neither Plato nor Spinoza nor Schopenhauer could really answer this."

Almost two hours had passed and Dr. Levantes was still pouring out his erudition. The room became filled with coils of cigar smoke. I imagined that the smoke came not only from the Doctor's mouth and nostrils but also from his hairy ears, his beard, and even from behind his vest, as if he were burning in his interior. When I finally left, my knees had become shaky and I was dizzy. I opened the door to the street and breathed in deep the frosty air, and there was Machla Krumbein. She stood at a store window that was warmed by small gas flames to keep it from freezing over. I touched her shoulder and she started. I asked her if she had been waiting outside the entire time.

Her face was white from the cold, but her eyes lit up with the joy of a young girl. "So what?" she said. "I am accustomed both to the cold and to waiting. I smuggled things on days and nights when it was as cold as Siberia. Why did your interview last so long? Let's go somewhere. I'm a chunk of ice."

"Why didn't you wait in the lobby?"

"The doorman chased me out. He probably didn't like the way I'm dressed. One pauper snubbing another. Do you have some money with you? I'm without a penny."

She took my arm familiarly. The restaurants and coffeehouses in this rich neighborhood were not for the likes of us. We walked in the direction of Senatorska Street, and from there to the Jewish quarter. The whole time Machla continued to talk. "What kind of interview was this? Where's it going to be published? I went to the Writers' Club, but the receptionist would not let me in. If they had seen what I write they would have hurled me out the window. What did you say your name was? I've never seen it in print anywhere. I had to publish my little book with my own money. That's why I'm bankrupt now. What do you write?"

"I want to write stories."

"Stories, huh? Will you at least tell the truth, or will you gloss over and prettify everything, as the other liars do? You look like an honest lad still, but when these scribblers take you into their establishment you'll become a cheater like them."

"What do you call the truth?"

"The naked truth. When those Austrian gendarmes told me to strip mother-naked I thought I would die from shame. But when you must do it you do it. Thank God it was summer and not winter. They did to me what they wanted—four men, one more virile than the other. Then they spat at me and left as if nothing had happened. I lay there and wept for a long time, until it occurred to me that what had happened was not such a calamity after all. I realized then for the first time that this is what a female was created for."

"To be raped?"

"Yes."

Her words made me shudder. We came to a little coffee shop with a picture of a cow out front to indicate that it served dairy products. Even though I was not a vegetarian yet, I used to eat there frequently, because everything was cheap. We entered and took the one table that was not occupied. I had some money with me. The owner, an elderly Gentile woman, brought us buckwheat with milk, bread, herring, and coffee with chicory.

NERVES

Who doesn't have them—bad as the war news
Starting the day off with a little tic,
And you're out of bed, already launched into it:
The announcer stopping to catch his breath
Between two movements of a cello sonata:
"Distant shelling was heard today
In the suburbs of Beirut . . ." What's left of it.
The hungry newsboys touting the death
Of thousands to sell the morning paper . . .
But, no, these are not the true illustrations:
For those, your unique fate is grafted
Onto the general terror, your mirror
Revealing one night in X-ray the tumor
That will kill you, a sudden pain in your chest
Knocking you flat on the bathroom tiles.
And nobody told you the acid rain
Would be fatal today to one who walked
Down to the docks to see the freighters in,
The men in overalls greasing the way
For some new environmental disaster,
A tanker leaking its sick ammonia
Into the Hudson, Liberty at bay,
While last night's hunks of sex weave by,
Still drunk, on their electric rail,
Toward home, wherever those two rooms are
That are dark, though the sun is at the full.

—Howard Moss

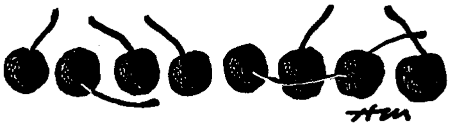
• •

Although I was extremely bashful with women, Machla Krumbein, who looked old enough to be my mother and who spoke like a whore, made me daring. "What would have happened if the gendarmes had made you pregnant?" I asked.

"It couldn't have happened—I can't have children. I lived seven years with my husband and I remained barren. He was good for nothing, and after a few years I took lovers."

"Who were they?"

"Whomever I could get—a Jew, a Gentile, a coachman. Once I made love with a boy not long out of the cheder, about twelve years old. I had begun to read novels, and realized the writers were all brazen liars. They kept on beating around the bush and they never came to the point. They babbled without end about love. There is no love. It's all invented, a horse fair in the sky."



"I myself was mortally in love with a girl," I said. I could hardly keep myself from trembling.

" 'Mortally,' huh? And what happened?"

"Nothing."

"This is how all loves end. Love is nothing but a dragged-out sickness. A man should immediately get what he wants, not be fed with a lot of sentimental twaddle. Do you have someone now?"

"Not really."

"You can have me tonight if you want. All we need is a bed."

"I board in a private apartment."

"Do you have a room to yourself?"

"I have to cross their living room. There's a girl there, and we two—"

"You are in love with her?"

"We read books together."

"What books?"

"Various subjects—biology, psychology. Lately we've been reading Flammarion."

"Who is he?"

"A French astronomer."

"Is your girl a virgin?"

"Yes, but we never talk about such things."

"Take me home," Machla

I WONDER WHAT MY OLD CHEVY IS WORTH.
C.E.M.

• •

Krumbein said, "and I will speak to her clearly. These kosher virgins are as afraid of me as the Devil is of incense."

"I cannot do that."

"In that case you're not a man but a lamb. I would take you to my place, but I stay with an old aunt and she has only one room and one bed. She's as pious as a rebbetzin. All night long she groans and mumbles sacred words. She doesn't let me sleep. Her husband, my Uncle Nahum, died twenty-two years ago and she's never touched another man—she's still faithful to my uncle. That's what the liars and bigots have done to women."

I wanted to answer her, but my throat was constricted. She took a brochure from her purse and said, "Here, read this. It's my book, 'The Naked Truth.' "

It had thirty-two pages of poems, each line not more than four or five words. In about fifteen minutes I had read it to the end. I had never before read such obscenities. I didn't know what was stronger in me, my passion or my nausea. I glanced at the author. She smiled, and showed a mouthful of broad, strong teeth. She asked, "Have you ever read such hot stuff?"

"Never."

"My father was a Cohen. In ancient days they would have sentenced me to be burned. This is how it's written in the Pentateuch."

"Yes."

"If you have ten zlotys you can take me to a cheap hotel."

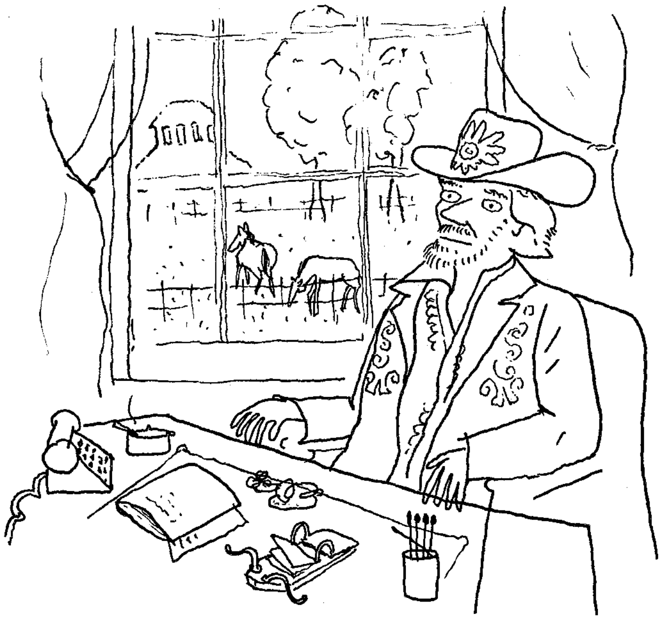
"You need to show a passport. I don't have ten zlotys, and, besides, I have to pay for our dinner."

"There are little hotels where they'll let you in without a passport," she said. "Perhaps you can borrow some money."

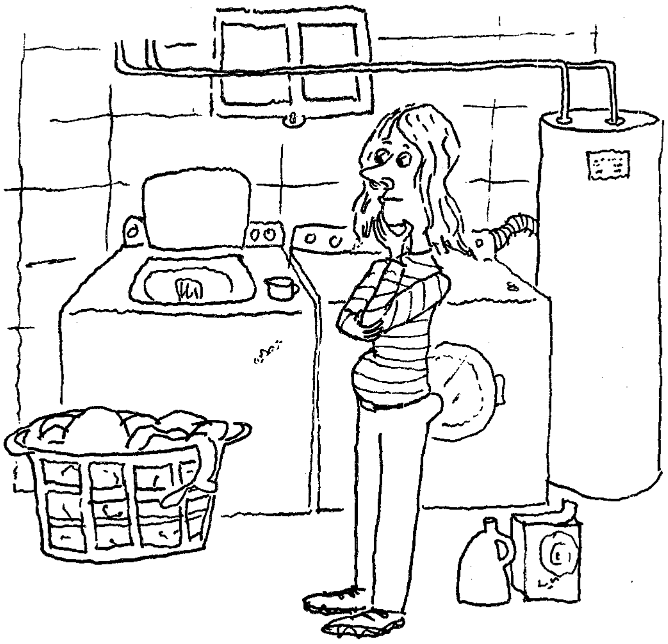
"Now? At night?"

We sat in silence. I looked around at the other tables. At each sat a young man and a girl. They were talking about the political situation in Poland, about the news from Soviet Russia, Palestine. Some of them I knew. There were Communists, members of the leftist Workers of Zion, even an anarchist—a vegetarian. Machla

CELEBRITY STRESS: THE LATEST VICTIMS



Top country-and-Western singer finds he can no longer structure his own time.



After six months on location in Australia, film star forgets how to do laundry.

• •

Krumbein smiled and winked at me. "I have an idea," she said. "Borrow some money from the girl with whom you read books. When the interview appears you'll repay her."

I knew this was nonsense, but I stood up and paid the bill. We walked together to Nowolipki Street, and came to the building where I lived. I knew that my girl, Ilka, had gone to the movies with a girlfriend. I could not ask her mother for a loan, because I already owed her three months' rent. I told this to Machla Krumbein and she said, "All the powers are against us tonight. If that old idiot Levantes weren't such a zealot we could have made love all three of us together."

"With that old man?"

"I love old men. Some of them are lustier than the young. A threesome with you and him would have been fun, but it wasn't destined."

"Do you believe in God?" I asked.

"Everything comes from him."

WE stood at the gate of my building, and Machla Krumbein said, "Perhaps your girl will soon be back from the movies. Sometimes if they don't like a show these girls leave immediately. I myself stopped going to the movies—they bore me stiff. A man meets a girl and the moment he kisses her he's in love forever. The heroines are all beautiful beyond words. Those who are not beautiful don't exist at all in these inventions. The men are all immensely tall and rich and eager to marry. Lies, lies. In all literature I found only one writer who writes the truth—Strindberg. He's translated into Yiddish. What he says about us women is real. In my village they are all my blood enemies. They curse me with the vilest oaths. Why can't you take me up to your room? If you live there, you're entitled to bring in any guest you want."

"My landlady doesn't let me. Once a girl visited me and the old woman ordered me to leave the door open."

"They are jealous, that's what they are. They are like dogs watching a stack of hay: they can't eat it themselves and they won't let others eat. How can I ever sell my book? The printer has put together five hundred copies. Would any bookstore take them from me?"

"I'm afraid no bookstore would sell them."

"This means I'm already excommunicated in Warsaw, too. The printers in Lublin refused to print it, but I found an old bachelor, and he became my publisher—anonymously, of course. I gave him what a man wants, and he turned romantic and did it all for me. He even proposed marriage to me, but I will marry the Angel of Death."

"Why do you say that? You are still young."

"Not so young."

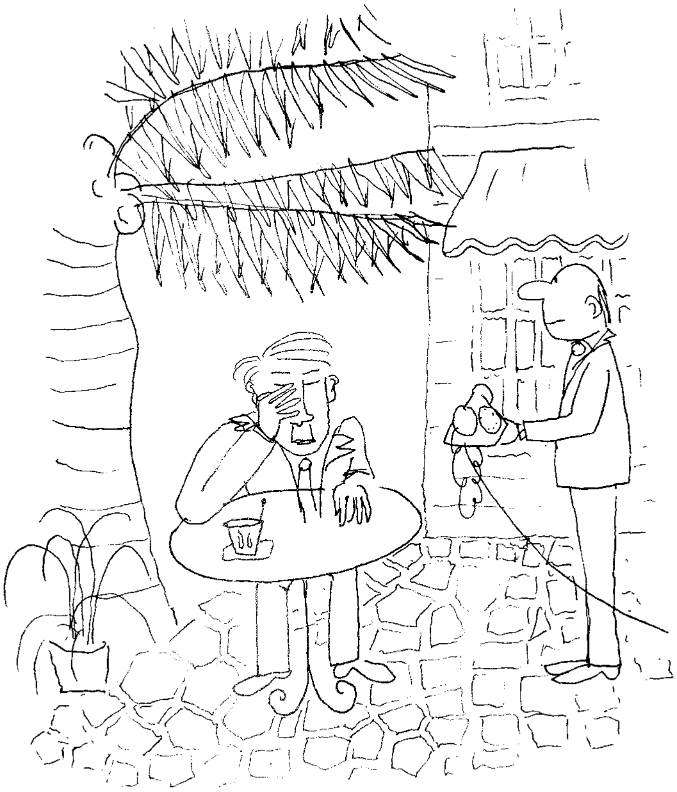
"What do you do in that village?" I asked.

"I am a seamstress. The women won't give me any work, but the men come to me and let me take measurements for their shirts and underwear. While I take their sizes I tickle them. Oy, I must laugh."

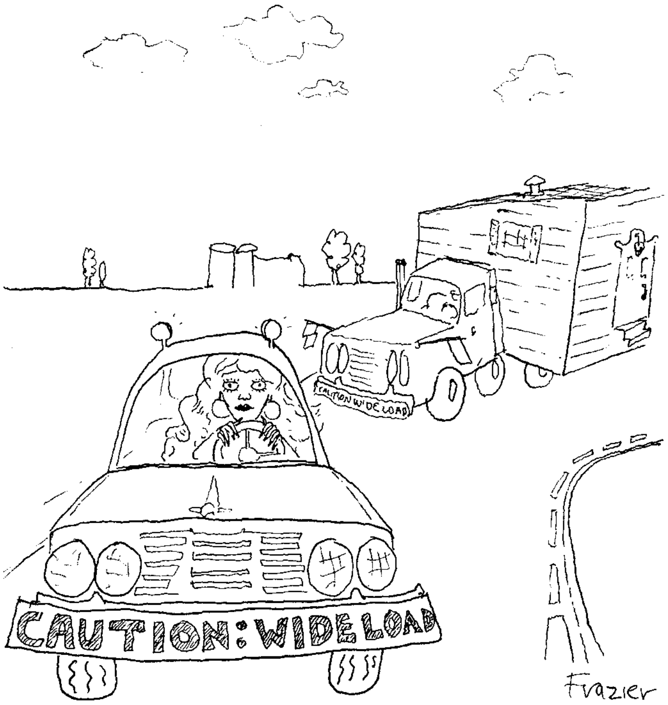
"What's so funny?"

"Those hypocrites! A few days ago I became forty and I decided to live five years more, not a day longer. But for those five years I've promised myself to indulge all my whims. Women such as I should never get old. The warden of the burial society warned me that when I die he will bury me behind the fence, among the suicides and whores, and I told him that as far as I'm concerned he can cut me to pieces and throw me to the dogs. All they write in the holy books is balderdash. There is a God, but he never split the Red Sea. He never gave the Torah. Moses wrote it all from his head. He himself played around with a black female. When do they close the gate here?"

"They may do it soon."



Eminent author receives one telephone call too many.



Famous TV anchorperson loses sense of self, makes ill-advised career change.

• •

The moment I uttered the words, the janitor came out from his cubicle with his big key and with his old dog limping after him. He gave us both an ugly look and asked, "Are you two going in or out? I'm closing."

Machla Krumbein started to give me her address. She planted a kiss on my mouth. She actually bit me. The janitor slammed the gate before her, and instead of going up the dark steps I went over to the garbage bin in the courtyard and wiped my mouth with a handkerchief. In the light of a single lantern that glimmered over the entrance I saw blood.

Someone rang the bell, and the janitor went to open the gate. It was Ilka—small, with a head of cropped hair as shaggy as a sheep's. Ilka's father had died in the typhus epidemic. Her mother sold secondhand clothes in the Karcelak Place bazaar. Ilka had gone to the *Gymnasium*, but she flunked the final examination. Lately, we had read together a book entitled "The Life of an Amoeba." We often spoke of chromosomes, centrosomes, and cytoplasm. I sided with the vitalists and Ilka with the mechanists. We also discussed Bukharin's work about historical materialism and Otto Weininger's "Sex and Character." When Ilka entered the courtyard and saw me standing at the garbage bin she asked, "Why are you standing out here in the dark? Did you have the interview?"

"Yes, I had it."

"What did he say?" she asked.

"He said that a girl wasn't created to read about amoebas but for a man to sleep with," I said, baffled at my own words.

Ilka seemed more astonished than I was. We both stood speechless for a while. Then I heard her say, "At least you found the courage to tell the truth. A woman is nothing for you but a lump of flesh. Is that correct?"

"Yes, correct."

"In that case we must sever all our relations."

"If you think so."

"What is the sense of our standing at the garbage bin? Let's go up."

We walked up the dark steps to the first landing and stopped. I embraced Ilka and she did not resist. I kissed her and she kissed me back. I felt her face burn. She pushed me away and said, "You're a pig, like all the other men."

"That's what I am."

"You've disappointed me bitterly."

We went up another flight and we again stopped and kissed. From behind a door I could hear a baby crying and the mother singing a dirgelike lullaby.

"What a night," Ilka said. "First a disgusting movie that turned my stomach, then your strange behavior. Sometimes I feel that death is the only way out."

"Yes, let's die together, but before we die let's give in to all our desires."

"Why do you want to die with me?" Ilka asked. "Since you don't love me."

"There is no love," I announced.

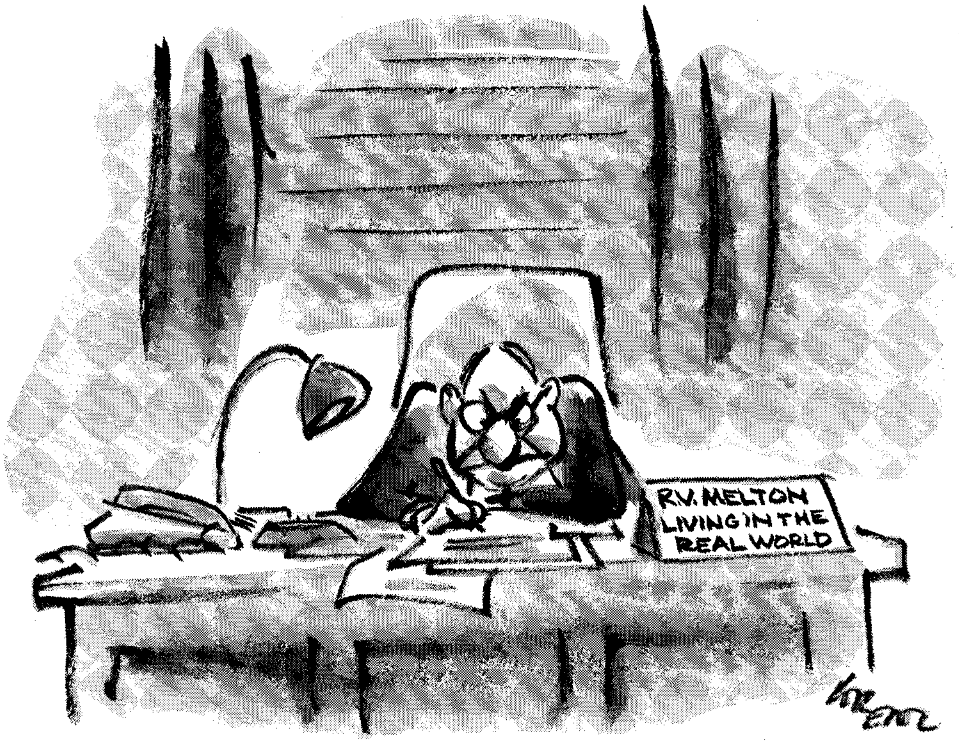
"What is there?"

"Just lust."

"You kill everything."

We knocked at our door and Ilka's mother opened it. She cried out to me, "Who bloodied your mouth?" She clapped her hands and screamed, "Yours, too, Ilka! Woe is to me and to my dismal life."

Ilka rushed into the water closet. I ran into my room. As a rule, we used



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to drink tea and eat bread with jam before we went to sleep. Now I threw myself on the bed in my clothes. I could hear from the other side of the door the old woman's nagging words and Ilka's answer: "Leave me alone. Don't bore me. Be still."

The door opened abruptly, and the old woman put her head in. She had taken off her wig and covered her shaved head with a kerchief. She had already taken out her false teeth and put them in a glass of water, and her face sagged. "Be so good as to move out immediately tomorrow," she said.

"Yes, I will."

"And pay what you owe me."

"Not before my interview is published."

"You wild beast!" She spat, and slammed the door.

I extinguished the gas lamp and lay quietly in the dark. I could still hear the old woman's grumbling and her daughter's annoyed responses. I fell into a deep sleep. In the middle of the night someone nudged my shoulder. I woke up and it was Ilka. She murmured, "Here's your lump of flesh."

I stretched out my hand to pull her closer, but she resisted. I kissed her and swore love to her, and she said, "Shameless liar."

ABOUT fifty years passed, and I never heard the name Machla Krumbein, either in Warsaw or in New York, where I lived after I emigrated to America. I looked for her little book in Yiddish libraries and bibliographies, but both the writer and the book had vanished without a trace. Whenever I met someone from her region, I asked if he had ever heard of such a person, and the answer was always no. I began to doubt whether this episode had ever happened. I knew from experience that certain occurrences of whose reality I was certain proved later to be nothing but dreams or fantasies. For years I used to dream I was in Siberia. I saw Siberian towns and forests. I travelled over Siberian taigas and tundras. Whenever I woke up at night I believed for a while that I really had been there, but after some pondering and consideration I realized that I couldn't have been, unless in a former reincarnation. Perhaps my meeting with Machla Krumbein was the same kind of figment.

In 1974, I was invited to speak at Oxford University, in England. The day after the lecture the librarian of the Jewish section gave me a tour of arcane Hebrew and Yiddish books and manuscripts in the Bodleian Library. I found a number of small storybooks that I had read in my childhood and that I was sure had been lost in the Holocaust. I recognized the faded covers, the typography, even the misprints in those flimsy and worn pages. Suddenly my gaze fell on a booklet that lay on a metal shelf without a library stamp, without a cover—an unbound remnant of a book, which no one seemed to have catalogued. My God, I saw the name Machla Krumbein and the title "The Naked Truth." When I lifted it, the pages crumbled between my fingers. The librarian had been called away to the telephone, and in some ten minutes I read the book again from the beginning to the end. No, it was not a dream or an illusion. There it was, with its crooked lines, provincial expressions, amateurish style. It again perplexed me, and ignited my imagination with the same uncanny power that it had in the little vegetarian restaurant on that winter night. Every poem proclaimed the erotic heat of a woman who didn't know and didn't care about any literary conventions. That village seamstress had wished that all human females would perish in some biological catastrophe and that she, Machla Krumbein, would remain the only woman in the whole world. All men would stand in rows from Spain to Vladivostok, from Alaska to the Antarctic, and she would copulate with every one of them—young and old, Chinese and Turks, Zulus and pygmies, lepers and perverts, murderers and maniacs. No, Machla Krumbein was not an idealist. She wanted all males for herself and no one else. For some reason the librarian dallied at the telephone, and I kept reading the booklet forward and backward. I don't remember the librarian's returning or my leaving for the car that was supposed to be waiting for me. In all those years I had been convinced that Machla Krumbein and her work, if they ever really existed, had been burned in Treblinka, Majdanek, in one of the ghettos or concentration camps. But one last copy had been left for me to read and appreciate before total oblivion. Or perhaps some friendly demon, imp, or hobgoblin had restored it magically and brought it to me on this special visit from a mountain of ashes.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Lester Goran.)

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After showing both commercials twice and occasionally dancing along with the professionals, Mr. Rich noted, "After I saw these I said to myself, 'Dick, that's another knotch on my belt.' "

"Belt?" he was questioned.

"Gun," he corrected.—*The Times.*

Knotch?

LETTER FROM EUROPE

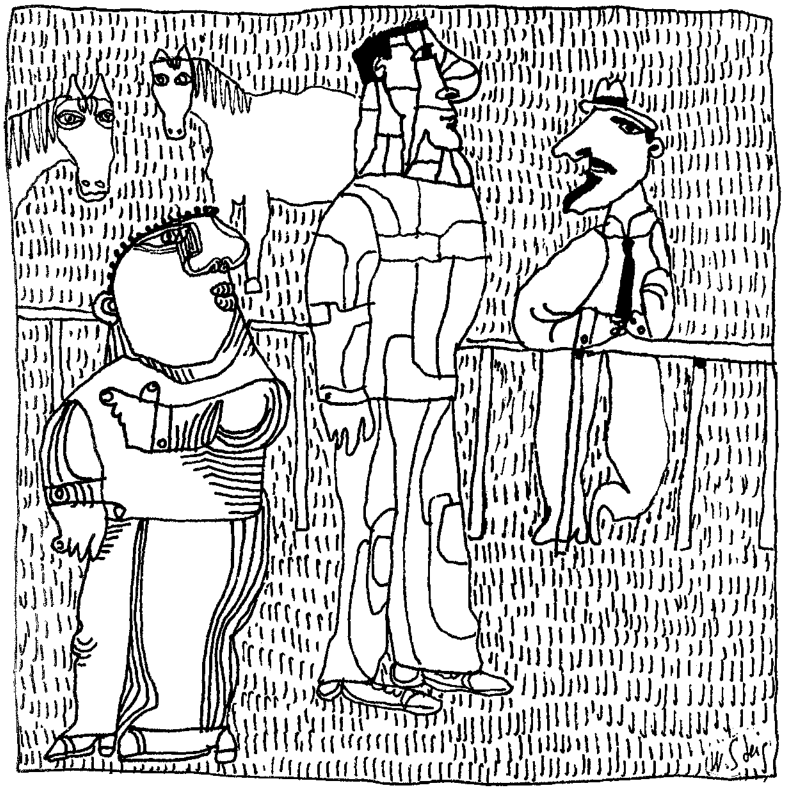
PARIS, MAY 5

I WAS in the Swiss village of Sils-Maria the week that the Bolivians arrested Klaus Barbie and sent him back to France. The village was getting ready for the annual spring cross-country ski marathon over the Engadine lakes. Serious *Langläufer* in narrow blue jumpsuits and blue stocking caps were out on the frozen Silser See at dawn, going so fast that from any distance at all they made a smooth, dark ribbon on the lakes, hung in motion like thoroughbreds on a track. Families on holiday explored the mountain paths and glacier trails. Or they skied into the Val Fex, awkward on their long, skinny skis, falling sometimes but always caught by the lovely white rise of the valley toward the Malojapass and Italy. Down in the village, the five councilmen of Sils-Maria (three of them innkeepers) met to discuss a German speculator who had ended up controlling some valuable village property, and whom the councilmen were courteously, conscientiously discouraging with lists of building codes and regulations and restrictions. Lights went on in the little Sils house where Friedrich Nietzsche spent his summers—which meant that the teacher from Poitiers who presides over a philosophers' fan club called the Nietzsche House Foundation had arrived, with his family, to ski and to count the linens and check the bedsprings for the Nietzsche scholars who come in summertime and pay the foundation to sleep on Nietzsche family beds and sit on the rock where Nietzsche invented Zarathustra and cook in the kitchen where Nietzsche ate his suppers once the Hotel Edelweiss, next door, had barred him from the dining room because of bad table manners.

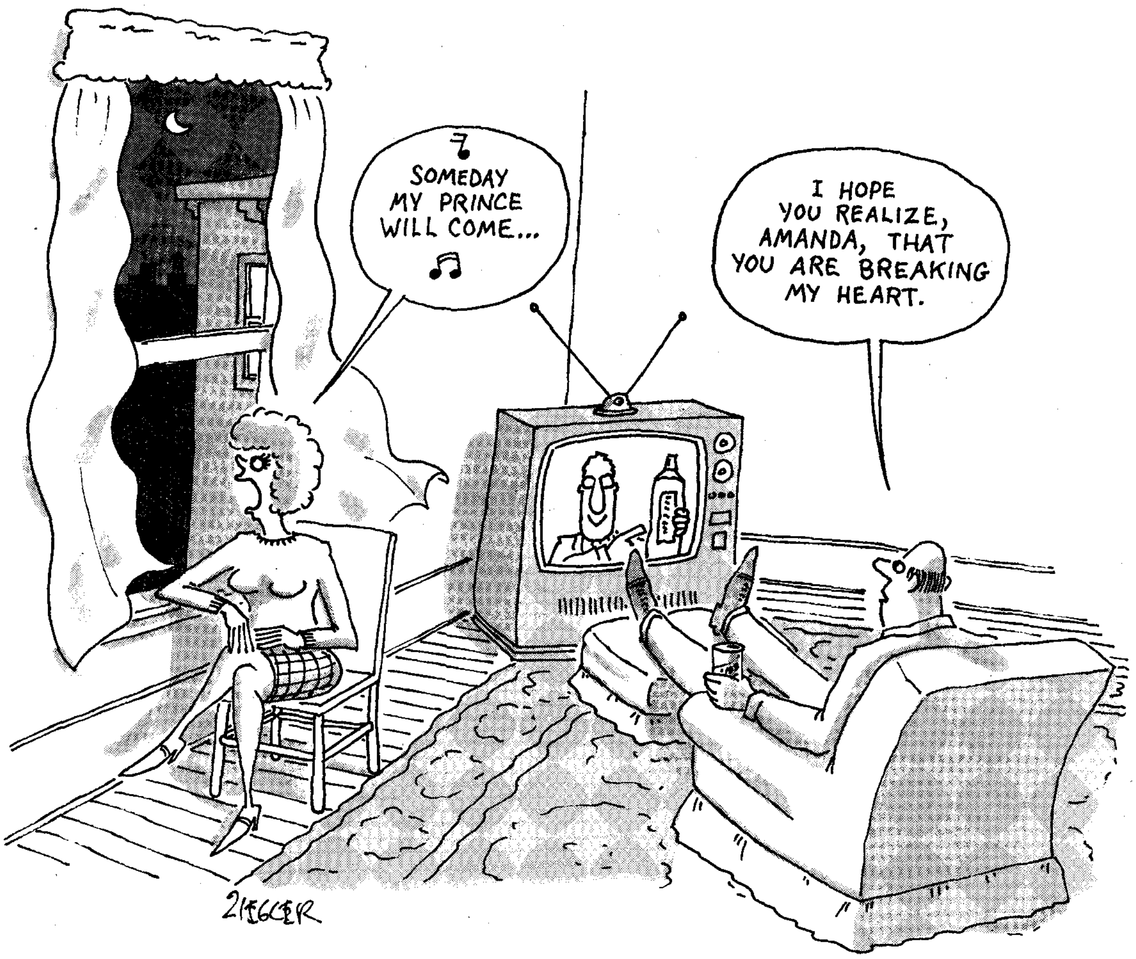
There is an old dairy farmer on the path to the sister village of Sils-Baselgia who says that his father used to deliver milk and butter to the cranky Herr Professor Doktor Nietzsche, but not many villagers know the name of any of the cranky professor's books, or that it was in Sils-Maria that he settled his conscience and broke with a composer called Richard Wagner because of what he said was the composer's wild and dangerous Aryan theology. Sils-Maria is a protected place, impossible to reach except by alpine passes like the Maloja. It is hard to imagine Parsifal stalking one of its snowy pastures (in another month, those pastures will be covered with *Alpenrosen* and violets) in search of purity or Rhine Maidens bathing in the Silser See. People in Sils-Maria talk about the Second World War as the time the village inns went into receivership. When a German who was staying down the hall at my *pension* came back from a night out in St. Moritz bringing the week's magazines, and then left one of them on a hall table for the other guests to see, it was pointedly ignored until the maid discovered it and took it away. The magazine was something of an anniversary issue—memorabilia of Hitler's appointment as Reichskanzler, fifty years ago—with a spread of "September Morn" watercolors of Eva Braun, signed, supposedly, by the Führer. The anniversary was not noted at the *pension*. Nor was the news that the man who in all likelihood had tortured to death the French Resistance leader Jean Moulin, in 1943, was in a French prison waiting to be tried for crimes against humanity. The guests of the *pension* were a friendly group—mainly French and German—and back home in Stuttgart or Bordeaux they would probably have been talking about Klaus Barbie. In Sils-Maria, they were party to a shrewd discretion that is remarkable even in a country as discreet as Switzerland. That discretion is a legacy from the days when any stranger who made his way over the mountains to the village was on a quest for some sort of forgetfulness, and the villagers offered as their "neutrality" the eloquent sanctuary of hidden lakes and meadows—and silences.

KLAUS BARBIE was the *Sicherheitsdienst* S.S. commander of Lyons from November of 1942 to November of 1944, and in the course of those two years he murdered, or ordered the murder of, four thousand three hundred and forty-two Maquisards and deported seven thousand five hundred and ninety-one French Jews—men, women, and children—to concentration camps in the Reich. He was known as the Butcher of Lyons, though he was only twenty-nine when he killed Moulin. Lucie Aubrac, who helped found the Resistance group Libération-Sud, and who is a grandmother now and lives in Paris with her husband, says that Barbie's youth was somehow the most shocking thing about him.

Mme. Aubrac was thirty-one in 1943, and she was pregnant. Her husband, Raymond Aubrac (he was a young engineer then, and in charge of the Army of the Resistance for Southern France), was in prison with Moulin, and Mme. Aubrac encountered Barbie a couple of times in the course of



At the Track


SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME...
I HOPE YOU REALIZE, AMANDA, THAT YOU ARE BREAKING MY HEART.
ZIEGLER

trying to rescue him. She is a remarkable woman—someone once called her "the woman who domesticated fortune"—and, like most real heroes, she does not so much wear her past as reflect it in the elegance of her character. She taught history to a generation of Paris *lycéens*. Then, in Morocco, she took up archeology, and she would rather talk about the ruins at Volubilis and Mogador, where she used to dig, than about Lyons. But the story of her confrontation with Barbie is in virtually every high-school history book in France, and now that Barbie has been arrested and is in Lyons people ask her about him all the time, and she keeps telling them to remember that monstrous agents of the Third Reich were just as young and ordinary as the people who risked their lives to fight them.

By all accounts, Klaus Barbie had neither the intelligence nor the talent—if "talent" is a word that applies to torturers—for interrogation. He could kill people, but he was not good at getting information from them before they died. The few people in Lyons who survived his interrogations say that he always worked with a bullwhip or a blackjack, and that his rage betrayed his incompetence; once he started beating, he usually could not stop himself until his prisoner was either dead or dying. Capturing Jean Moulin was Barbie's great good luck, because Moulin had united the right and left wings of the Resistance behind the Free French of Charles de Gaulle, and he was the one man in the country with information on every aspect of the underground and of Free French strategy involving the underground. And yet Barbie seems to have beat Jean Moulin to death with what amounted to uncontrolled dispatch. Apparently, Barbie's real passion was destruction. Moulin himself was only forty-four when he died. He is often called "the father of the Resistance," but then, as Lucie Aubrac says, the men and women who fought with him were usually so much younger. Mme. Aubrac wants youngsters today to know that it was simple people their age who behaved like heroes during the Occupation and simple people their age who behaved like bastards. She is seventy-one now, and she belongs to a generation that knows how it behaved then and can say, with some authority, how it would behave again. Not many people who are younger can.

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THERE has been a lot of talk here lately about the "wisdom" of extraditing Klaus Barbie. Raymond Barre, who was Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's Prime Minister, says that he is uneasy about "abandoning a fundamental rule of law which holds that after thirty years it is up to God to judge the criminal." (Barbie has already been tried twice here, in absentia, and sentenced to death for war crimes, and, as it happens, in France there is no statute of limitations on prosecuting crimes against humanity.) Simone Veil, the President of the Judicial Commission of the European Parliament, who was denounced as a Jew herself in the South of France in 1944 and sent to Auschwitz, says that the trial could tear the country apart, and at the very least could distract it from its proper business—which, according to Mme. Veil, is the business of getting on with the future.

Robert Badinter, the Minister of Justice, is one of the people who wanted Barbie back. He worked for months to persuade the Bolivians to send him, and once they did he put Barbie right into the prison in Lyons—Montluc Prison—where Barbie held Jean Moulin and Raymond Aubrac and so many of their friends from the Resistance forty years ago. Badinter wanted to give the occasion of Barbie's capture a kind of symbolic weight, like a homecoming, because the trial itself—Barbie is charged specifically with the arrest, torture, and execution of two hundred and ninety-four people and the deportation to death camps of six hundred and fifty more—is supposed to be another sort of occasion, a scrupulous exercise in French restraint and due process. There are thirty million Frenchmen who were not even alive during the Occupation, and a few months ago most of them had no interest in the fact that Klaus Barbie had been living comfortably in La Paz, under the pro-

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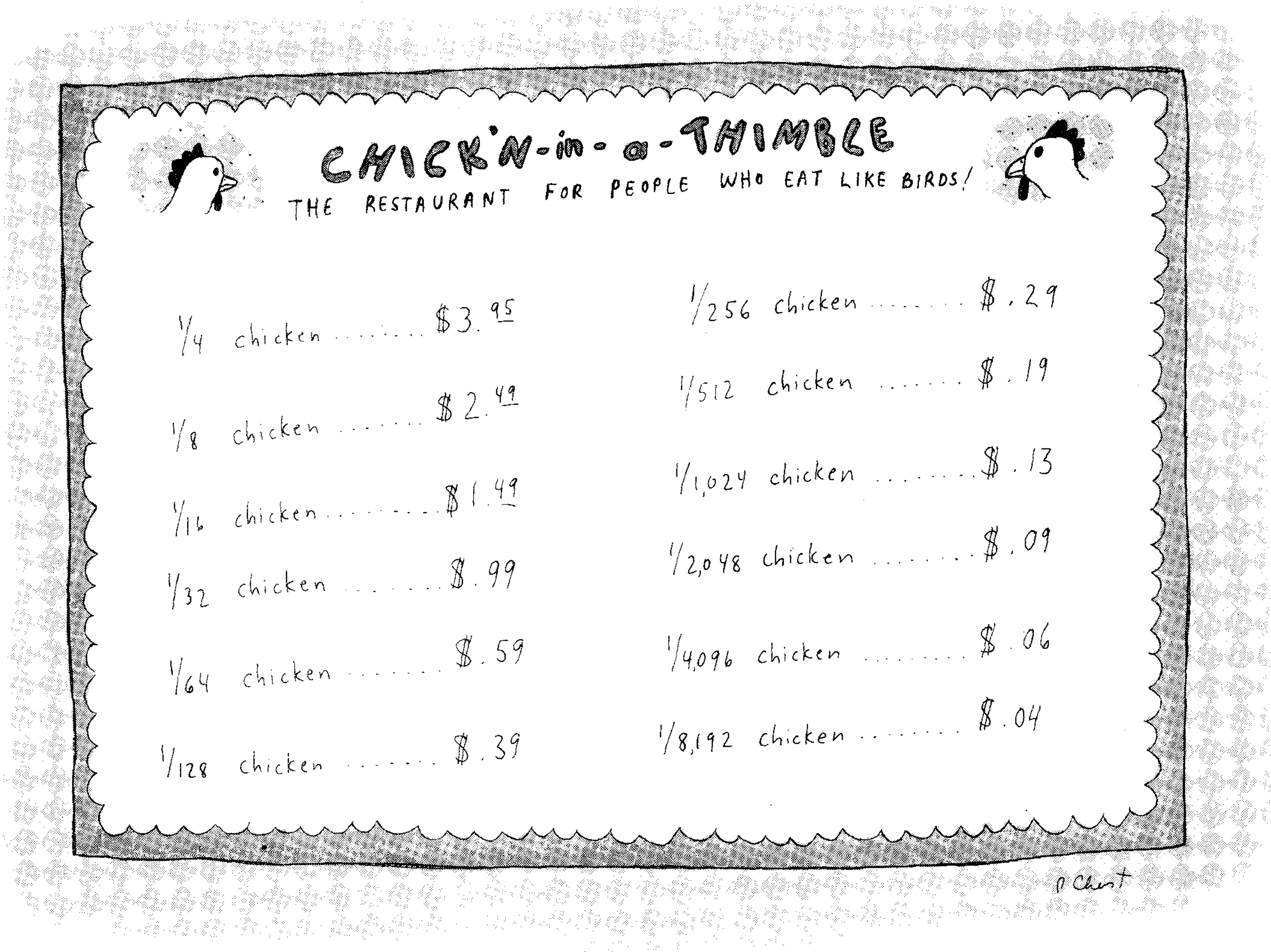
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R Chast

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tection of a succession of shady junta generals, for the past thirty-one years. The trial of Klaus Barbie will be the first French trial of a Nazi war criminal since Karl Oberg, the S.S. commander for Occupied France, and his adjutant, Helmut Knochen, were tried in Paris in 1954 for sending eighty thousand people off to their death. It was only nine years after the armistice, but even in 1954 there was not much interest in the trial. People wanted to be proud of themselves and their country. They wanted to believe that France had had no part in the atrocities of its occupation. They were distressed when professors arrived from England and America and started looking at the Vichy files, and made a great deal of the fact that there were probably no more than two thousand two hundred Gestapo policemen in Occupied France, whereas there were at least twice as many French policemen in the Gestapo's local auxiliary and up to thirty thousand *miliciens*, which is what the Vichy security police were called. Pascal Ory, a young "historian of collaboration" who teaches here at the Institut d'Études Politiques, says that when all the counting was done there turned out to have been about the same number of card-carrying *Combattants Volontaires de la Résistance* as there were official collaborators—collaborators indicted by the special courts of the postwar *épuration*, or purge. (His figures are a hundred and sixty thousand combatants to a hundred and seventy thousand collaborators.)

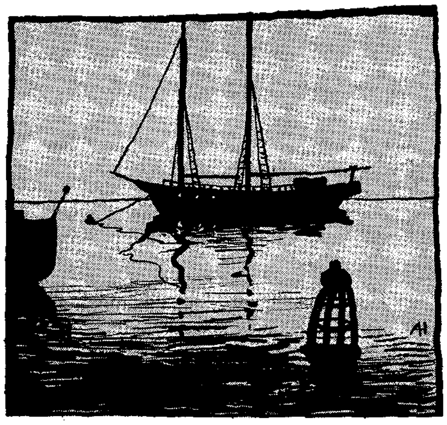
Some people think that Barbie belongs in Germany (Germany had asked the Bolivians to extradite him, too), because there are no real arguments about accountability in Germany, as there are in France. Germany has to acknowledge its accountability for Nazi crimes, because those crimes were part of the official ideology of the state—natural extensions of the doctrine of racial superiority and necessary genocide. The problem for Germans right now is not so much a desire to preserve memories of Nazism as a desire to integrate those memories into the German past—to settle the Third Reich into "history" instead of maintaining it as a central trauma, a defining moment. Young Germans still cannot be sure whether that desire is understandable, or even appropriate, or whether, as Ulrike Meinhof once said, "history" is another word for their own evasions—a way of avoiding the pain of a cleansing, clarifying acknowledgment of what being German means. A lot goes on in Germany today in the name of history. Eva Braun becomes a nude centerfold. Hitler's "secret diaries" are peddled to the highest bidder, as a scoop on the order of Prince Andrew's Caribbean frolics with Koo Stark.

A couple of weeks ago, the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* said that the great myth in Germany about the war had been that the Occupation of France was a gentlemanly affair, a "beautiful victory," with courtesies on both sides, a kind of real-life remake of "La Grande Illusion," having nothing to do with brutes like Barbie or Paul Touvier, the notorious commander of the *miliciens* in Lyons, who apparently lives in a convent in Italy now and is still wanted by the French police for his own crimes against humanity. The "gentlemanly Occupation" was a soothing Wehrmacht fiction, and it appealed to the sort of respectable Germans who voted for Konrad Adenauer—Germans who wanted to be reassured that too many gestures of expiation would be undermining and indulgent. In France, the fiction has sometimes been that every Frenchman was a hero and sometimes that every Frenchman was a collaborator, but that either way guilt and expiation were sophisticated exercises, suitable only for a few Left Bank grownups. The French identify with their state. They think it is healthy for their children to identify with the state.

The children of radicals have family feelings about the kings of the *ancien régime*. The children of monarchists have been known to weep for Marat in his bathtub. Real dissent, when it occurs—as it did with the student protests of May, 1968, and as it may be occurring now, with strikes and demonstrations at the universities—amounts to an almost Freudian drama, a breakdown in the nation's psyche. Children here are educated to argue well but not to doubt who they are or what France is. This is why people like Raymond Barre prefer to leave Barbie to "God's justice," and people like Simone Veil say that any trial that exposes a wartime France of bastards and cowards cannot be very good for the country. They are really saying that history is too dangerous to be left to its own surprises and its own truths.

CHARLES DE GAULLE landed in Bayeux on June 14, 1944, and congratulated the city for "beautiful collective resistance." His wholly heroic wartime France was a myth that began that day, in Bayeux, and it lasted for as long as de Gaulle was paterfamilias to the country—for as long as official history gave Frenchmen one splendid collective memory to replace their difficult memories of the Occupation and its ambiguities and compromises. A lot of the people who went to bed Pétainists and woke up Gaullists were not so much repudiating the past as acting with fairly consistent chauvinism. Unregenerate Fascists went on trial during the *épuration*, and then to prison. By the end of 1948, about seventy per cent of them were home, and in another two years the special courts of the *épuration* were dissolved. By August of 1953, when the National Assembly passed a general-amnesty law, there were practically no collaborators left in prison or in detention to free. The old Maquisards involved in the *épuration* say that it was fast and fairly harsh, but that most of the magistrates who did the investigating for them and handed down the indictments had been Pétainists themselves. After a couple of years of peace, a lot of people simply decided that the way to get on with reconstruction was to say that, after a fashion, everyone had collaborated, or that, after a fashion, everyone had resisted, and let it go at that. In fact, most of the *gens de doctrine*, as some of the French called their Fascists, started referring to themselves again as "conservatives" or "traditionalists," or even "Catholics." As a "respectable" right revived, old Pétainists stood out and were considered spooky. (Late last month, a group of them showed up here at a church called Saint-Louis d'Antin for an anniversary Mass for Colonel François de la Rocque and heard the priest compare them to "followers of the reviled Christ.") The solidarity of postwar France was imposing. No one talked about collaborators, even at trials like the Karl Oberg trial. The reporter who covered that trial for *Le Monde* wrote that it was a trial "without passion" and that the French were "preoccupied with more timely problems." It had seemed to him, he said, a kind of indispensable formality—"*la liquidation d'un mal déjà oublié*."

May of 1968 made for a kind of spontaneous revisionism. Students decided that the authority of the generation they thought they were taking on at the barricades had a lot to do with the images that that generation claimed—images of great patriotism and valor. And so they challenged those images along with the authority.



France began a negative investigation of itself. Intellectuals announced that Nazism was pornography, and spent a lot of time writing about movies like Luchino Visconti's "The Damned," with its feverish equations of sex and evil, and Liliana Cavani's "The Night Porter," which *was* pornography (people called it "erotic projection"). The historian Michel Foucault, talking to a reporter from *Cahiers du Cinéma* in 1974, said that he was baffled by the connection: "Here is a problem for history: how is it that Nazism, which had to do with pitiful, pathetic, puritanical boys and with nasty Victorian spinsters, could have become, in France, in Germany, in the United States—in the pornography of the whole world—the ultimate referent of eroticism?" Louis Malle made "Lacombe, Lucien," about a young peasant who torments chickens and is not very smart, and for whom collaboration becomes a sort of voluptuous awakening. Patrick Modiano wrote stories about shadowy and ambiguous Vichy characters. There was an almost cult interest in a Jewish writer named Maurice Sachs, who had joined the Gestapo. Politicians tried to catch the mood and use it, and inevitably failed. Giscard went so far as to cancel the national Armistice Day holiday on May 8th—the implication being that it was unkind to keep celebrating Germany's defeat now that West Germany and France were friends. (Mitterrand put Armistice Day back on the calendar as soon as he took over.)

Lately, it has been fashionable to treat Vichy France as a kind of secret Germany—a country of Fascists and anti-Semites happy to collaborate. There was obviously anti-Semitism here, and there still is. The history teachers of 1944 who warned their pupils about "the ancient Jewish practice" of stealing French girl babies and selling them into white slavery were not really much worse than, say, the Chalon housewives of 1974 who accused the Jewish merchants in town of chloroforming women in dressing rooms and shipping them off to oil sheikhs and African chiefs and South American dictators with slave harems. "Dreyfus" is still a loaded word here. Vichy, of course, produced the only official collaboration in anti-Semitism in occupied Western Europe. It played on the notion of what the French call *l'état protecteur*—the guardian state—to give French Fascism under Marshal Pétain a pretty, sentimental explanation of itself. After the war, Pétainist historians, among them Alfred Fabre-Luce, claimed that France had been protecting the majority of its own Jews by collaborating. Actually, the Pétainists were enthusiastic collaborators, occasionally offering more Jews to the Germans than even the Germans asked for. Maurice Papon—Secretary-General of the Prefecture of the Gironde under Pétain, Prefect of Police in Paris under de Gaulle, Minister of the Budget under Giscard—is under indictment now on charges of deporting Jewish children to Auschwitz. The fact that he was a Pétainist and then a Gaullist is something that surprises only foreigners. A lot of the country was Pétainist and then Gaullist. It may be that not many people but the militants on either side saw any real contradiction between Pétain's legality and de Gaulle's legitimacy. Papon was converted, so to speak, toward the end of the war, but his conversion was not considered dramatic in the sense that a Nazi's conversion would have been dramatic in Germany. Most of what we call "collaboration" now was acquiescence—the small daily betrayals of small people looking out for themselves and their privilege. Vichy did not produce many real monsters of ideology; evil was not the official strategy. The seduction of Vichy was that Pétain and his friends did not preach doctrines of hatred and extermination. They simply saw to it that Maquisards were shot and that neighbors informed on one another and that Jews registered with the police and carried the proper *carte d'identité*, so that the Germans would not be inconvenienced when the time came to kill them. Mme. Aubrac says that in July of 1942, when the French police were ordered to round up Jews for deportation, some eight thousand Jews went quietly to the Paris Vélodrome d'Hiver in buses the police had commandeered. It never occurred to most of those Jews that French policemen in French buses would be delivering them to the Germans. They went because they needed to believe that French fraternity, and even a measure of French justice, still existed in Vichy France in 1942. Mme. Aubrac says that if Germans had come for them that day in the Marais and Belleville, the way Germans came for the Jews in Warsaw, the Jews of Paris would have known that they were going to die, and then, like the Warsaw Jews, they might have fought, to die nobly. As it was, she says, only one Paris policeman refused to participate in the *rafle des Juifs*. He quit his job.

It is obvious that Klaus Barbie will try to inflict a last cruelty on the French—that he will name names to the point of making an accomplice of everyone in Lyons who was not his victim. He claims that he has "forgotten" everything about his two years in France except who his helpers were. He likes to tell people that the denunciations of Jews and Maquisards "rained" while he was in Lyons. In his interviews, he has half the city lined up at his office in 1943 turning in friends. He is arrogantly unrepentant, and his one pleasure in prison seems to be anticipating a showdown that will turn children against their parents and old neighbors against one another. No one doubts that, whatever he says, Barbie will be lying, but the Lyonnaise are curious and frightened. Last month, the Archbishop of Lyons said that Barbie's presence had created an atmosphere that he believed was dangerous and unhealthy—though he had trouble understanding just why he believed that. He knew only that passions that had finally cooled after forty years were being stirred by the fact of Klaus Barbie in Lyons. Some thirty-five thousand Jews live in Lyons today. Nearly every one of them is related to somebody or knew somebody who was tortured and killed by Barbie or deported to be tortured and killed because of Barbie. They fear the Second World War is passing out of memory. The anguish of memory is that it dies with the people who remember.

—JANE KRAMER

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Rarely have I read an article as confusing, inaccurate, misleading, and often ponderous as Laurence Gonzales's *Air Wars* (March), and I must take exception to his portrayal of the work of the Chicago Department of Aviation. The $840-million Development Program for Chicago-O'Hare International Airport is an exciting, well-conceived, and inordinately complex program.—*Letter to the editor in the magazine Chicago.*

Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it, Gonzales.

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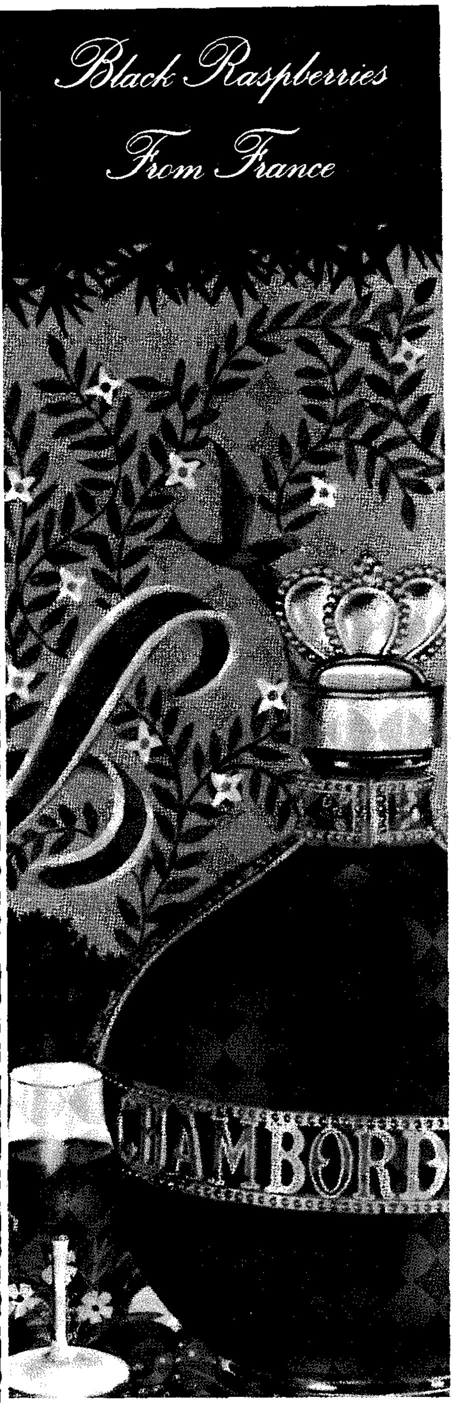
WASHINGTON (AP)—A regional Environmental Protection Agency official, who says he changed a peau03au03au03au03au03au03au03au03report on orders that Washington denies giving, is telling his side of the story to congressional investigators.—*State College (Pa.) Centre Daily Times.*

It better be good.



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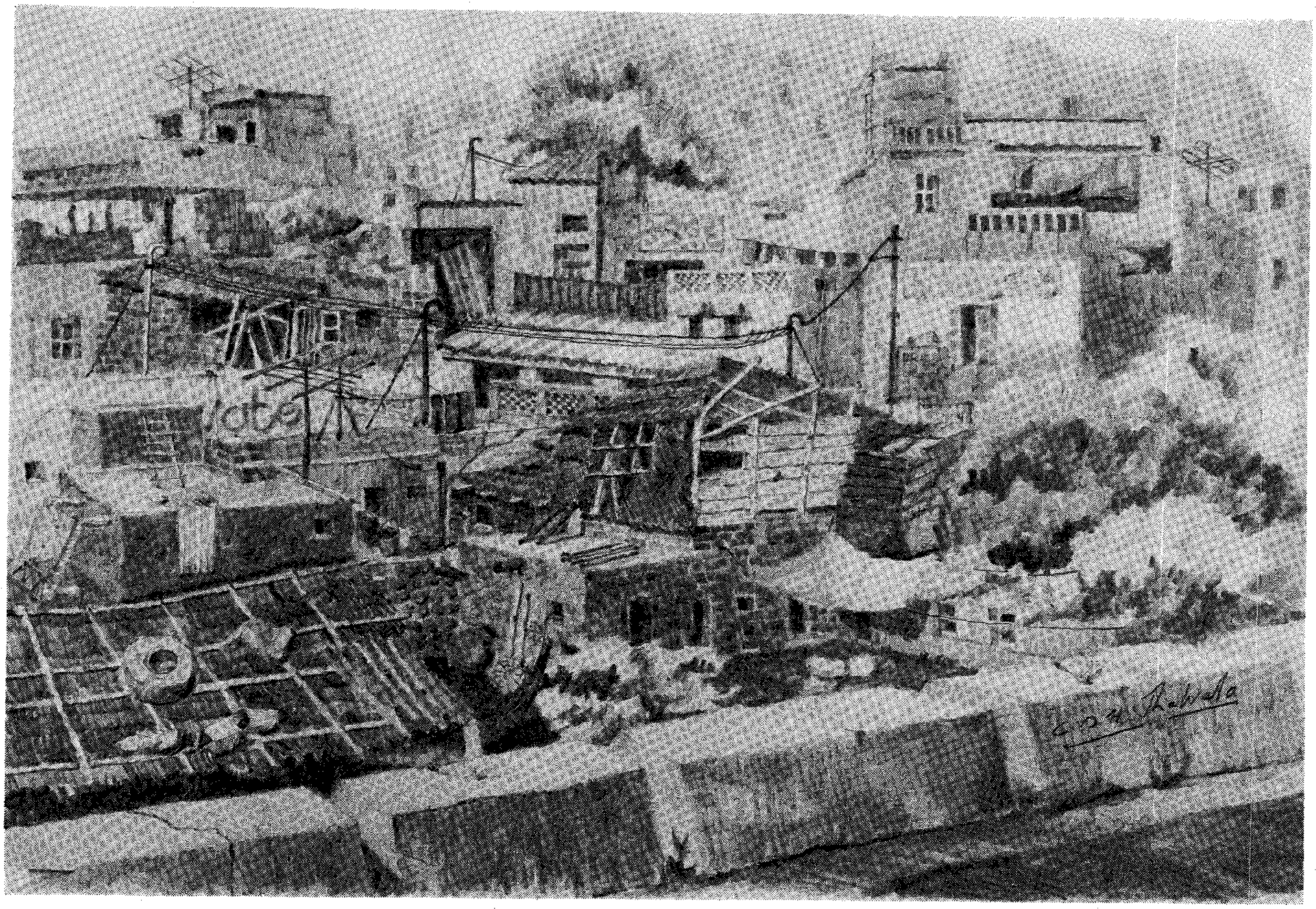
LETTER FROM NEW DELHI



IT appears that on the early afternoon of March 29, 1982, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi summoned to her office in the Prime Minister's house in New Delhi her daughter-in-law Maneka, who had been widowed less than two years earlier, at the age of twenty-three, when Mrs. Gandhi's younger son, Sanjay, died in the crash of a sports plane he was flying. Maneka had lived with Mrs. Gandhi for seven years, ever since she married Sanjay, but on this occasion Mrs. Gandhi shouted at Maneka that she must quit the house immediately.

"What have I done?" Maneka asked. "I have already explained everything to you."

"You have attended the convention, and now you face the consequences!" Mrs. Gandhi yelled. The convention in question had been held the day before by a few of Sanjay's disgruntled followers. Mrs. Gandhi had made it known that she considered the convention subversive to her rule. Maneka had attended it, claiming that it was only to honor Sanjay's memory and promote his work.

There ensued screaming and shouting between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law about what rights a daughter-in-law had in her mother-in-law's house, about who was the mistress of the house, about who was mistreating whom. Bruno and Sheba, Maneka's two prized dogs, barked and leaped about uncontrollably. "The dogs . . . were specially unruly that day," wrote the influential journalist Arun Shourie in the *Indian Express*, a national daily. "Apparently they listen only to Maneka and a servant. . . . The servant had been fired the previous evening." (My account of the events of that day is based on what newspaper reporters overheard at the Prime Minister's house, on their interviews with eyewitnesses—never officially contradicted—and on published letters and statements from the participants.)

There was no doubt that Mrs. Gandhi meant business. In the office with her she had two men who were among her closest aides—R. K. Dhawan, her longtime private secretary, and Dhirendra Brahmachari (Dhirendra "the Celibate"), her strong-armed yoga instructor—and they seemed simply to be waiting to escort Maneka out of the house.

At one point, Maneka begged two days' grace, pointing out that her two-year-old son, Varun (short for Feroze Varuna), was running a temperature of a hundred and four, and that she needed time to pack and to find a place to live. Mrs. Gandhi said that there was no need for Varun to go anywhere—that only Maneka had to go, and she could go and live with her mother. Maneka's mother, Amteshwar Anand, had a house of her own in New Delhi. Maneka cried that she could never go back to her mother, that she was Mrs. Gandhi's daughter-in-law. (By custom, once a Hindu girl marries she belongs to her husband's family.)

Maneka went to her room and telephoned, among others, her younger sister, Ambica. Then her telephone line went dead.

Maneka packed. Servants started to carry the luggage to a truck waiting outside. Dhawan and Brahmachari

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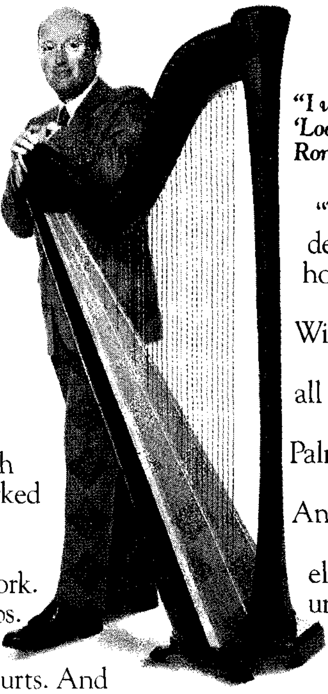

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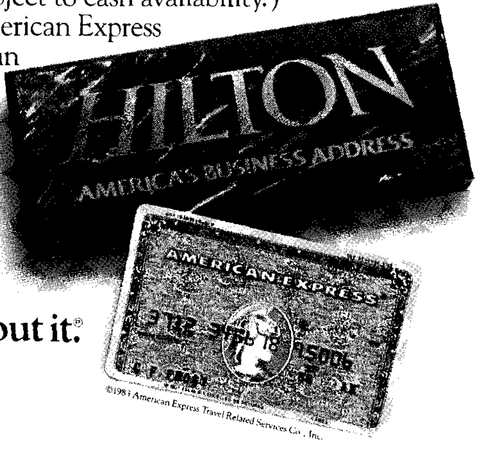

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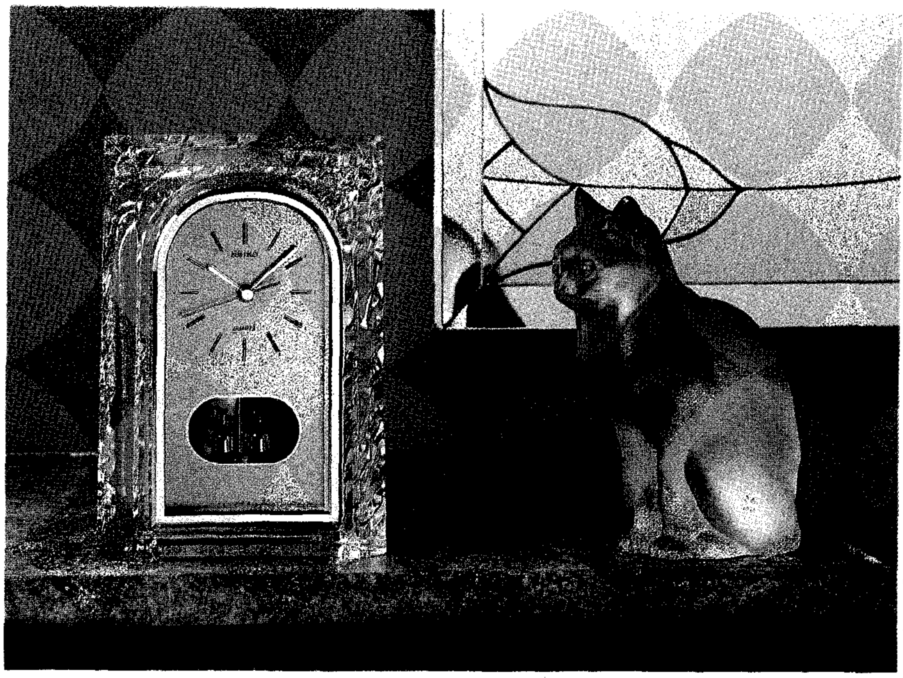

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stopped them—they wanted to open and search the bags.

"Every item has to be checked," Brahmachari said.

"You can't touch a thing!" Maneka shouted.

Ambica arrived and took up the cudgels for Maneka.

Mrs. Gandhi rushed out of her private room barefoot and shouted. Maneka screamed. The dogs barked.

Ambica shouted that ever since Sanjay's death her sister had been mistreated in the house, and that they had no right to search her things or throw her out.

Somehow, Mrs. Gandhi was accused of lying, and she yelled, "Maneka Gandhi, I have not told a lie in my life!"

Ambica shot back, "Neither has Maneka."

Mrs. Gandhi ordered Ambica to leave.

"This is my sister's house," Ambica said. "Who are you to ask me to go?"

"This is my house!" Mrs. Gandhi cried. "I am the Prime Minister!"

But Maneka got her way about the luggage: without being opened, it was carried out, in full view of at least a hundred reporters, guards, drivers, and servants, and loaded on the truck.

Maneka then asked that Varun, who was in Mrs. Gandhi's room, be brought to her.

"No," Mrs. Gandhi said, and she started crying. Since she lost Sanjay, she had generally had Varun sleep in her room.

Dhawan and Brahmachari kept repeating to Maneka, "Baba is with his grandmother. He will not go with you."

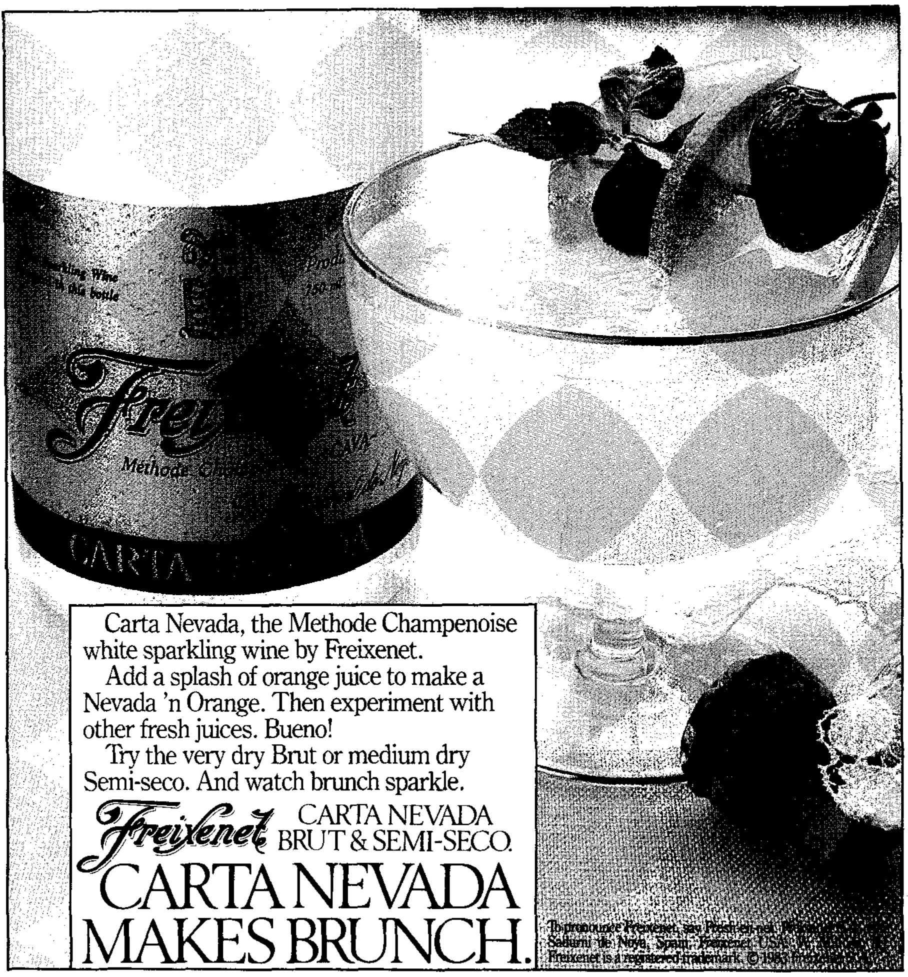
Maneka said that if she couldn't take Varun she would squat outside the house in civil disobedience.

Mrs. Gandhi ran back into her room.

It was now four-fifteen. Maneka was still in the house, and she remained there while Dhawan and others spent several hours talking with police and lawyers to see if there was some legal way that Mrs. Gandhi could keep the grandson without his mother. They were told not: all that Maneka would have to do was to go to a police station and lodge a complaint against Mrs. Gandhi, and Varun would have to be restored to her.

Around six, Bruno and Sheba were driven across to Mrs. Anand's house. Around seven-thirty, Ambica escorted Maneka's luggage there. Around eight-thirty, Mrs. Gandhi's surviving son, Rajiv, who had kept out of the row, took Varun's toys there. All the while, Mrs. Gandhi and Maneka, in different rooms, continued their row by proxy—aides and servants carrying messages back and forth.

ONE source of the row between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law was dissension that had arisen between Mrs. Gandhi and Mrs. Anand, who are very different in character and personality. In manner, Mrs. Gandhi is aristocratic and aloof, while Mrs. Anand is rustic and talkative; Mrs. Gandhi is referred to in newspapers and in drawing rooms here as "the iron lady" and "a man among women," while Mrs. Anand is referred to as "a social butterfly" and "a merry widow." (Maneka herself has the reputation of being something of a free spirit. As a teen-ager, she dropped out of college and dabbled in modelling for a towel company and a mattress company, and in journalism. Then, at seventeen, she met Sanjay, and, contrary to the almost universal Indian custom of arranged marriages, made a "love marriage.") Mrs. Anand's husband, Lieutenant Colonel T. S. Anand, was shot dead in early June, 1977, soon after the Janata Party defeated Mrs. Gandhi at the polls and came to power. Some people claimed that Sanjay had had him killed, out of fear that his father-in-law would be an undependable witness in the various cases that the Janata government was pressing against Sanjay. (The cases concerned Sanjay's conduct during the Emergency—that period between 1975 and 1977 when Mrs. Gandhi assumed dictatorial powers, and Sanjay, who had not then been elected to any office, functioned as the unofficial crown prince.) Other people claimed that the Colonel had become so despondent over the legal plight of his son-in-law that he killed himself. Whatever the truth, Mrs. Anand was reported to feel that she had lost her husband to Sanjay's cause. Soon after Sanjay's death, she asked Mrs. Gandhi to make Maneka—perhaps as a reparation—the president of the youth wing of Congress Indira, which was the position that Sanjay had used as his political base. Mrs. Gandhi turned her down, saying that Maneka could not be so "catapulted." (People around Mrs. Gandhi referred to Maneka as "a political twit.") Then both Mrs. Anand and Maneka agitated with Mrs. Gandhi to let Maneka stand as a Congress Indira candidate from the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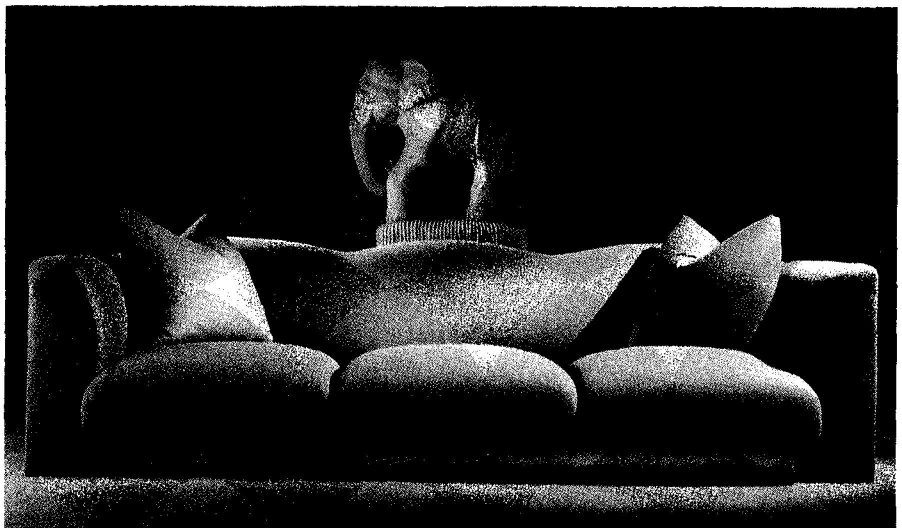
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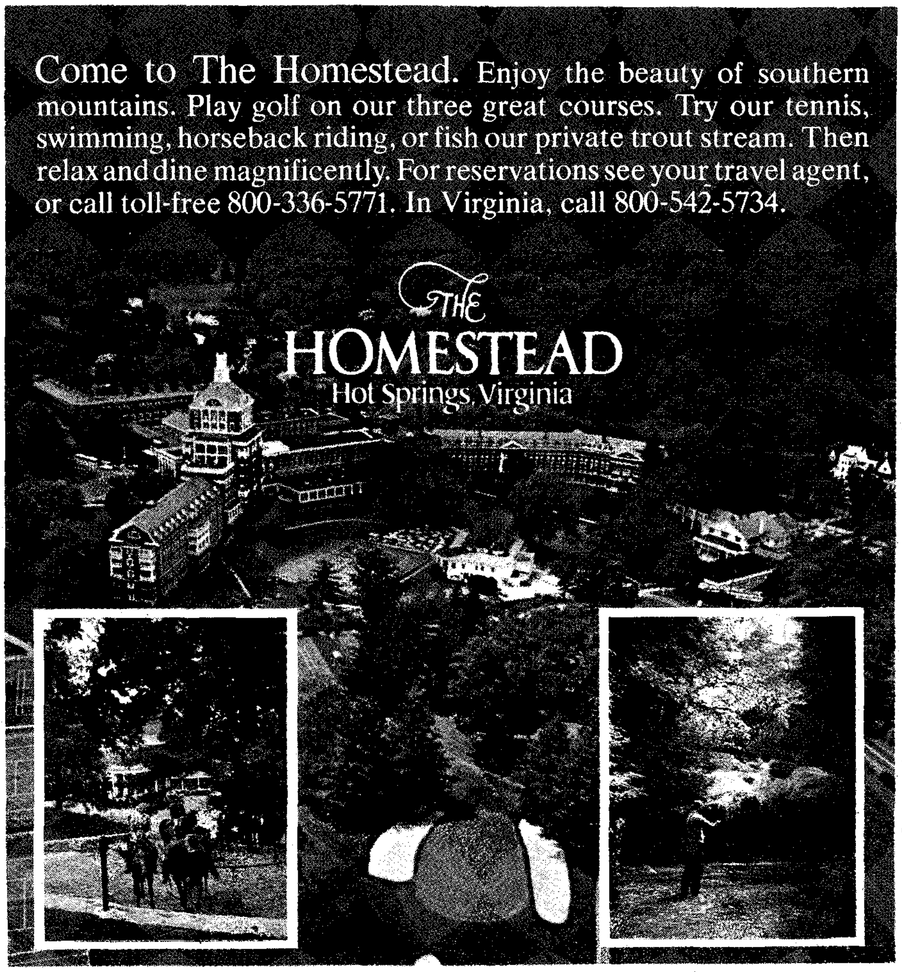
parliamentary constituency of Amethi, in Uttar Pradesh; Sanjay had been elected to Parliament from Amethi in January, 1980, and the Party had not yet nominated anyone for his vacant seat. Mrs Gandhi demurred. She wanted the torch passed not to Maneka but to Rajiv, although until then he had not taken any part in politics; he was a career Indian Airlines pilot, and he was married to a foreigner (his wife, Sonia, is Italian)—something that was generally considered an insurmountable political obstacle. In the end, Rajiv was given the Party nomination, and he was elected to Sanjay's seat in 1981. Sometime around then, Mrs. Gandhi barred Mrs. Anand from the Prime Minister's house. (It had been Mrs. Anand's custom to go there daily to see Maneka and to play with Varun.) Mrs. Gandhi said that Maneka should go and see her mother at her mother's house, and ordered that Varun should be taken there every afternoon.

After Sanjay's death, Maneka had found herself increasingly isolated in the Prime Minister's house. She was twenty-three, yet she couldn't move about the city freely, she couldn't go out and see anyone she chose. She was the daughter-in-law of an embattled Prime Minister, and she was a Hindu widow. (In Hinduism, widows have practically no rights.) Her contacts were confined to a handful of friends who could be received in the Prime Minister's house. She had many grievances, real or imagined. (When Mrs. Gandhi and members of her family went on a trip to Nairobi in 1981, Maneka reportedly took umbrage at the fact that Rajiv's children, Rahul and Priyanka, had gone on a diplomatic passport, like Mrs. Gandhi, while she herself had to go on an ordinary passport, like the ayah accompanying the children.) In the meantime, Rajiv's kite was climbing higher and higher, although, as S. Nihal Singh, the former editor-in-chief of the *Indian Express*, noted last summer, "it is a sad fact that since his formal entry into politics, Rajiv has failed to impress." After winning his seat, he had at first brushed aside the suggestion that he might one day succeed his mother, but soon he had started talking about the succession as thinkable; to a New York *Times* reporter he acknowledged, "Well, yes, the heritage can be passed."

In February of 1982, in what many here call "Mrs. Anand's revenge on Mrs. Gandhi," Mrs. Anand secretly



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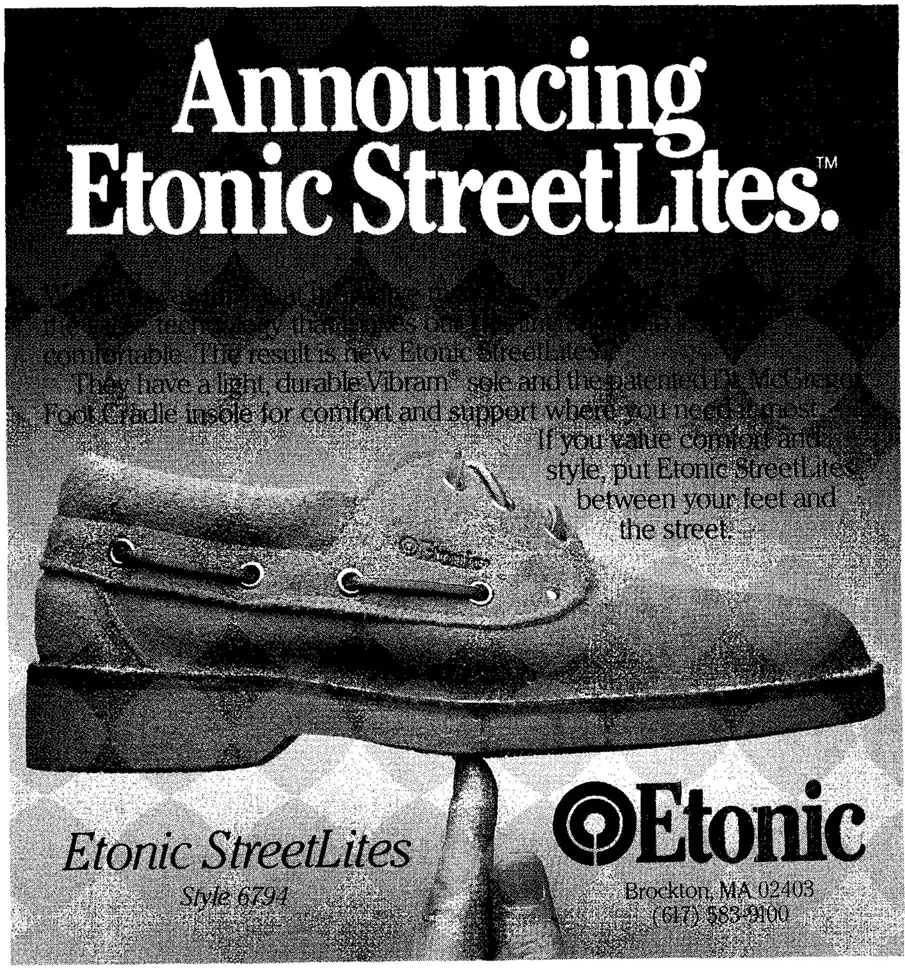

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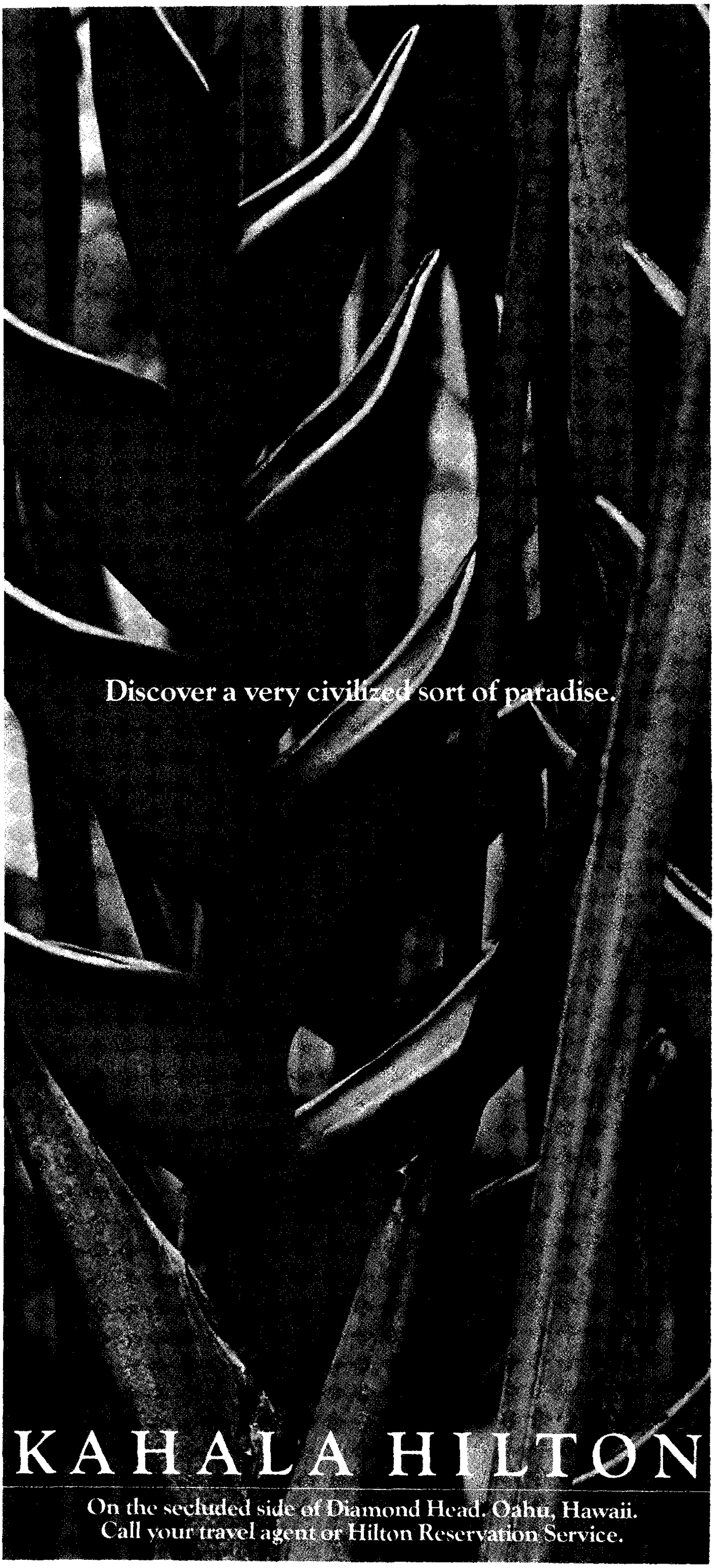
sold for an undisclosed price the monthly magazine *Surya* ("Sun"), which had come to be associated with the name and memory of Sanjay. Mrs. Anand and Maneka had started the magazine during the Emergency and had successfully financed it with the high-pressure tactics of Indian politics—cajoling friends and businessmen to advertise in it in return for political favors. But after Sanjay's death it had begun losing money—from fifteen to twenty thousand rupees a month (in the last few years the rupee has fluctuated between eight and ten to the dollar)—partly because all magazines were down but mostly because without Sanjay the magazine had no political clout. Mrs. Gandhi was offended: not only had the sale been consummated behind her back but Sanjay's magazine had gone to two hated enemies of hers. The magazine's new owners—Dr. Janendra Kumar Jain and Sardar Sambhaji Chandroji Angre—had connections with two opposition organizations: the right-wing Hindu chauvinist party Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh, or R.S.S.; and the Janata remnant, the Bharatiya Janata Party, or B.J.P. Worse still, Angre was the private secretary and confidant of Rajmata Vijaya Raje Scindia, the former queen mother of the former princely state of Gwalior, who had stood against Mrs. Gandhi in the 1980 elections—a campaign characterized by its bitter personal attacks—and who was the vice-president of the B.J.P. (As it happened, Mrs. Scindia was embroiled in a public feud with her son Madhavrao, the former Maharaja of Gwalior, over Angre's influence on her. Madhavrao was an important member of Congress Indira, so the loss of *Surya* to Angre in particular was additionally galling to Mrs. Gandhi.) Maneka denied all knowledge of the secret sale, but Mrs. Gandhi refused to believe her, because Maneka was very close to her mother, and because Mrs. Scindia's younger daughter, Vasundhara, was Maneka's best friend and was in and out of the Prime Minister's house. In fact, Mrs. Gandhi felt that the shady dealings with her foes might have been carried on under her own roof. She felt compromised and betrayed.

Jain and Angre publicly gloated that they had scored a palace coup and that Mrs. Gandhi would not be able to ignore it. In two sensational articles that Jain wrote for *Surya*—entitled "The Writing on the Wall" and "Was There a Plot to Murder



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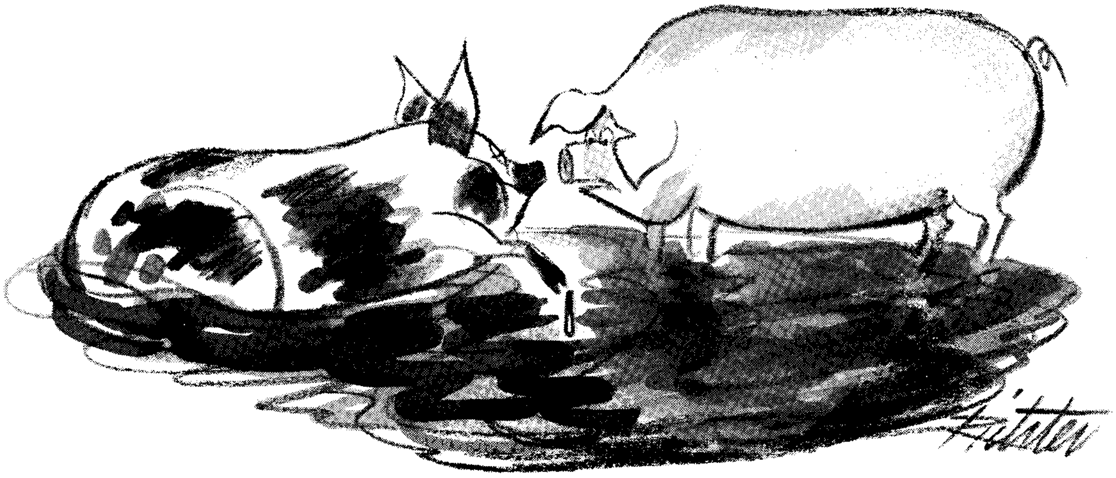

"Are you sure mud is safe to wallow in these days?"

• •

Maneka?"—he reports that soon after he acquired the magazine the Prime Minister's household tried to buy it back. He says that he was summoned to the Prime Minister's house, where he was received by Brahmachari and by Maneka and Vasundhara. (The reason for the two women's involvement—whether it was only for a show of unity with Mrs. Gandhi or out of a real interest in trying to recover the magazine—Jain doesn't make clear.) He writes that Brahmachari bullied him for an hour to sell the magazine to them, saying that money was no object, and even offering him and Angre seats in the Upper House of Parliament. (The Prime Minister nominates certain members to the Upper House.) Jain says he refused. The next day, he says, he received an offer of two and a half million rupees—perhaps a hundred times what he had paid for the magazine—from a supposed emissary of the Prime Minister, but he declined it and insisted that he would negotiate only with the principal—the Prime Minister herself. According to Jain, the good offices of another intermediary were then sought—Mrs. Gandhi talked to a Hindu holy woman, the late Anandamayi Ma, who, in turn, talked to Maneka, who, in turn, talked to Jain—but nothing came of this effort. Jain also reports that there were rumors of a plot by the Prime Minister's household to murder Maneka. The accuracy of Jain's reporting is impossible to check, but Maneka has confirmed some of the details, and Jain's broad sketch of events has been generally accepted here.

Just after the sale of *Surya*, Mrs. Gandhi was informed that, in defiance of her wishes and those of her party, Akbar Ahmed, known to one and all as Dumpy, was calling that fateful convention. The convention was to be of the Uttar Pradesh youth branch of Congress Indira on March 28th in Lucknow, the state's capital. Dumpy was a Congress Indira member of the Uttar Pradesh legislative assembly. A contemporary of Sanjay's, he had been his intimate; in fact, the families of the two young men had been close for most of this century. He was also a close friend of Maneka and Vasundhara. He announced that he hoped that the Lucknow convention would give new direction and encouragement to leaderless Sanjay men, and claimed that Maneka had agreed to inaugurate it. The calling of the convention was immediately seen by political observers as an anti-Mrs. Gandhi, anti-Party, and, above all, anti-Rajiv act.

Rajiv had no use for most of Sanjay's brash friends and associates who, like Dumpy, had come to power on Sanjay's coattails in national or state politics in the 1980 elections. He was at pains to dissociate himself from them and from Sanjay's rough-and-ready methods. Over the months, many of the Sanjay men had settled down into a subservient place in the rank and file of Congress Indira. Some of them, however, remained restive, longing for the influence of the Sanjay days and fearing that the Rajiv men would not give them Party nominations for the next general elections. Dumpy was one of these disgruntled Sanjay men, and, like others, he hoped to make Maneka a rallying point for a center of power to rival Rajiv's.

Congress Indira in Uttar Pradesh at once suspended Dumpy from the Party, in an attempt to hold other Party legislators in line. The Party ruled the state, but the state politics were turbulent, and there was always a chance that large-scale defections in the name of Sanjay and Maneka could impair, perhaps even topple, the state government. Maneka, however, would neither confirm nor deny that she planned to attend the Lucknow convention. On March 25th, however, while Mrs. Gandhi was in London for the Festival of India, Maneka went in a car to Corbett Park, an animal sanctuary in the city of Moradabad, near Delhi, with Varun, her brother Viren, and a couple of friends. She was an animal enthusiast, and her trip had the appearance of an outing, but in Moradabad she secretly met Dumpy and dispatched a letter to Mrs. Gandhi. (Apparently, its contents were immediately communicated to her in London.) "I thought you would tell me what to do or at least help me reach a decision," she wrote, "but since you didn't say anything, I came to Corbett Park to think it out on my own." She added, "Please don't get angry as I am really doing this to nip any possible mischief in the bud. A lot of peculiar attitudes have arisen in the last few weeks—mainly due to intermediaries and the press—and I hope the 28th will sort everything out."

Mrs. Gandhi returned on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh, and at a press conference at the airport she said of the Lucknow convention, "It is obvious to all Party members that it is an anti-Party act, because it has been encouraged by those who are against us and against me—R.S.S., B.J.P. Many of the people who are now encouraging the convention and are behind it financially and otherwise are the very people who were against Sanjay." That evening, when Maneka arrived in Lucknow in a car, the organizers of the convention cheered her in the streets. Loyal members of the Party stoned her car. The next day, when she was due to open the convention, a letter from Mrs. Gandhi was hand-delivered to her at noon at the hotel in which she was staying. The letter said that Maneka had to choose between

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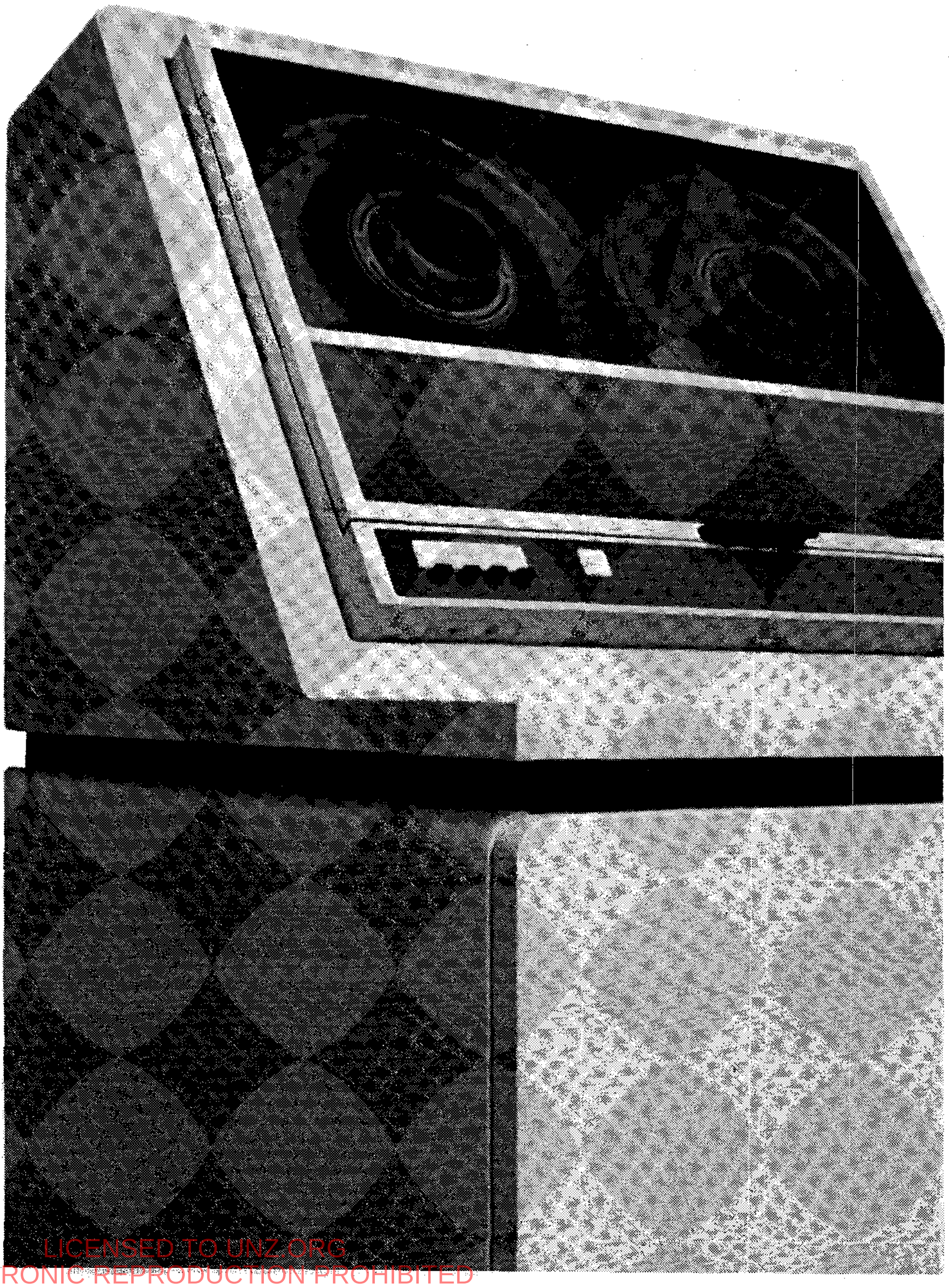

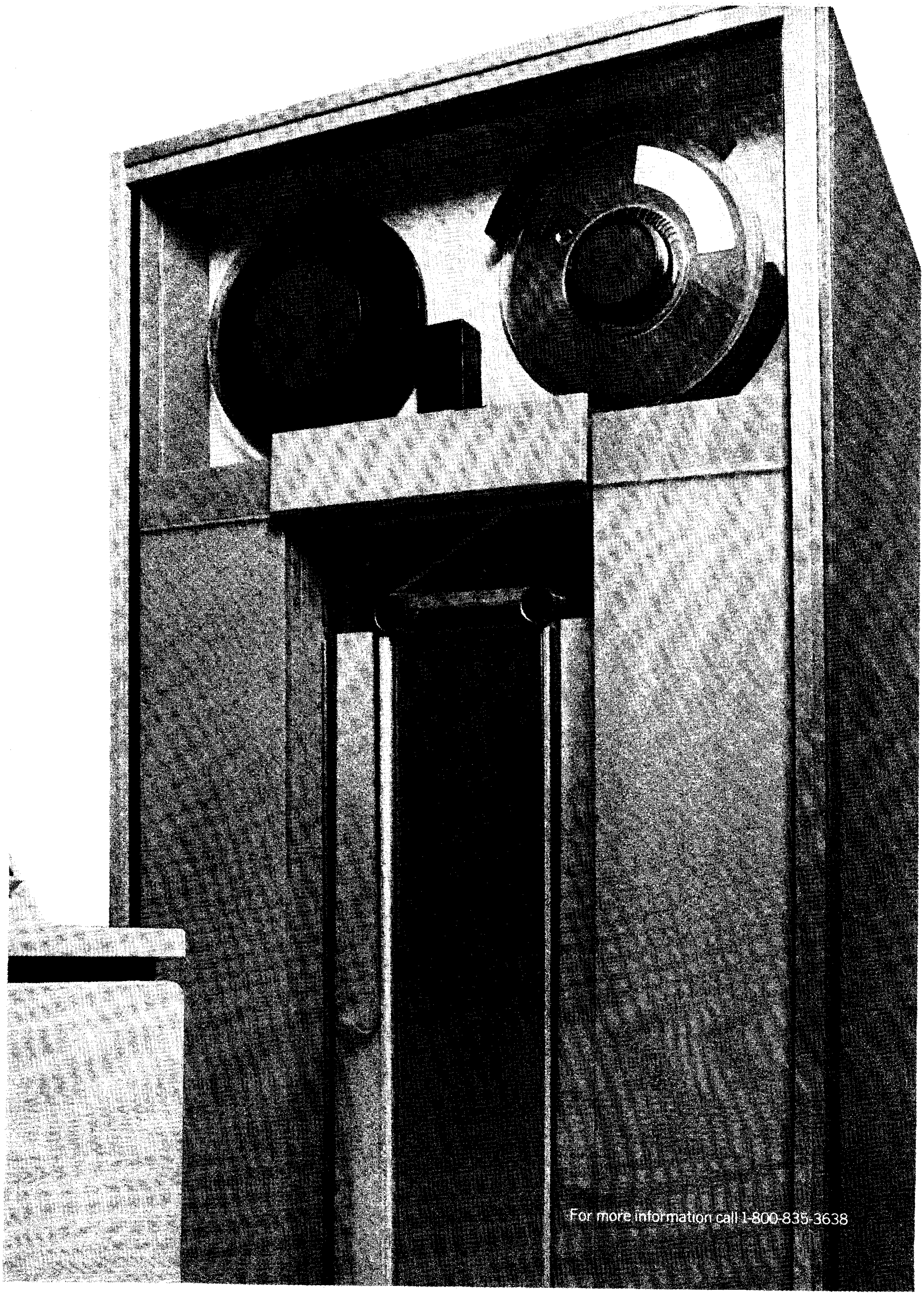
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her and the convention—that if she attended it the doors of the Prime Minister's house would be forever closed to her. Maneka went to the convention.

The convention was held in a small hall, which was decorated with posters exhibiting photographs of Maneka, Mrs. Gandhi, and Sanjay, and such slogans as "Long live Mrs. Gandhi" and "Sanjay is immortal." The spectators, who all sat on the floor, numbered at most two thousand; many village rallies draw bigger crowds. There were only a few defecting legislators. Maneka spoke for about ten minutes, saying things like "I express my gratitude to you from the depths of my heart for organizing this program," and "I am R.S.S. or something, this I have heard for the first time. The wife of Sanjay Gandhi who fought the Janata Party at every footstep and who had eleven cases against her, how can she join hands with R.S.S.?" (R.S.S. was one of the constituents of the Janata Party, and the Janata government had pressed many cases against the Gandhi family), and "I shall always honor the discipline and reputation of the great [Nehru-Gandhi] family I belong to," and "As my husband proved that the cases against him were baseless, I, too, take a vow in the same manner that all of us should further strengthen the hands of the Prime Minister in this hour." The convention decided to start a national organization, with a branch in every state, to be known as Sanjay's Five-Point Forum. (During the Emergency, Sanjay had initiated a Four-Point Program—for the control of population growth, the beautification of the countryside, the extension of literacy, and the abolition of the dowry. Later, beautification had been divided into slum clearance and tree planting, and the Four-Point Program had become the Five-Point Program.)

It was on the day following the convention that Mrs. Gandhi shouted at Maneka that she must quit the Prime Minister's house. Around nine that evening, some time after Maneka's luggage had been carried out of the house, a typed letter, in English, from Mrs. Gandhi, with corrections in her handwriting, was given to Maneka. Its text has never been made public. People here say that Mrs. Gandhi thought better of the letter and that Maneka chose to suppress it. Maneka sat down and wrote out a reply, in English. Its text somehow found its way into all the national dailies the next morning:

> DEAR MUMMY,
>
> As usual you have written a letter meant for posterity and the press. In that are several statements that are, quite simply, not true. The first offense that you keep talking about is "bad language" [apparently, Mrs. Gandhi had accused Maneka of using profanity] and you can produce the family or your people as witnesses but it simply isn't true. Secondly you have talked about Sanjay complaining [about Maneka] when you know, and so does everyone else, of how much affection he had for me.
>
> Now we come to actuals. The indignities and physical and mental abuse I have suffered in the house *no* and I repeat *no* human being would have suffered. As soon as Sanjay died you started literally torturing me in every conceivable way. I have borne it for a long time because of Sanjay and because I am your bahu [daughter-in-law]. If I had wanted to be against you I would not have fought so bitterly for you in the Janata years—a fact you seem to have conveniently forgotten—when the rest of your family was packed and ready to go abroad. [It is generally thought here that this charge applies to Rajiv and Sonia.] I repeat what I have said earlier—I am not political and have no wish to be, but please let me live my life decently without shouting and abusing me all the time. Today you have ordered me to leave this house in front of two witnesses, insulted me in front of the servants, ordered my luggage searched, confiscated my son and told me I cannot take him, abused me in public, called my family names and sacked my servants. For what? I went to the convention as a guest. I spoke & will always speak for you—the rest is up to you. No amount of letters to me will help—but a little bit of affection will. . . . My son will always be your grandson first and even if you don't see me, he will come to see you.
>
> I remain your
> daughter-in-law
> MANEKA

Without further ado, Maneka got into a car with Varun, an ayah, and a family friend, and with a few belongings, and left the Prime Minister's house, waving at the reporters and photographers gathered at the gate. They jumped into their cars and sped after her. As if to underscore her independence, she went not to her mother's house but to a little hotel in a fashionable district called the Golf Links.

Back at the Prime Minister's house, Sharada Prasad, the Prime Minister's press adviser, telephoned United News of India, a press agency, and summarized what Mrs. Gandhi had said in that evening's letter to Maneka. His summary, along with Maneka's letter, appeared in all the national dailies the next morning:

> Sources close to the Prime Minister said that the differences between Mrs. Gandhi

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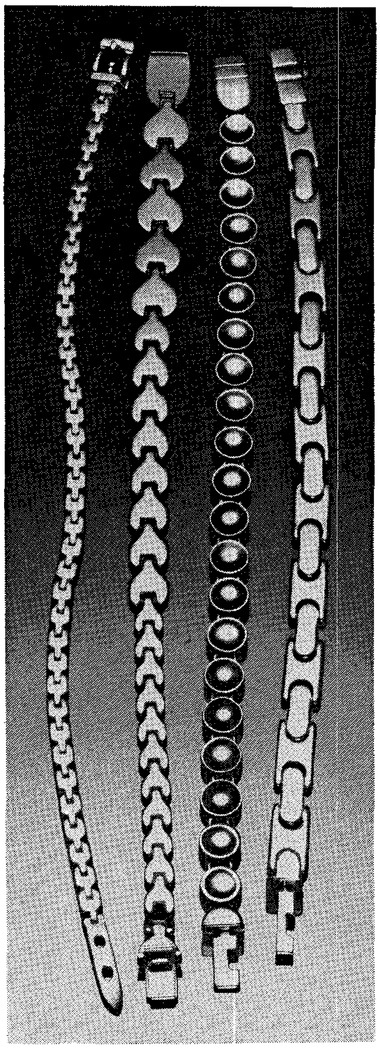

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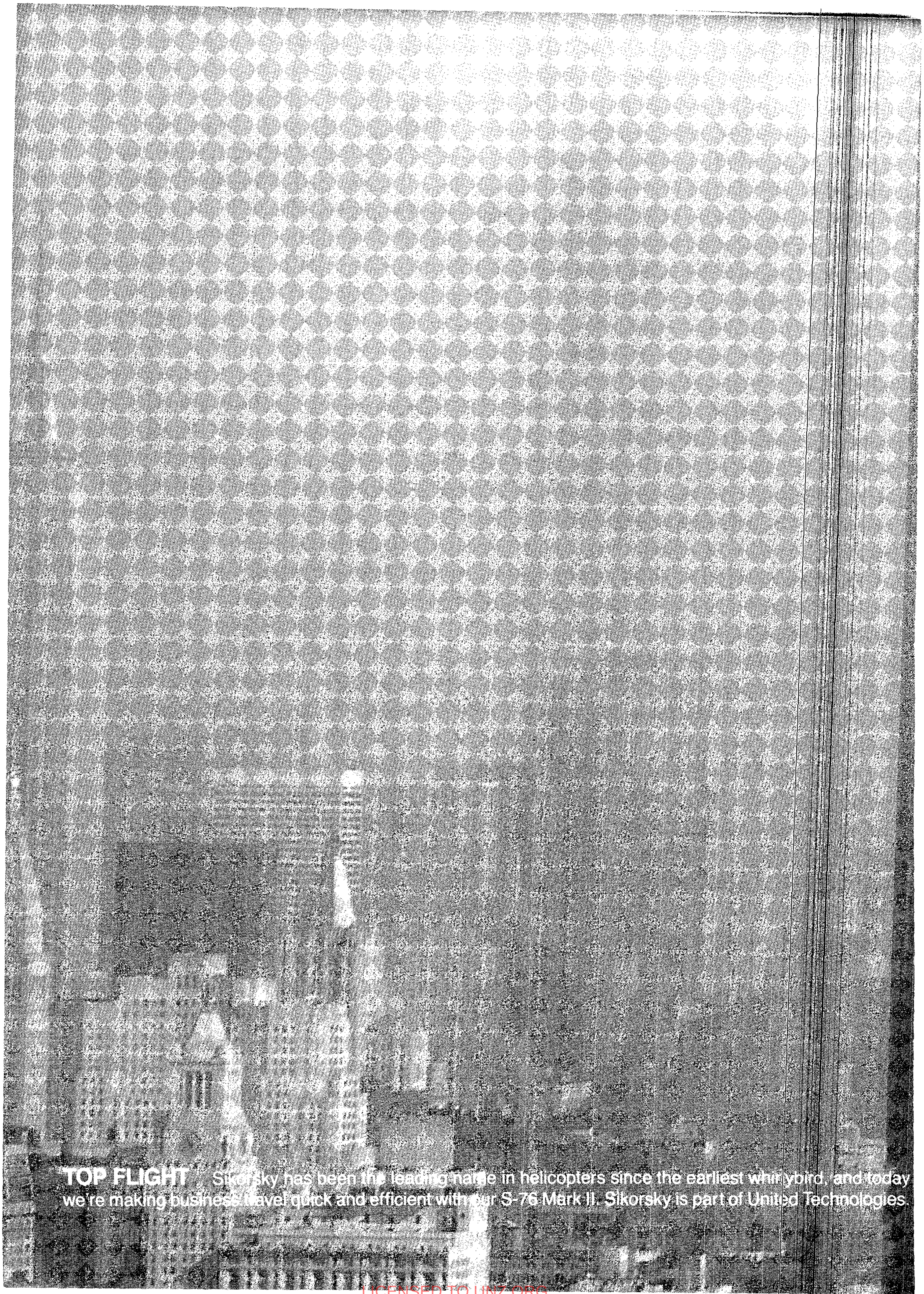

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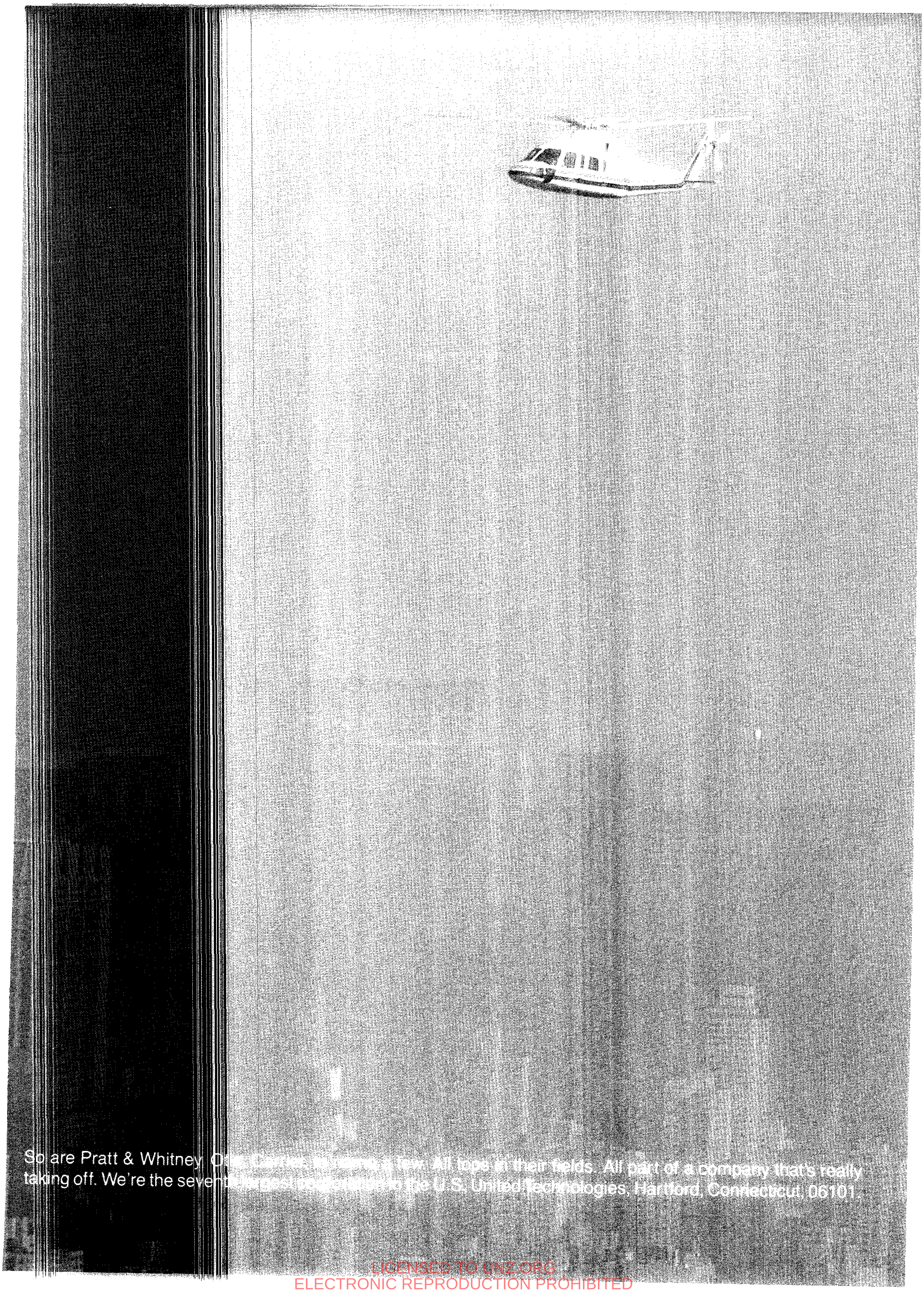

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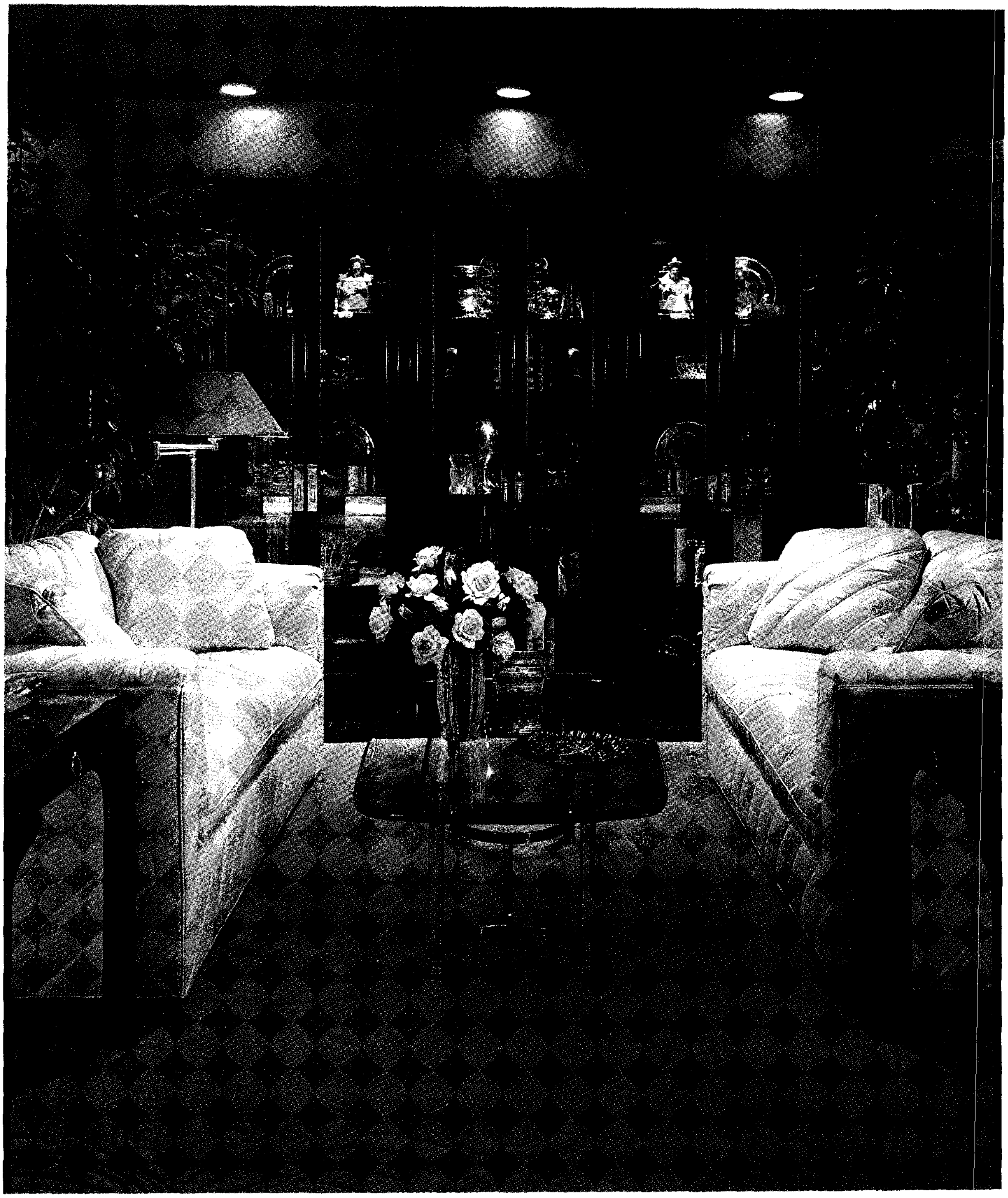

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> and her daughter-in-law arose when the latter entered into a secret deal with the R.S.S. leader, Sardar Angre, for the sale of the *Surya* magazine. Mrs. Maneka Gandhi reportedly did not breathe a word of this to Mrs. Gandhi, who felt that the step constituted a total betrayal of all the ideals and values Sanjay Gandhi had stood for. Her subsequent actions were all designed to bolster up elements and forces hostile to Sanjay Gandhi and to the Prime Minister.
>
> The sources said that although Mrs. Maneka Gandhi had a different family background, Mrs. Gandhi and other members of the household had accepted her without any reservations as a life-partner of Sanjay Gandhi. Mrs. Gandhi had also given her unbounded affection and love, the sources said. On many occasions, both during Sanjay's life time and later, Maneka's actions had been irksome to the family.
>
> However, Mrs. Gandhi always took a lenient view and did nothing except "reproach her gently."
>
> The sources said that Mrs. Maneka Gandhi's latest action in attending the convention in the full knowledge that she [Mrs. Gandhi] was opposed to this meeting was the last straw.
>
> While declaring her faith in Mrs. Gandhi's national leadership and appealing to the people to strengthen her hands, Mrs. Maneka Gandhi in her Lucknow speech had controverted point-by-point all the observations made by the Prime Minister at her impromptu press conference on the previous day.
>
> Mrs. Gandhi had dubbed the convention "anti-party," and as having been encouraged by the R.S.S., the B.J.P. and other elements opposed to her particularly, but Mrs. Maneka Gandhi had blandly denied any link with the R.S.S. . . .
>
> According to sources close to the Prime Minister, there was no question that despite her declaration of faith in Mrs. Gandhi's political leadership, Mrs. Maneka Gandhi was trying to chalk out her own independent political path in alliance with elements which were totally inimical to the Prime Minister and her party. . . .
>
> It is known that immediately after Sanjay's death, Mrs. Maneka Gandhi was sought to be projected in the political field, some writers having even described her as "a real Durga" [warrior goddess—an appellation commonly used for Mrs. Gandhi] who could don the mantle of successor to Mrs. Gandhi better than "mild mannered" Mr. Rajiv Gandhi. Mrs. Maneka Gandhi's mother had also reportedly encouraged these attempts.

In addition, there were some unofficial disclosures of the supposed contents of Mrs. Gandhi's letter, as in this press report:

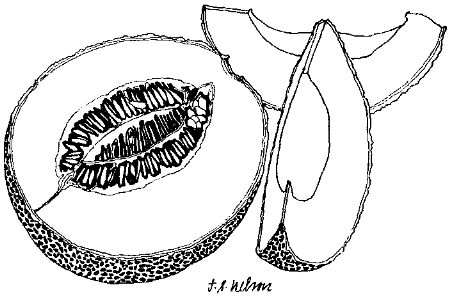
> Mrs. Gandhi said in her letter that Mrs. Maneka Gandhi . . . had consistently been disrespectful towards her even to the consternation of Sanjay Gandhi. In their many years of close association, Mrs. Gandhi claimed, she had spoken sharply to Mrs. Maneka Gandhi only on three occasions: shortly after her wedding when she used "vile abuse" against her husband and his mother, when Mrs. Maneka Gandhi came to talk about the Lucknow convention before Mrs. Gandhi emplaned for London, and on Monday night [March 29th], more "in sorrow than in anger."

Maneka called a press conference and tried to counter some of these charges. "There is no question of three occasions," she said. "It is a continuous process." She was particularly scornful of the reference to her "different family background": "I find it ridiculous that [in] this age people can talk about backgrounds and classes. I have always treated human beings as human beings." The following is a newspaper account of some of her other remarks:

> Asked whether she would go back to her mother's house, Maneka replied that after marriage no Indian girl goes back to her mother. "I will somehow adjust myself independently if my mother-in-law does not take me back." She then added: "I don't know how I will start a house. I don't have utensils or a fridge. I have a take-home salary of Rs 2,317.50 per month." [She is the managing director of the Rajdhani General Traders, a trucking company started for her by Sanjay.]
>
> When asked whether she plans to remarry, the 25-year-old widow replied: "there are no plans for remarrying again. I am a Gandhi."
>
> Mrs. Maneka Gandhi said that she was more loyal to her mother-in-law than "even to my mother." "Whatever she [Mrs. Gandhi] does in her house is her right as mother-in-law."

But she complained to a reporter from the *Indian Express*, in a separate interview, "Ever since Sanjay died, my mail has been censored, my telephone tapped. I had to return all my jewelry and after I came back from Lucknow, I was told not to eat at the family dining table. Their purpose is to isolate me because of some imaginary fears. . . . I feel it is alien to Indian culture to first kick your daughter-in-law out and then write an invective against her and release it to the press. I am very hurt."

ONCE out of the Prime Minister's house, Maneka settled into her hotel in the Golf Links and occupied herself partly with supervising the construction of a veterinary hospital in New Delhi (funded with money that had been mysteriously left to Sanjay by Ruth Cowell, an Australian woman) but mostly with her trucking business. Sanjay, a car enthusiast, had set her up in the business in 1978 by obtaining a loan of two million four hundred thousand rupees from the Oriental Bank of Commerce of Delhi. With the money, he had bought her twenty-two trucks and helped her lease them to the Pure Drinks Company, which was owned by a Congress Indira member of Parliament, and which had been rapidly expanding its market for a soft drink called Campa Cola since 1977, when the Coca-Cola Company pulled out of India rather than observe a new regulation giving the government access to Coca-Cola's proprietary information, including its secret formula. Pure Drinks had paid Maneka a hundred and thirty-two thousand rupees a month for its lease. She had used the money to retire the bank loan and pay herself a salary. But after Maneka was expelled from the Prime Minister's house Pure Drinks suspended the payments, claiming that she owed the company eight hundred thousand rupees for some shelves that it had installed in the drivers' cabins of her trucks. Maneka went to court and got a judgment against the company, and it resumed the payments.



In time, Maneka began touring various states for the Sanjay Five-Point Forum. Wherever she went, she invoked the memory of Sanjay and—sometimes subtly and sometimes not so subtly—appealed to Congress Indira legislators to join her. She had little difficulty getting financial backing from industrial and political malcontents, and little difficulty drawing upon public sympathy, because Mrs. Gandhi was seen by many as having violated one of the major taboos of Indian family life by expelling her widowed daughter-in-law. But for the most part Maneka's speeches fell on deaf political ears. Few legislators were prepared to desert Congress Indira—and the power and patronage that went with it at the center and in the states—for a political upstart, and those who did were reviled and were expelled from the Party. Still, four hundred operatives from the Central Intelligence Bureau were reportedly assigned to monitor Maneka's and Dumpy's activities.

Everywhere, the press noted resemblances between Mrs. Gandhi and Maneka: like Mrs. Gandhi, Maneka walked with a quick stride; like Mrs. Gandhi, she went from meeting to

United States Patent 4,378,627 is in good company.

4,379,218—FLUXLESS ION BEAM SOLDERING PROCESS—4/5/83

4,379,022—METHOD FOR MASKLESS CHEMICAL MACHINING—4/5/83

4,379,005—SEMICONDUCTOR DEVICE FABRICATION—4/5/83

4,378,630—PROCESS FOR FABRICATING A HIGH PERFORMANCE PNP AND NPN STRUCTURE—4/5/83

4,378,627—SELF-ALIGNED METAL PROCESS FOR FIELD EFFECT TRANSISTOR INTEGRATED CIRCUITS USING POLYCRYSTALLINE SILICON GATE ELECTRODES—4/5/83

4,378,589—UNIDIRECTIONAL LOOPED BUS MICROCOMPUTER ARCHITECTURE—3/29/83

4,378,421—CLEANING METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR AN ELECTROGRAPHIC SYSTEM—3/29/83

4,378,383—METHOD OF MAKING CONDUCTIVE PATHS THROUGH A LAMINA IN A SEMICONDUCTOR DEVICE—3/29/83

4,377,854—SUBSTRATE FOR MAGNETIC DOMAIN DEVICE—3/22/83

4,377,849—MACRO ASSEMBLER PROCESS FOR AUTOMATED CIRCUIT DESIGN—3/22/83

4,377,845—OPTIONAL MACHINE INHIBITION FOR FEATURE MALFUNCTION—3/22/83

4,377,842—FLYBACK VOLTAGE CONTROL—3/22/83

4,377,806—PARALLEL TO SERIAL CONVERTER—3/22/83

4,377,803—ALGORITHM FOR THE SEGMENTATION OF PRINTED FIXED PITCH DOCUMENTS—3/22/83

4,377,633—METHODS OF SIMULTANEOUS CONTACT AND METAL LITHOGRAPHY PATTERNING—3/22/83

4,377,338—METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR COPIER QUALITY MONITORING AND CONTROL—3/22/83

4,376,963—COMPOSITE MAGNETIC RECORDING DISK—3/15/83

4,376,960—FLEXIBLE DISK STABILIZING STRUCTURE—3/15/83

4,376,943—RECORD CARRIER FOR AN ELECTRO-EROSION PRINTER AND METHOD FOR MAKING SAME—3/15/83

4,376,932—MULTI-REGISTRATION IN CHARACTER RECOGNITION—3/15/83

4,376,897—LOW VOLTAGE SERIAL TO PARALLEL TO SERIAL CHARGE COUPLED DEVICE—3/15/83

4,376,588—BI-DIRECTIONAL SERIAL PRINTER WITH LOOK-AHEAD—3/15/83

4,376,587—PRINT RIBBON PROTECTION—3/15/83

4,376,569—ELECTROLYTE FOR AN ELECTROCHROMIC DISPLAY—3/15/83

4,376,411—PRINT HAMMER LIMIT CONTROL—3/15/83

4,376,252—BOOTSTRAPPED DRIVER CIRCUIT—3/8/83

4,376,249—VARIABLE AXIS ELECTRON BEAM PROJECTION SYSTEM—3/8/83

4,376,057—ETCHANT COMPOSITION AND USE THEREOF—3/8/83

4,375,657—MAGNETIC HEAD ASSEMBLY—3/1/83

4,375,656—MAGNETIC HEAD ASSEMBLY WITH ASYMMETRIC SLOTTED CONFIGURATION—3/1/83

4,375,654—FACSIMILE VECTOR DATA COMPRESSION—3/1/83

4,375,652—HIGH-SPEED TIME DELAY AND INTEGRATION SOLID STATE SCANNER—3/1/83

4,375,600—SENSE AMPLIFIER FOR INTEGRATED MEMORY ARRAY—3/1/83

4,375,592—INCREMENTAL ROTARY ENCODER—3/1/83

4,375.390—THIN FILM TECHNIQUES FOR FABRICATING NARROW TRACK FERRITE HEADS—3/1/83

4,375,339—ELECTRICALLY CONDUCTIVE RIBBON BREAK DETECTOR FOR PRINTERS—3/1/83

4,375,390—THIN FILM TECHNIQUES FOR FABRICATING NARROW TRACK FERRITE HEADS—3/1/83

4,375,103—METHOD AND APPARATUS OF SIGNALLING REQUEST TO SEND CLEAR TO SEND DELAY—2/22/83

4,375,085—DENSE ELECTRICALLY ALTERABLE READ ONLY MEMORY—2/22/83

4,375,079—DIGITAL DATA DISPLAY SYSTEM—2/22/83

4,375,072—SELF-CALIBRATING OVERCURRENT DETECTOR—2/22/83

4,375,062—ASPIRATOR FOR AN INK JET PRINTER—2/22/83

4,374,911—PHOTO METHOD OF MAKING TRI-LEVEL DENSITY PHOTOMASK—2/22/83

4,374,626—ERASING TYPEWRITER WITH AUTOMATIC/MANUAL SELECTION—2/22/83

4,374,625—TEXT RECORDER WITH AUTOMATIC WORD ENDING—2/22/83

4,374,618—MICROFILM CAMERA HAVING A MOVING LENS—2/22/83

4,374,586—DOCUMENT FEED SHEET ALIGNER—2/22/83

4,374,429—INFORMATION TRANSFER SYSTEM WHEREIN BIDIRECTIONAL TRANSFER IS EFFECTED UTILIZING UNIDIRECTIONAL BUS IN CONJUNCTION WITH KEY DEPRESSION SIGNAL LINE—2/15/83

4,374,415—HOST CONTROL OF SUSPENSION AND RESUMPTION OF CHANNEL PROGRAM EXECUTION—2/15/83

4,374,386—FORCE-TEMPERATURE STABILIZATION OF AN ELECTROMAGNETIC DEVICE—2/15/83

4,374,383—CAPACITIVE TRANSDUCER FOR SENSING A HOME POSITION—2/15/83

4,374,321—AUTOMATIC TEMPERATURE CONTROLLER FOR AN ELECTRO-PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS FUSER AND METHOD THEREFOR—2/15/83

4,374,007—TRIVALENT CHROMIUM ELECTROPLATING SOLUTION AND PROCESS—2/15/83

4,374,001—ELECTROLYTIC PRINTING—2/15/83

4,373,966—FORMING SCHOTTKY BARRIER DIODES BY DEPOSITING ALUMINUM SILICON AND COPPER OR BINARY ALLOYS THEREOF AND ALLOY-SINTERING —2/15/83

4,373,778—CONNECTOR IMPLEMENTED WITH FIBER OPTIC MEANS AND SITE THEREIN FOR INTEGRATED CIRCUIT CHIPS—2/15/83

4,373,194—FULL PAGE REPRESENTATION THROUGH DYNAMIC MODE SWITCHING—2/8/83

4,373,183—BUS INTERFACE UNITS SHARING A COMMON BUS USING DISTRIBUTED CONTROL FOR ALLOCATION OF THE BUS—2/8/83

4,373,173—MULTI-ELEMENT HEAD ASSEMBLY—2/8/83

4,373,166—SCHOTTKY BARRIER DIODE WITH CONTROLLED CHARACTERISTICS—2/8/83

4,372,699—SHEET FEEDER FOR TYPEWRITERS—2/8/83

4,372,697—RIBBON DRIVE ARRANGEMENT FOR A PRINTER—2/8/83

4,372,672—SELF-TRIGGERING QUALITY CONTROL SENSOR—2/8/83

4,372,671—SHOCK ABSORBING CARRIAGE DRIVE COUPLING FOR COPIER—2/8/83

4,371,933—BI-DIRECTIONAL DISPLAY OF CIRCULAR ARCS—2/1/83

4,371,932—I/O CONTROLLER FOR TRANSFERRING DATA BETWEEN A HOST PROCESSOR AND MULTIPLE I/O UNITS—2/1/83

4,371,929—MULTIPROCESSOR SYSTEM WITH HIGH DENSITY MEMORY SET ARCHITECTURE INCLUDING PARTITIONABLE CACHE STORE INTERFACE TO SHARED DISK DRIVE MEMORY—2/1/83

4,371,902—DISK INITIALIZATION METHOD—2/1/83

4,371,857—ELECTROMAGNETICALLY OPERABLE RAM ACTUATOR IN PARTICULAR FOR IMPACT PRINTERS—2/1/83

4,371,565—PROCESS FOR ADHERING AN ORGANIC RESIN TO A SUBSTRATE BY MEANS OF PLASMA POLYMERIZED PHOSPHINES—2/1/83

4,371,273—ELECTROCHEMICAL PRINTHEAD—2/1/83

4,371,157—COMPACT ENVELOPE HANDLING DEVICE—2/1/83

4,370,732—SKEWED MATRIX ADDRESS GENERATOR—1/25/83

4,370,651—ADVANCED PLASMA PANEL TECHNOLOGY—1/25/83

4,370,641—ELECTRONIC CONTROL SYSTEM—1/25/83

4,370,197—PROCESS FOR ETCHING CHROME—1/25/83

4,369,501—DUAL CYCLE DATA DETECTION SYSTEM AND METHOD FOR BUBBLE MEMORIES—1/18/83

4,369,463—GRAY SCALE IMAGE DATA COMPRESSION WITH CODE WORDS A FUNCTION OF IMAGE HISTORY—1/18/83

4,369,396—COLOR CATHODE RAY TUBE APPARATUS WITH SHADOW MASK—1/18/83

4,369,271—LACQUER FOR RECORD CARRIERS AND PROCESS FOR ITS PRODUCTION—1/18/83

4,369,154—PROCESS FOR PRODUCING SMOOTHER CERAMIC SURFACES—1/18/83

4.369,072—METHOD FOR FORMING IGFET DEVICES HAVING IMPROVED DRAIN VOLTAGE CHARACTERISTICS—1/18/83

4,368,977—DOCUMENT EJECTOR APPARATUS AND METHOD USEFUL FOR COPIERS—1/18/83

4,368,538—SPOT FOCUS FLASH X-RAY SOURCE—1/11/83

4,368,513—PARTIAL ROLL-MODE TRANSFER FOR CYCLIC BULK MEMORY—1/11/83

4,368,466—DISPLAY REFRESH MEMORY WITH VARIABLE LINE START ADDRESSING—1/11/83

4,368,220—PASSIVATION OF RIE PATTERNED AL-BASED ALLOY FILMS BY ETCHING TO REMOVE CONTAMINANTS AND SURFACE OXIDE FOLLOWED BY OXIDATION—1/11/83

4,367,947—DOCUMENT FEEDER FOR MOVING BED MACHINES SUCH AS COPIERS—1/11/83

4,367,549—METHOD AND APPARATUS FOR MULTIPLEXING A DATA SIGNAL AND SECONDARY SIGNALS—1/4/83

4,367,503—HERMETICALLY SEALED DISK FILE—1/4/83

4,367,119—PLANAR MULTI-LEVEL METAL PROCESS WITH BUILT-IN ETCH STOP—1/4/83

4,367,052—FLAT RATE SPRING PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR TYPEWRITER CARTRIDGES—1/4/83

4,367,044—SITU RATE AND DEPTH MONITOR FOR SILICON ETCHING—1/4/83

4,366,613—METHOD OF FABRICATING AN MOS DYNAMIC RAM WITH LIGHTL DOPED DRAIN—1/4/83

4,366,540—CYCLE CONTROL FOR A MICROPROCESSOR WITH MULTI-SPEED CONTROL STORES—12/28/82

4,366,537—AUTHORIZATION MECHANISM FOR TRANSFER OF PROGRAM CONTROL OR DATA BETWEEN DIFFERENT ADDRESS SPACES HAVING DIFFERENT STORAGE PROTECT KEYS—12/28/82

4,366,518—MULTI-TRACK HEAD ASSEMBLY—12/28/82

4,366,493—SEMICONDUCTOR BALLISTIC TRANSPORT DEVICE—12/28/82

4,365,779—TILT AND ROTATE APPARATUS FOR A DISPLAY MONITOR—12/28/82

4,365,318—TWO-SPEED RECIRCULATING MEMORY SYSTEM USING PARTIALLY GOOD COMPONENTS—12/21/82

4,365,317—SUPERCONDUCTIVE LATCH CIRCUIT—12/21/82

4,365,296—SYSTEM FOR CONTROLLING THE DURATION OF THE TIME INTERVAL BETWEEN BLOCKS OF DATA IN A COMPUTER-TO-COMPUTER COMMUNICATION SYSTEM—12/21/82

4,365,235—CHINESE/KANJI ON-LINE RECOGNITION SYSTEM—12/21/82

4,365,163—PATTERN INSPECTION TOOL—METHOD AND APPARATUS—12/21/82

4,364,683—PAPER FEED ROLLER ASSEMBLY FOR A TYPEWRITER OR PRINTER—12/21/82

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4,364,166—SEMICONDUCTOR INTEGRATED CIRCUIT INTERCONNECTIONS—12/21/82

4,364,100—MULTI-LAYERED METALLIZED SILICON MATRIX SUBSTRATE—12/14/82

4,364,074—V-MOS DEVICE WITH SELF-ALIGNED MULTIPLE ELECTRODES—12/14/82

4,364,024—SIGNATURE PRES
METHOD AND APPARATUS–

4,363,919—HETEROFULVALE
GEMINAL DITHIOLATE COM
AND THEIR SELENIUM AND
TELLURIUM ANALOGS AND
OF FABRICATING THE SAME

4,363,828—METHOD FOR DI
SILICON FILMS AND RELATI
MATERIALS BY A GLOW DIS
IN A DISILANE OR HIGHER
SILANE GAS—12/14/82

4,363,549—ELECTROMECHA
OPERATED FUSER ROLL
CLOSURE—12/14/82

4,363,125—MEMORY READB
CHECK METHOD AND
APPARATUS—12/7/82

4,363,124—RECIRCULATING
MEMORY ARRAY TESTER—

4,363,110—NON-VOLATILE D
RAM CELL—12/7/82

4,363,093—PROCESSOR INTERCOMMUNICATION SYSTEM—12/7/82

4,363,057—RECIRCULATING
DUCT DESIGN—12/7/82

4,363,044—TRAY FOR MAGN
DRIVE MACHINE—12/7/82

4,362,977—METHOD AND A
FOR CALIBRATING A ROBO
COMPENSATE FOR INACCU
THE ROBOT—12/7/82

4,362,843—PROCESS FOR P
A POLYMERIZED, HEAT-RES
LACQUER—12/7/82

4,362,798—HYDRAZONE AN
PYRAZOLINE OR ACETOSO
CONTAINING CHARGE TRAN
LAYER PHOTOCONDUCTOR
ELECTROPHOTOGRAPHIC
USING THE SAME—12/7/82

4,362,662—HETEROFULVALE
GEMINAL DITHIOLATE COM
AND THEIR SELENIUM AND
TELLURIUM ANALOGS AND
OF FABRICATING THE SAME

4,362,611—QUADRUPOLE R.
SPUTTERING SYSTEM HAVI
ANODE/CATHODE SHIELD
FLOATING TARGET SHIELD

4,362,596—ETCH END POIN
DETECTOR USING GAS FLO
CHANGES—12/7/82

4,362,486—AUTOMATIC MU
CERAMIC (MLC) SCREENIN
MACHINE—12/7/82

4,362,406—DOT MATRIX PR
HEAD—12/7/82

4,361,845—DEVICE FOR PRE
THE CONTAMINATION OF I
COMPONENTS—11/30/82

4,361,781—MULTIPLE ELECT
CATHODE RAY TUBE—11/30

4,361,768—SUPERCONDUCTING SOLITON DEVICES—11/30/82

4,360,898—PROGRAMMABLE LOGIC ARRAY SYSTEM INCORPORATING JOSEPHSON DEVICES—11/23/82

4,360,870—PROGRAMMABLE I/O DEVICE IDENTIFICATION—11/23/82

4,360,768—HIGH CURRENT ACCELERATION SERVO MOTOR DRIVER—11/23/82

4,360,583—HIGH RESOLUTION VIDEO STORAGE DISK—11/23/82

4,360,289—PIN FOR BRAZING TO A
SUBSTRATE AND IMPROVED PACKAGE

IMPROVED SOLDER
INTERCONNECTION CAPABLE OF SUSTAINED HIGH POWER LEVELS BETWEEN A SEMICONDUCTOR DEVICE AND A SUPPORTING SUBSTRATE—11/23/82

4,359,937—DOT MATRIX PRINTER—11/23/82

4,359,816—SELF-ALIGNED METAL PROCESS FOR FIELD EFFECT TRANSISTOR INTEGRATED CIRCUITS—11/23/82

4,359,772—DUAL FUNCTION ERROR CORRECTING SYSTEM—11/16/82

4,359,530—ENHANCEMENT OF RESIST

TRACES OF ABRASION OR SCRATCHES
ON THE SURFACE OF A RECORD CARRIER—11/16/82

4,359,288—SINGLE PASS RIBBON CARTRIDGE FOR IMPACT PRINTERS HAVING MEANS TO PREVENT INCORRECT INSERTION—11/16/82

4,359,286—CHARACTER SET EXPANSION—11/16/82

4,358,890—PROCESS FOR MAKING A DUAL IMPLANTED DRAIN EXTENSION FOR BUCKET BRIGADE DEVICE TERTRODE STRUCTURE—11/16/82

4,358,848—DUAL FUNCTION ECC SYSTEM WITH BLOCK CHECK BYTE—11/9/82

BYTE OR WORD ADDRESSING OF
STORAGE ORGANIZED ON A WORD BASIS—11/9/82

4,358,824—OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE STORAGE AND RETRIEVAL SYSTEM—11/9/82

meeting repeating simple generalities ("It is not a question of Maneka but of the nation," "We have gathered here not to break a party but to build a nation") and making vague charges ("Leaders are spreading communal tensions," "Weaker sections of society are being hurt," "Anti-social elements are abroad," "Corruption is rooted in the system"). The newspapers used the same phrase—"schoolgirlish"—to dismiss her speeches which they had used to dismiss Mrs. Gandhi's when she was starting her political career. One day, the newspapers reported that Mrs. Gandhi would be going to the ashram of a holy man (the late Vinoba Bhave) to seek his blessing. On the same day, they reported that Maneka would be going to the same holy man. One day, the youth wing of Congress Indira announced that it would not invite Maneka to any of the functions it was organizing to mark the second anniversary of Sanjay's death. Another day, Maneka and her supporters announced that they would mark that anniversary by calling rallies of widows and distributing clothes to them. (On the anniversary itself, first Maneka went with Varun to Sanjay's cremation ground, and then, an hour later, Mrs. Gandhi went there with Rajiv and Sonia and their children.) Maneka's supporters referred to her as "Madam," just as Mrs. Gandhi's supporters referred to her as "Madam"—both factions saying things like "Whatever Madam decides, we will abide by it." One Maneka supporter said, "Anybody who is not loyal to Sanjay and his widow cannot be loyal to Rajiv. Anyway, Rajiv is too old. He is thirty-nine. What the country needs is a youth leader, somebody like Madam."

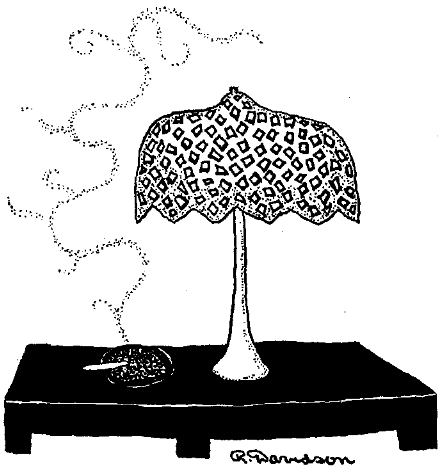
On August 25th, at a press conference, Maneka declared that a lot of members of Congress Indira were becoming dissatisfied with "the non-functioning of the government"—it was a phrase that Mrs. Gandhi had used against the Janata government—and that therefore the apolitical Sanjay Forum had to be changed into a political party. "All power is centralized in one house in a group of three or four people," she said. Besides, she contended, workers for the Forum were being harassed, and the only way left was to fight this injustice politically.

The *Times of India*, a national daily, noted in an editorial:

> So finally Mrs. Maneka Gandhi has put her cards on the table. . . . This should put an end to the sedulously propagated myth that she has had no political ambitions, that, apart from her love for animals, her main desire has been to propagate the ideals of her late husband, and that her clash with Mrs. Indira Gandhi leading to her exit from the Prime Minister's house fell in the usual mother-in-law-daughter-in-law category. Indeed, her statement on [August 25th] establishes beyond reasonable doubt that the formation of the [Sanjay Five-Point Forum] earlier this year was a deliberate political act, that Maneka's decision to address its first convention in Lucknow on March 28 amounted to raising the banner of revolt against Mrs. Gandhi. . . .
>
> Maneka has also dropped the pretence that she has no quarrel with Mrs. Gandhi's leadership of the government and the Congress [Indira]. In fact, she has made it clear that the Prime Minister is to be the principal target of her political activities. . . . The fight is thus in the open, which is as well. A political battle, even if it is the result of nothing grander or nobler than a clash of ambitions or personalities, should be fought as a political battle.

The battle was deemed to be fought over nothing less than the fate of a nation that was, in the words of the national biweekly *India Today*, "a democratic monarchy," and, it declared, at stake was the ancestral property—India—with the heir in dispute.

This March, Maneka formally named her party Rashtriya Sanjay Manch (National Sanjay Organization), claiming that by now it had established local branches in most states, with a total membership of eight hundred thousand, and stating that she would take on Rajiv in Amethi in the next general elections. Few political observers, though, ever gave Maneka or her emerging party much of a chance, and at the outset it got caught in the crossfire between opposition leaders, who had no use for Sanjay, and Sanjay enthusiasts in Congress Indira, who preferred Mrs. Gandhi and the substance of power to Maneka and the remote possibility of power. But then, in September, authorities arrested three of Maneka's closest supporters, including Dumpy, on a charge of murdering a servant. The case was immediately thrown out by the court, and the whole episode, which received much attention in the press, left the impression that Mrs. Gandhi's supporters were bent on destroying Maneka's fledgling organization by any available means—just as Maneka said. The press intensified its attacks on Mrs. Gandhi: on her "cabal;" on her "monolithic, intolerant party;" on her "rule of the states through satraps," chosen more for their loyalty to her than for their popularity in the states; on her "personalized dictatorship." It was pointed out that Mrs. Gandhi was sixty-five, and that Rajiv and the Rajiv men were failing to take hold anywhere. Mrs. Gandhi's supporters continued to dismiss Maneka and the public criticism as a tempest in a teapot. They took comfort in President Reagan's view of Nehru and his descendants. In proposing a toast to Mrs. Gandhi at the White House during her visit to the United States in July, he had said, "The contributions which your family has made to India most closely parallel in our history the Adams family. They came from Massachusetts, not Kashmir. . . . By coincidence they were often referred to as Boston Brahmins. And theirs, too, was a tradition of scholarship, sacrifice, and public service. Successive generations of Adamses contributed to our national development, first by struggling for independence and articulating our national ideals, then through years of selfless effort toward their attainment. So you, Madam Prime Minister, your father, and each of your sons have served India."



EARLY in December, Mrs. Gandhi surprised everyone by calling elections in January for the legislatures of the adjoining southern states of Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka. As a rule, general elections are held every five years, but if at any time the party in power in a state—or in the country—either is forced out of office or voluntarily resigns, and no one else can form a government, special elections may be called. Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka were already under Congress Indira rule, but Mrs. Gandhi got the governments there to resign, so that they might return with greater strength. The area had been solidly in Mrs. Gandhi's and her father's camp since Independence, in 1947; and in

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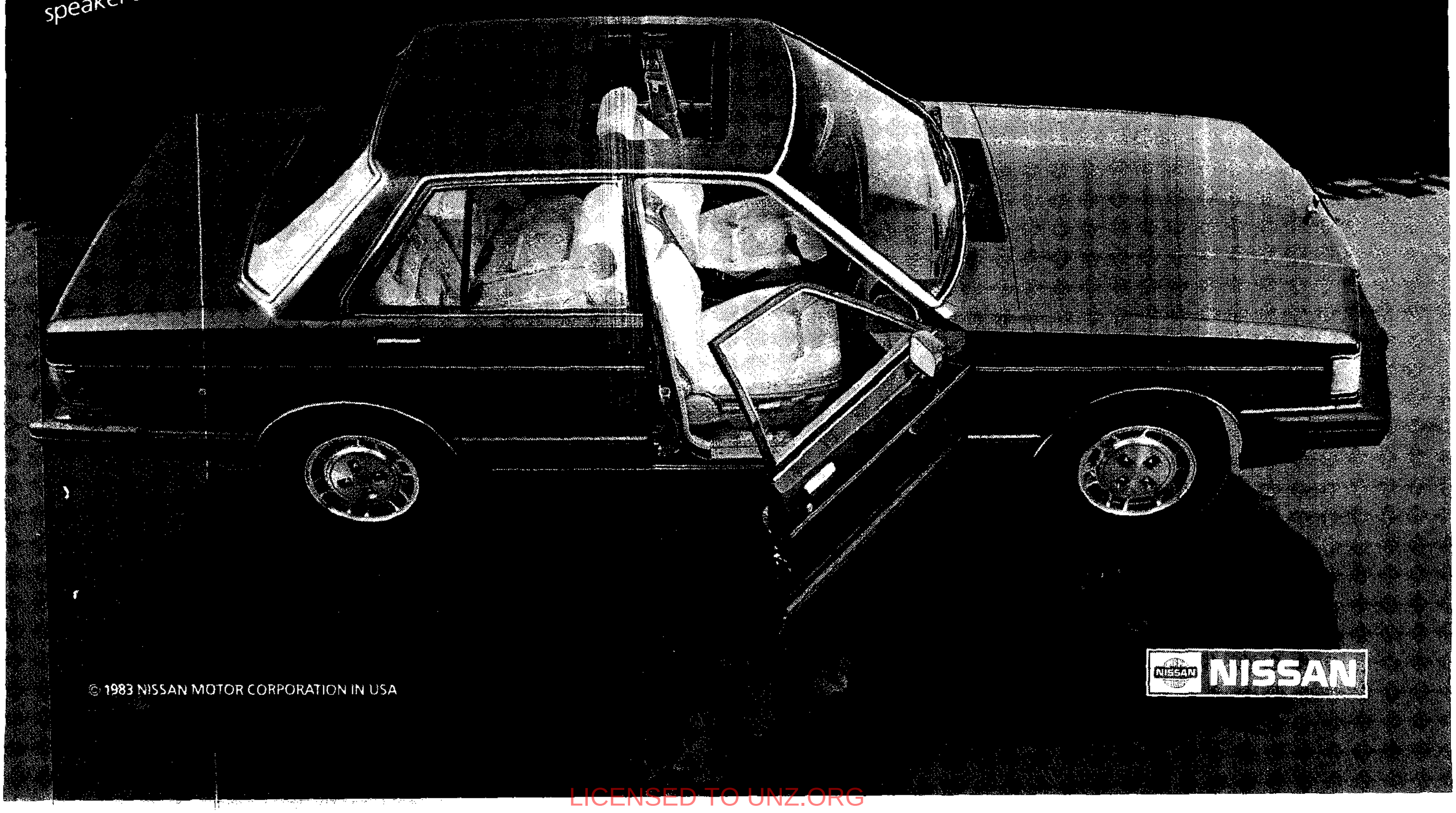

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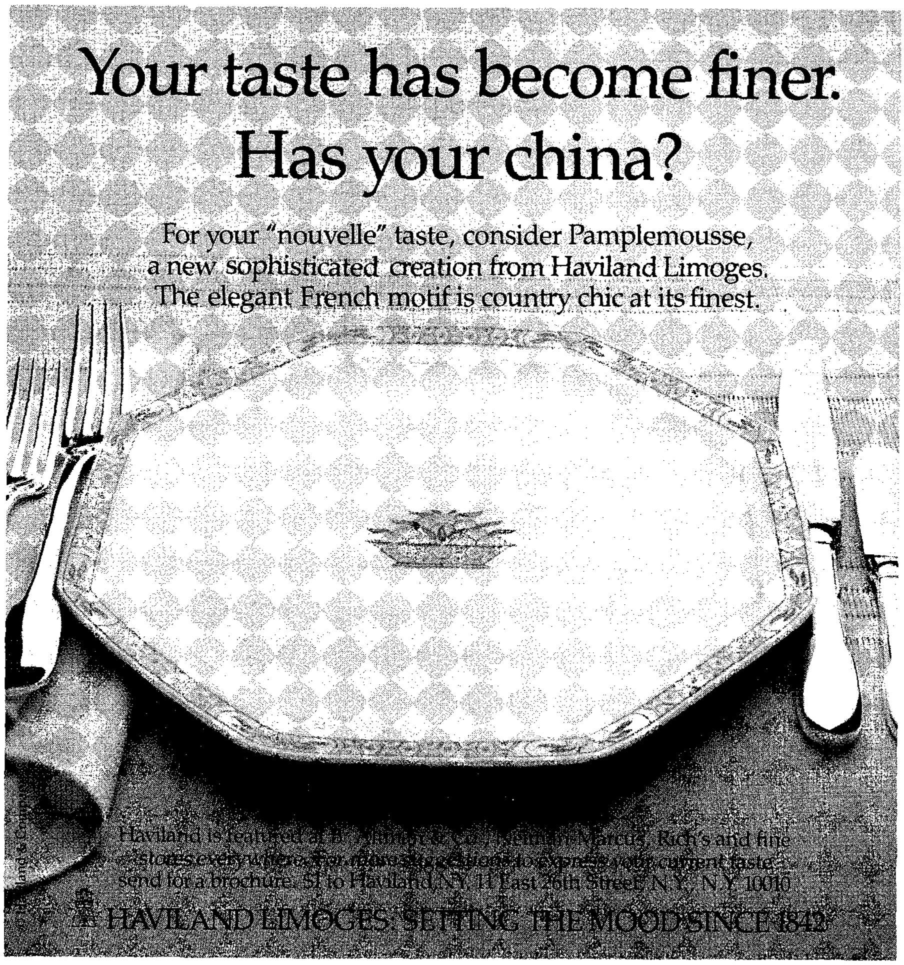
1980 she herself had chosen to stand for Parliament from an Andhra Pradesh constituency and had chalked up a big victory. It was generally assumed, therefore, that the two states would return her party with an overwhelming majority, and this would give her a vote of confidence—something she needed in order to quash Maneka's nascent political career, to consolidate Rajiv's position as the new heir, to offset almost certain defeat in the little northeastern state of Tripura (leftists were in control there, and elections were already scheduled there for January), and to restore some kind of political order to the two states. (The Andhra Pradesh branch of Congress Indira was so faction-ridden that in the course of two years the government there had gone through four chief ministers, and the administration of Karnataka was so corrupt that its chief minister, Gundu Rao, was popularly called Goonda, or Gangster.) Above all, she wanted to bolster her own fortunes and those of her party, which were precipitously in decline because of the worsening drought in the country.

In the elections, Congress Indira enjoyed all the advantages. The campaign period was short, and the opposition was weak and ill-prepared. In Andhra Pradesh, it consisted of the barely nine-month-old regional Telugu Nation Party (Telugu is one of the main South Indian languages), and in Karnataka of disparate regional and national groups, primarily the Janata Party and a party called Kranti Ranga, led by a Congress Indira dissident. Top leaders of Mrs. Gandhi's government flew in from New Delhi to campaign, and Mrs. Gandhi and Rajiv themselves crisscrossed hundreds of constituencies, addressing thousands of meetings and reminding people that theirs alone was the national party, that they alone were the champions of minorities (Muslims and Untouchables form sizable populations in both states), and that theirs was the hand that fed them (a hand is a Congress Indira symbol). Meanwhile, Mohammed Yunus, a lifelong friend of the family, published a book he had written about Sanjay, entitled "Son of India," which attacked Maneka's character and asked questions like, as *India Today* put it, "Did Maneka Gandhi remark after her husband, the late Sanjay Gandhi, had been sent to prison: 'There is so much peace with this bastard in jail'? . . . Did she ill-treat Sanjay, driving him to bouts of



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depression and a risky sport like aerobatics? . . . Did she indulge in wanton revelry after his death, throwing lavish parties and going in fancy dress?" The book was serialized in the *National Herald*, a Congress Indira organ, of which Mrs. Gandhi is a trustee. It was to be released on December 14th, at an official function at the President's house marking the thirty-sixth anniversary of Sanjay's birth, but there was such an outcry here against the book, even by Maneka's detractors, that Mrs. Gandhi attended the function but did not say anything about the book, despite the fact that there were copies of it all over the room. Maneka, for her part, campaigned vigorously in the two states. Throngs greeted her wherever she went. (Rajiv generally got a lukewarm reception.)

Although the opposition had practically no time to group its forces, the leader of the Telugu Nation Party, Nandamuri Taraka Rama Rao, proved to be a formidable campaigner. He attacked Mrs. Gandhi and her party for rule of the states through party henchmen, and for corrupt practices, for food shortages, and for inept economic policies. Rao, at fifty-nine, was the most famous Telugu film star. He had acted in some three hundred Telugu films, mostly playing Hindu gods or honest, poor men, and he was so closely identified with such roles that some people actually worshipped him as an incarnation of a god come to restore moral order to the country. (In South India, film actors of the vernacular cinema are often seen as heroes and are much preferred to venal politicians. The chief minister of the southern state of Tamil Nadu is the most famous Tamil film star, M. G. Ramachandran.) Moreover, many of the opposition candidates, especially in Andhra Pradesh, were better educated and more conversant with local conditions than the Congress Indira candidates.

In perhaps the greatest political upset since Mrs. Gandhi's defeat in 1977, Congress Indira was roundly trounced in both Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka (it also lost in Tripura). Maneka's new party won four out of five seats that it had been allotted on the Telugu Nation slate. In due course, the Telugu Nation ministry and the Janata ministry were sworn in in their states.

Political commentators here interpreted the election results not only as a defeat for Rajiv and a victory for Maneka but also as a warning that

Only the finest chardonnay grapes could produce a white burgundy this delicate and dry.

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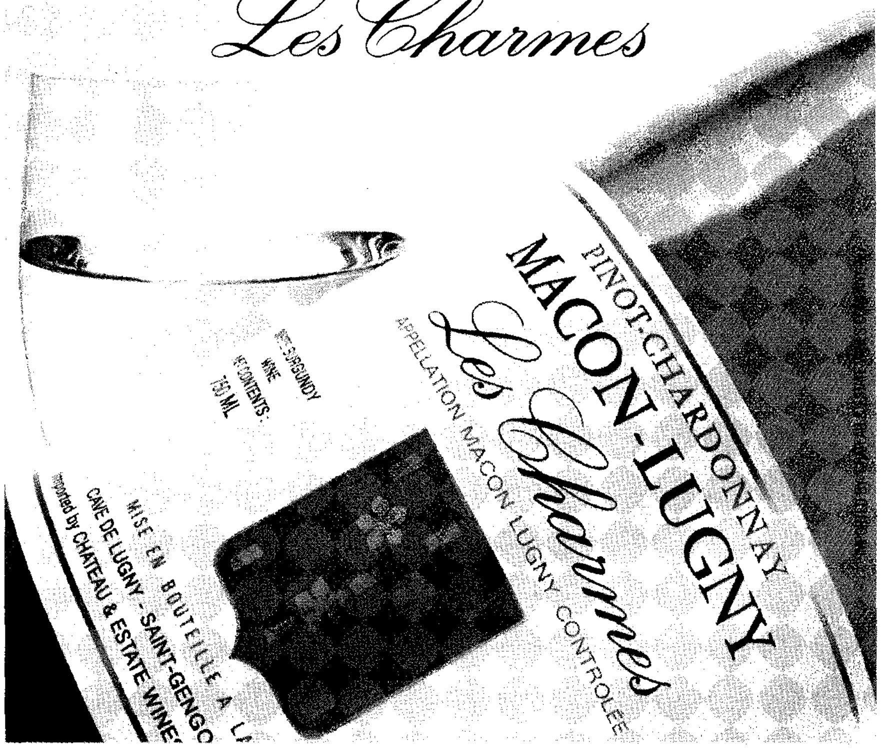

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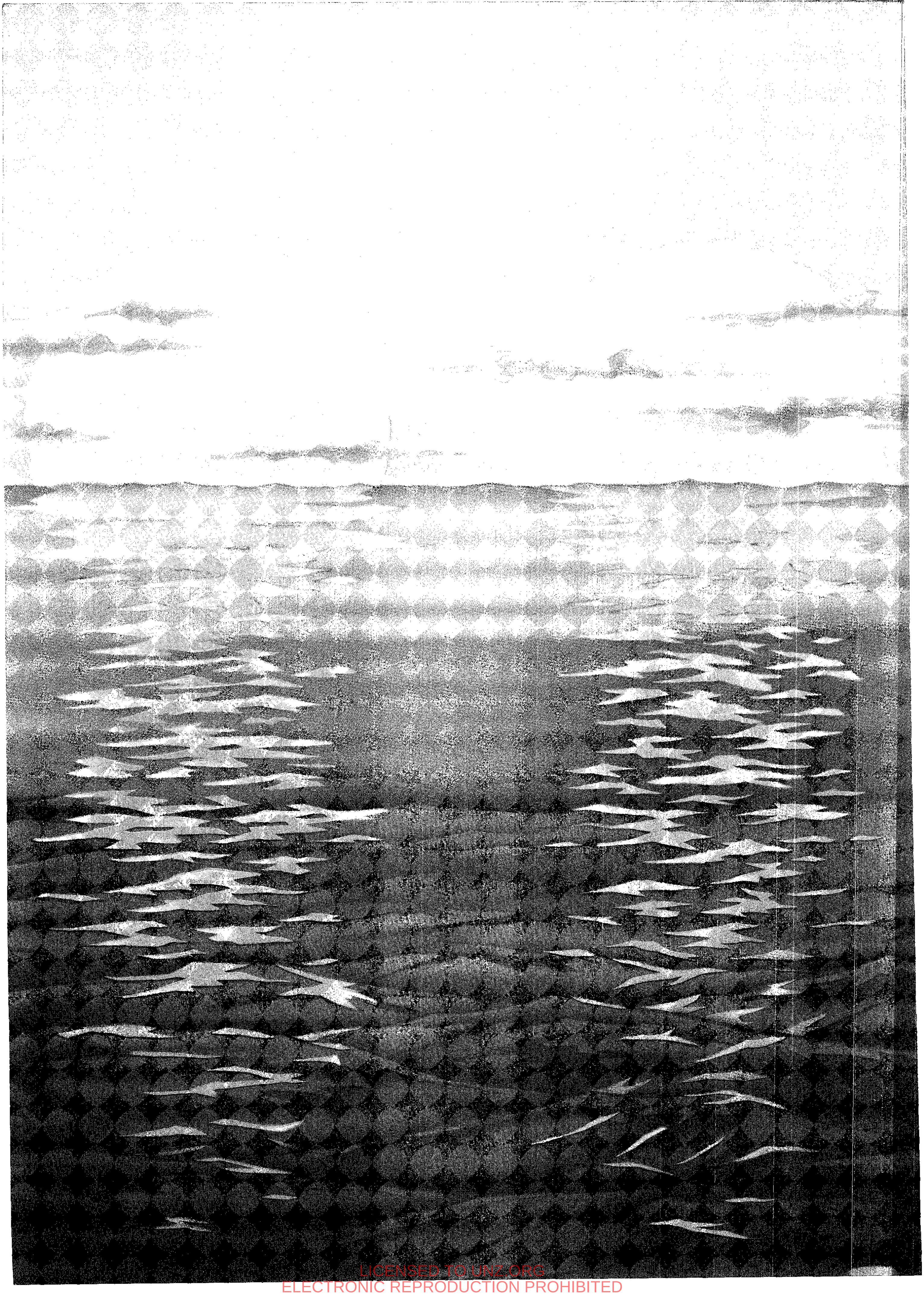

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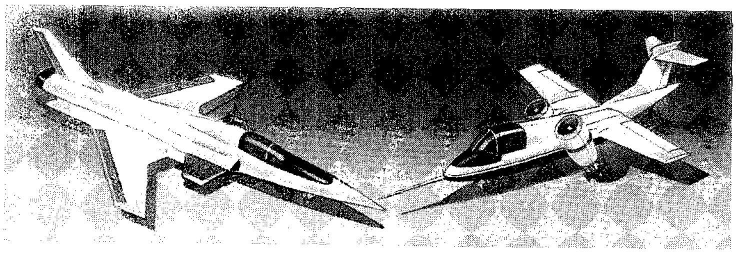

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Mrs. Gandhi's own political future and that of her party might be in jeopardy. They pointed out that since Mrs. Gandhi returned to power there had been five other state elections in which Congress Indira was not able to win an absolute majority, and that the strategically important states of Tamil Nadu and West Bengal were under the control of opposition parties. After the loss of Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka, Mrs. Gandhi tried to make a show of strength. She dropped or shuffled members of her Cabinet and the Party high command, making Rajiv a general secretary, like Sanjay before him. Although the changes were thought to be more cosmetic than substantive, they did help Congress Indira to win a sizable majority in the Delhi municipal elections in February, and so saved her the embarrassment of having the capital under the rule of the opposition.

MANEKA's grandparents on her mother's side were Sikhs, and many Sikhs were offended by the remark that Mrs. Gandhi, according to "sources close to the Prime Minister," made about Maneka's "different family background," even though these same sources had issued several clarifications, saying that there had been no intention of casting aspersions on the Sikhs. The Sikhs, who make up less than two per cent of the country's population, enjoy political influence out of proportion to their number, perhaps because they are a fierce, mercurial minority united by their language and by their strict religious observances. Ever since the creation of Pakistan, in 1947, some extremist Sikhs have been agitating for a separate Sikh nation of Khalistan, or, at least, for a large measure of political autonomy within the Indian union. In 1966, the government created a separate new state of Punjab, where Sikhs predominate, so that they could have their own government, with its own chief minister. But the concession did not succeed in mollifying the Sikh extremists, who attempted assassinations and resorted to hijacking and rioting to gain public attention for their cause. Last June, in another attempt to mollify them, Mrs. Gandhi chose a Sikh named Zail Singh as her party's candidate for President of India. He was just able to speak, read, and write English, which is the language of the government and is still the lingua franca of the country. The son of a carpenter turned farmer, he was born in 1916 in a

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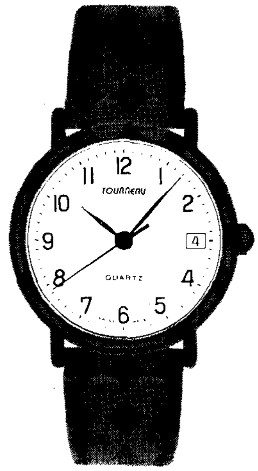

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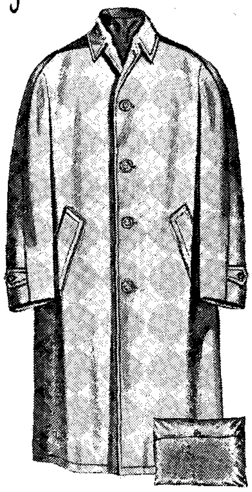

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village in what was then the princely state of Faridkot, which was notorious for its tyrannical rule. He had received a parochial education and had made his name in the regional politics of the Punjab mainly by reciting Sikh scriptures in Sikh temples and by militant protests against the British and the tyranny in Faridkot. He had risen to become chief minister of the new Punjab state in 1972, but he had remained essentially a regional figure until 1980, when Mrs. Gandhi made him Home Affairs Minister in her Cabinet. As Home Affairs Minister, he came under considerable public criticism for praising Hitler in Parliament as a great leader. (He still contends that Hitler, though mad, did some good. "Remember, it was Hitler's war which ultimately forced Britain to cut its losses abroad and give freedom to India—and to the other colonies," he told an interviewer last summer.)

The six previous Presidents had all been national or international figures, and Mrs. Gandhi's selection of Zail Singh was widely derided. The magazine *Organiser* referred to him as a court jester, and the *Indian Express* called him "Caligula's horse;" for some reason, the Roman emperor Caligula, who made his horse a consul, seems to have caught the reading public's imagination here, and the name of Zail Singh is hardly ever mentioned without a reference to the horse. Zail Singh, however, is not without his admirers. They say that he was a heroic fighter for Indian freedom—more heroic than many better-known leaders, because his struggle was carried on in Faridkot, where he was subjected to all kinds of primitive tortures. They point out that as chief minister of Punjab he managed to keep Sikh extremists at bay. They maintain that criticism of him stems from Indians' hatred of their own rustic nature.

The President of India functions mostly as a figurehead, but there are ambiguities in the constitution about his exact powers. For instance, only the President can proclaim a national emergency—under the constitution, when there is a grave internal or external threat to national security the government can suspend civil liberties under such a proclamation—although the emergency has to be recommended by the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. It is said that Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, who was the President when Mrs. Gandhi recommended the Emergency of 1975, had grave doubts that any threat to national security existed—

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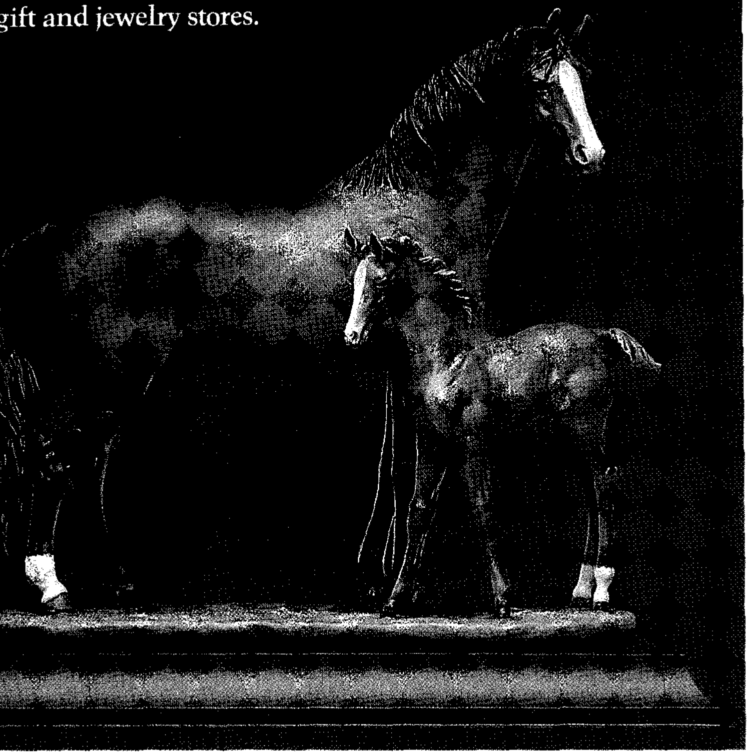

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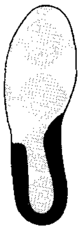

The 770 "horseshoe".

indeed, felt that Mrs. Gandhi was recommending the Emergency only to shore up her waning power—but, because he had a narrow view of the powers of the President, he deferred to the Prime Minister and proclaimed the Emergency. Another President, with a more expansionist view of the President's powers, might have rejected the *recommendation and carried the day*, since under the constitution the President is also the commander-in-chief of the armed forces.

At the time of Zail Singh's nomination, the opposition, as if to dramatize the Presidential role in proclaiming the Emergency, settled on H. R. Khanna to stand against him. Khanna had been a judge of the Supreme Court during the Emergency and had sat on a celebrated case in which some Emergency prisoners argued that there were certain "fundamental" civil liberties, like habeas corpus, that could never be suspended under the constitution. The court had sided with the government, but Khanna had dissented. The presumption was, therefore, that Khanna would be a strong, independent President, while Zail Singh would be merely Mrs. Gandhi's stooge. For years, Zail Singh had been known as a "great toady" of the Nehru-Gandhi family. He called Sanjay his "savior" and predicted that Rajiv would turn out to be another Jawaharlal Nehru. During the Presidential campaign, he declared, referring to Mrs. Gandhi, "If my leader had said I should pick up a broom and be a sweeper, I would have done that. She chose me to be President." Sweepers are Untouchables and perform only the most menial tasks, so even in the Indian political context, which abounds in homely similes and outlandish hyperbole, the remark stood out.

The President, who serves a five-year term, is chosen, customarily in July or August, by the elected members of Parliament and of the state legislative assemblies. Since these bodies were largely under Congress Indira control, Zail Singh was easily elected. He moved into the President's house—one of the most magnificent buildings in which any Indian ruler has ever lived. Built by the British architect Sir Edwin Lutyens between 1921 and 1929, when New Delhi was being developed as the new capital of imperial India, it served as a home for the viceroys. It has three hundred and forty rooms, including thirty-seven salons, and one and a half miles of corridors. The building alone takes up five

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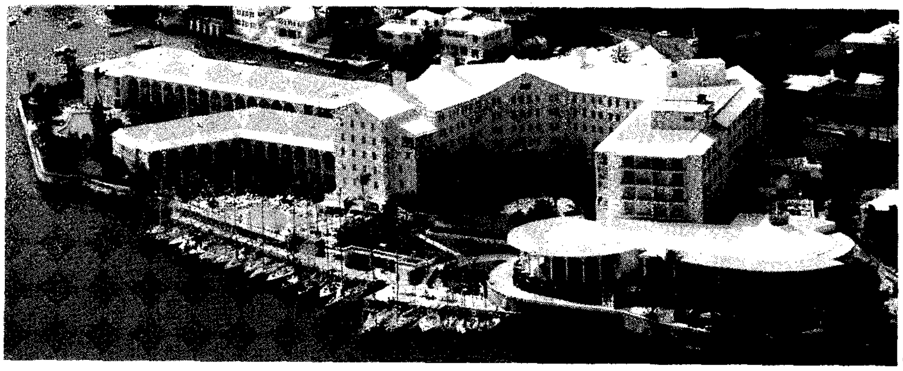

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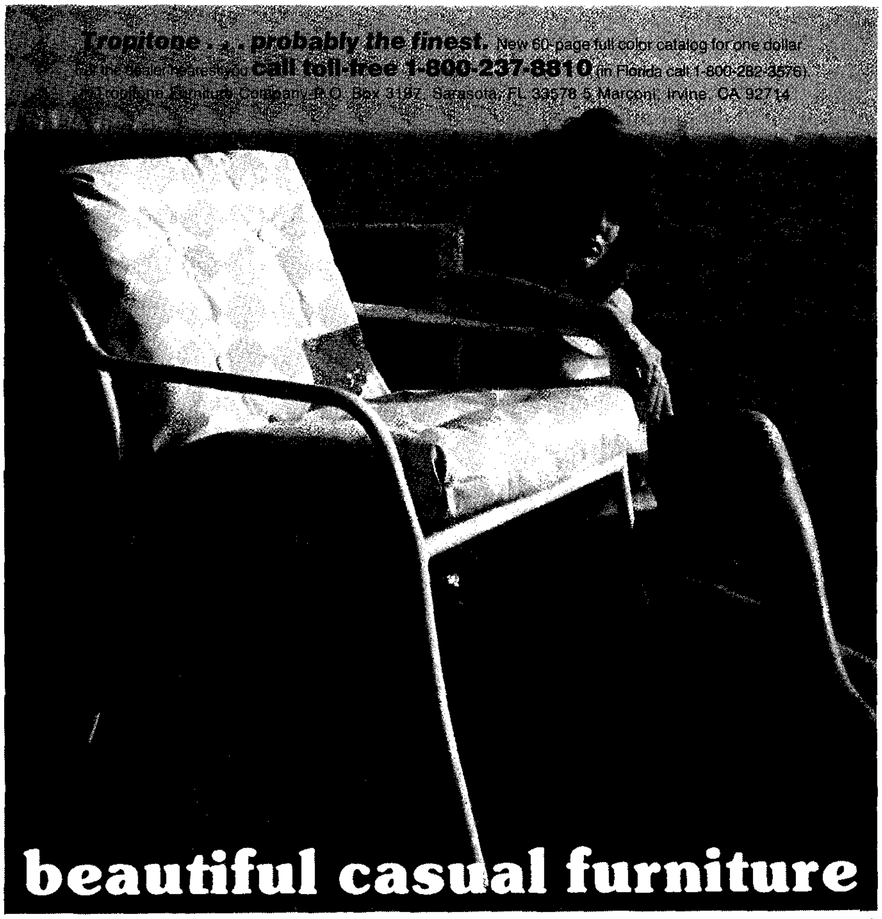
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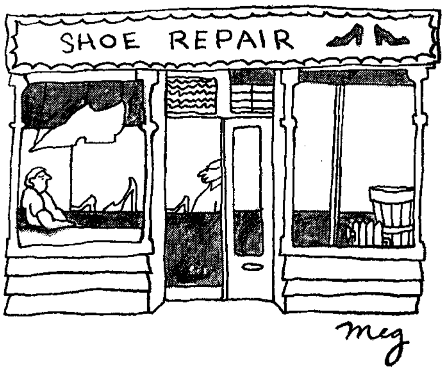
acres, and it has grounds of four hundred acres. It and its satellite buildings house Presidential staff members and hangers-on numbering some ten thousand. In fact, it is almost a little township within New Delhi, with its own school, its own cinemas, and its own swimming pool, tennis court, and golf course. People here continually express amazement that a rustic Sikh should have moved into such a palace only a few months after a young widow of Sikh ancestry moved out of the Prime Minister's house.

As it has turned out, despite a Sikh President, negotiations between the Sikhs and Mrs. Gandhi's government have not made much headway. In fact, for months the Sikhs have resorted to sustained direct-action agitation, in which about a hundred thousand of them have been jailed and about a hundred and fifty have died. The extremists, led by Sant Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, have gained the ascendency, and the once moderate leader, Sant Harchand Singh Longowal, issued a "do or die" declaration this April notifying the government that from now on his followers will take the law into their own hands, and sounding a call for an "army" of volunteers prepared to sacrifice their lives for greater political autonomy for the Sikhs.

AFTER Maneka's expulsion, newspapers started regularly carrying reports of "dowry deaths": the self-immolation of women by fire (until the British banned sati, in the nineteenth century, some Hindu widows burned themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres), or the murder of women by their husbands, often also by fire, while the women were cooking—deaths that are notoriously hard to prove to be crimes. This article from the national daily the *Hindustan Times* was typical:

> DELHI HOUSEWIFE FOUND
> BURNT IN KITCHEN
>
> Police have registered a case of murder against the husband and mother-in-law of Mrs. Vimla Prasad, whose body was found in a charred state at her . . . house this morning.
>
> Both Mrs. Bhagwati, Vimla's mother-in-law, and Mr. Rajendra Prasad, the husband, a ration shop owner, would be [arraigned] tonight, the police said.
>
> The murder case was registered following the statement of one Mr. Karan Singh, a neighbour, who is a clerk in the Central Public Works Department.
>
> Mr. Karan Singh, according to the police, has stated that while on his way to the laundry this morning, he heard sounds of a scuffle coming from Mr. Rajendra Prasad's house. He reportedly heard Mr. Prasad shouting: "I won't spare you today."
>
> Vimla's mother-in-law, who was looking out of the window, gestured to Mr. Karan Singh that there was nothing wrong, he said.
>
> On his return from the laundry, however, Mr. Karan Singh noticed smoke coming out of a window of Mr. Rajendra Prasad's house. He went upstairs to that house and found Vimla's dead body lying in the kitchen. Mr. Rajendra Prasad and Mrs. Bhagwati were standing nearby.
>
> Mr. Karan Singh told the police that when he asked Mr. Rajendra Prasad and his mother to spread some blanket on the woman's body, they refused to pay any heed to him.
>
> Police took Mr. Rajendra Prasad and Mrs. Bhagwati to the police station for interrogation. . . .
>
> Mr. Jugal Kishore, the husband of Vimla's sister, was seen standing before the house shouting and making allegations against her in-laws. . . .
>
> Mr. Jugal Kishore told this reporter that Vimla had been married about four and a half years ago . . . and at that time there had been trouble with the in-laws of Vimla, who had wanted Rs 25,000 to be spent on the marriage. "They kept saying that Vimla's father, Ved Prakash, had spent only Rs 18,000 and wanted a detailed list of all the items.
>
> "Thereafter the relationship soured with Vimla's in-laws. They did not allow the girl's father, mother or brother to meet her for so many years."

The "dowry deaths" were a result sometimes of the husband's dissatisfaction with the size of the dowry—as in the news story—and sometimes of the husband's wish for a second wife and a second dowry. Whatever the husband's motive, in Hindu society a woman does not have much of a future outside marriage, and a wife may kill herself or allow herself to be killed in preference to enduring the disgrace of being found wanting in her new home. (Muslims are thought to avoid the problem of insufficient dowries by allowing their men to have four wives.) The custom of expecting a dowry probably had its origins in Hindu law, which for centuries did not permit the bequest of property to women. The dowry (jewelry, clothes, bedsteads, stools, utensils, even lavish wedding feasts and wedding entertainment) in time became an institutionalized demand by the bridegroom and his parents—a means of obtaining wife support or financial security or just of supplementing inadequate income. The government passed a Dowry Prohibition Act in 1961, but, like the laws against the caste system and Untouchability, it could not be enforced. (Between 1961 and 1982, there were apparently only eleven prosecutions under it.) The newspapers, for their part, ignored the dowry phenomenon for years; it was simply accepted as one more aspect of crushing Indian poverty, about which little could be done. For months after the row in the Prime Minister's house, however, there was scarcely a day without a newspaper report of at least one "dowry death"—sometimes a dozen such deaths were reported—and of a police investigation, accompanied by gruesome photographs, interviews with the neighbors, reflections by social workers and policemen, and outraged editorials on avaricious, dowry-hungry bridegrooms and in-laws. (The *Times of India* declared last August, "Never before in Indian history has the demand for dowry been so insistent and so widespread and the dowries demanded so large as today.") The general explanation advanced for the newspapers' newfound interest in the problem was that they were using "dowry death" as a code phrase for Mrs. Gandhi's mistreatment of Maneka, and so were putting the mother-in-law's expulsion of the daughter-in-law in its worst possible light.



ON November 19, 1982, in New Delhi, Mrs. Gandhi opened the Ninth Asian Games. (The term "Asian" is elastic in India, and includes Middle Eastern, or "West Asian," countries—but not Israel.) It was a Third World version of the Olympics, with five thousand athletes, from thirty-three countries, battling for five hundred and eighty-eight gold, silver, and bronze medals in archery, athletics (or track-and-field sports), badminton, basketball, boxing, cycling, equestrian events, football, golf, gymnastics, handball, hockey, rowing, shooting, swimming, tennis, table tennis, volleyball, weight lifting, wrestling, and yachting. The Games were spoken of here as "the most ambitious project India has undertaken in recent years," "the biggest event of the

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decade," and "the showpiece of the century." *India Today* wrote, "Asiad '82 is India's big bid for international stardom. For 15 days, New Delhi will be making international headlines, for an event that, in terms of prestige, is the biggest stakes India has played for in a long time." In preparation for the Games, New Delhi was for twenty months in the throes of some of the greatest building activity in memory. Under construction were six gigantic stadiums; a whole new Asian Games Village, with eight hundred and fifty-three flats, for five thousand people; three government five-star hotels; nine private five-star hotels; and seven six-lane flyovers, or overpasses. In addition, seven old stadiums and two old hotels were renovated and upgraded; thirty main roads were widened; and a thirty-five-kilometre "ring railway" circling the city was made ready. Television transmitters were modified to broadcast the Games in color in India and also, via satellite, abroad. No expense was spared in landscaping the grounds of the stadiums or in outfitting the stadiums and the hotels, with the most up-to-date equipment, which was imported from all parts of the world, at considerable expenditure of much-needed foreign exchange. Throughout the preparations, newspapers and magazines were awash with statistics about all the construction, gadgetry, and manpower being mobilized: eighty million bricks; a hundred thousand tons of cement; ninety thousand tons of steel; five hundred thousand flowering plants and bushes; three hundred kilometres of cables and wires; twelve thousand telephone lines; a hundred and twenty-five thousand laborers brought in from other parts of the country; two thousand six hundred technical officials; two thousand general officials; six hundred liaison officials and receptionists; two thousand men from the Indian Army and the Border Security Force; and a thousand ushers. In the words of a newspaper article written shortly before the Games, "Delhi is in much the same state as a bride is before her wedding."

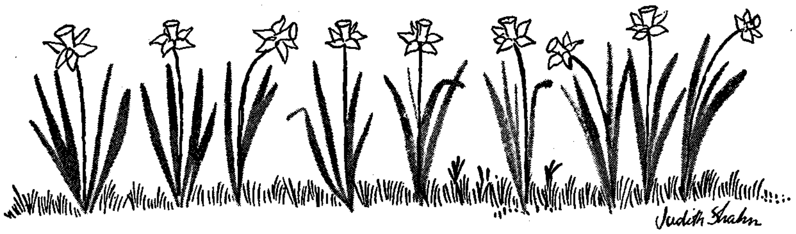
The Games went back to the time of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, who in 1951, in New Delhi, presided over the First Asian Games, in which nearly five hundred athletes, from eleven countries, took part. The Games have since been held every four years or so, in Manila, Tokyo, Jakarta, and Bangkok, among other places, the participants sometimes including Iran, Iraq, and Kuwait.) Mr. Nehru's daughter's government named the biggest of the new stadiums the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium. Its grounds occupy more than ninety acres in the heart of the city. It has a seating capacity of seventy-five thousand. Looming above the stadium are four cantilevered steel towers with the scores of fluorescent lights required for the floodlighting of the sports events and for television transmission in color. The lights are kept on all night long, and the glow is visible from almost any part of the city, as if to remind people of the incongruity of the new stadiums amid Mogul monuments and ruins. Rajiv's first main task as a politician was to oversee the construction of the stadiums; Mrs. Gandhi apparently chose her sixty-fifth birthday to inaugurate the Games; and the "glamour events" of the Games were held in the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium. The stadiums are already being referred to here as memorials in brick and mortar—as it were, latter-day Pyramids—to the Nehru-Gandhi family.

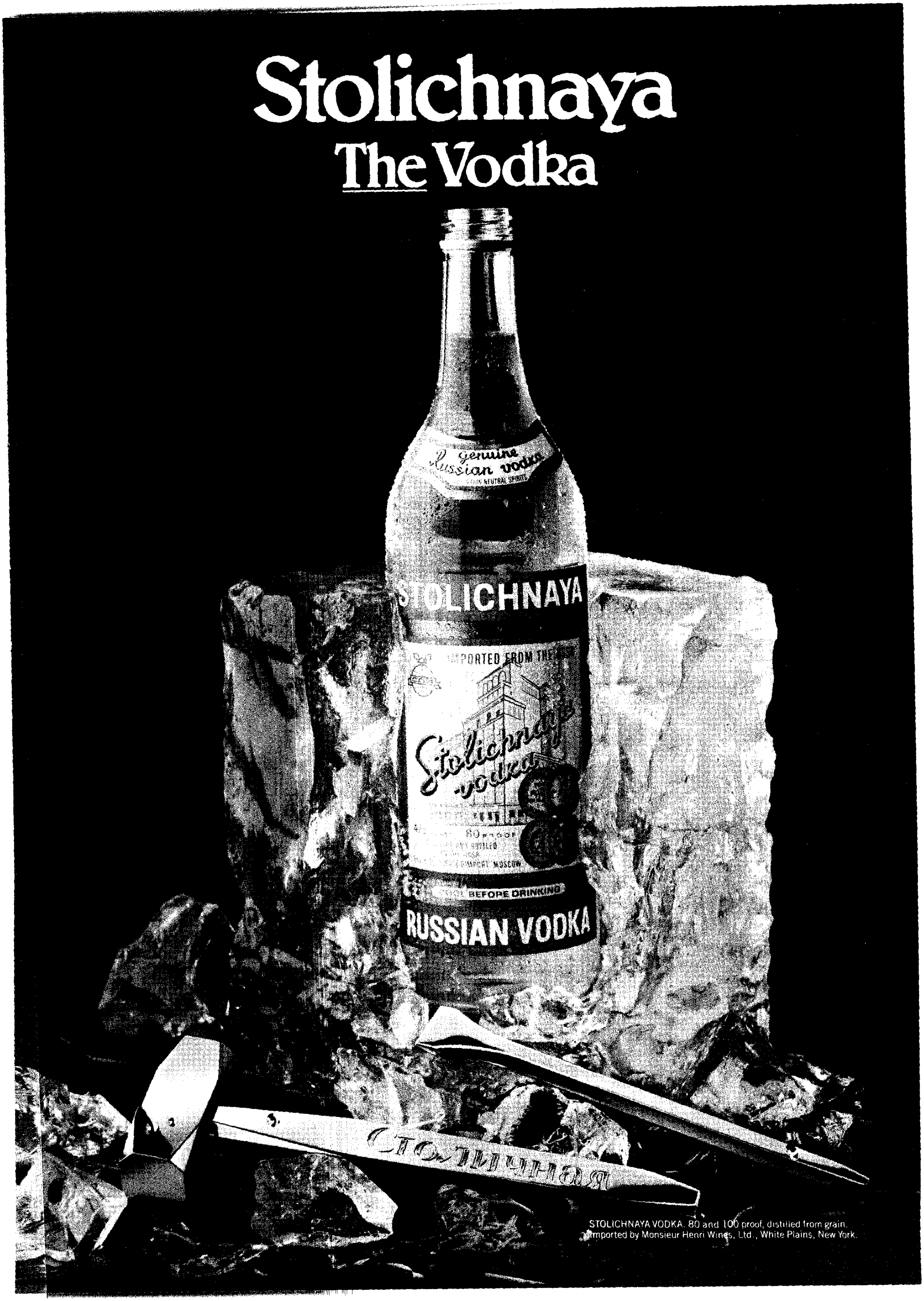
The cost of constructing all these facilities ballooned after 1976, when the Asian Games Federation originally decided to hold the Ninth Games in India. At that time, the estimate was six hundred million rupees. Then, before any preparations could get under way, Mrs. Gandhi was thrown out of office. Prime Minister Morarji Desai's Janata government did nothing about the Games, because it was preoccupied with other matters, and Prime Minister Charan Singh's short-lived government was so shaky that it did nothing about anything. Anyway, Charan Singh called the Games a "costly tamasha" and said he was considering reneging on India's commitment. When Mrs. Gandhi returned to office, in January, 1980, it was resolved in her very first Cabinet meeting that the government should forge ahead with the preparations. But there were further delays, as a result of changes in her Cabinet and in a Special Organizing Committee set up for the Games. Thereafter, the buildings went up with such speed that a local architect remarked in wonder, "It's a miracle. It's as if dogs suddenly started walking on two legs." Because everything had to be built quickly, the work of construction went on around the clock, laborers working day shifts and night shifts, and the frenetic pace, which created conditions for hoarding and black-marketeering, added enormously to the cost. At one time, there were at least twenty-eight committees working on the Games, most of them filled with Congress Indira members and civil servants, and none of them having a sports figure for a chairman or vice-chairman. Huge sums of money were made illegally by politicians in power, who had the exclusive authority to grant licenses, and by contractors, who had never had so much work before. The respected South Indian newspaper *Hindu* reported:

> The whole exercise is being transformed by unscrupulous entrepreneurs with political pull into a money spinning operation.
>
> It has led to widespread hoarding and black-marketing of construction material pushing up the costs and, in the process, filling the pockets of the privileged few who are able to make a big kill in the name of keeping to the deadline. . . .
>
> Big hoteliers and traders have used every big international conference held in Delhi during the last two decades to push up prices. . . . After the Asian Games, [the price of a hotel room] will be increased to over Rs. 1,000 a day with the excuse that construction, renovation and maintenance costs have shot up.

Most Indians do not earn a thousand rupees in six months.

In the last five-year plan, the total expenditure allocated for sports, youth programs, and welfare was a hundred and seventy million rupees, of which a hundred million was supposed to go for sports. But the official estimates for the construction and other activities associated with the Ninth Asian Games run to three billion six hundred million rupees, and unofficial estimates run anywhere from six billion to ten billion. It is said here that if what was spent on the Asian Games had been invested in, for instance, village and small industries it would have resulted in employment for at least two million people. (The total investment in village and small industries for the fiscal year 1981-82 is put at two billion seven hundred million rupees, while

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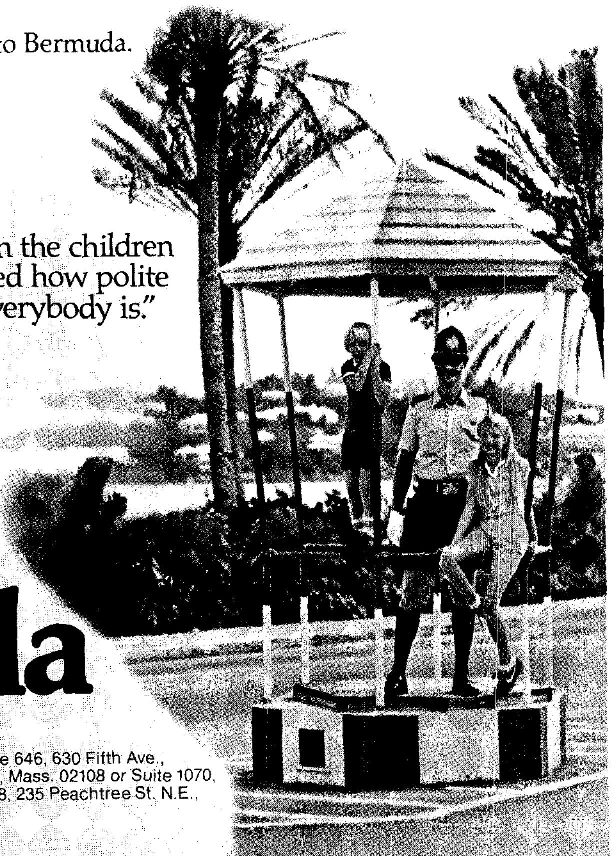

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receipts for the total budget of the Indian government for the fiscal year 1981-82 are estimated at a hundred and forty billion rupees, and expenditures at a hundred and fifty billion rupees.)

A few weeks before the Games, I visited the nearly completed Indraprastha Indoor Stadium, which is billed as the third-largest domed stadium in the world. (Only the ones in Houston and New Orleans are bigger.) It occupies a hundred-and-ten-acre site on the right bank of the sacred Jumna River, by a temple in honor of Hanuman (the monkey god), Shiva, Rama, and Sita. It is covered by a shimmering aluminum dome with what look like portholes all around; in fact, it might be a gigantic flying saucer. The stadium site was surrounded by barbed wire, like a concentration camp, and inside were thousands of laborers racing to finish the work—wasted, half-clad men, women, and children covered with dust, many of them high up on scaffolding and weighted down with head loads. In the shadow of the structure, occupying quagmires on every side, were still more thousands of laborers, cooking, washing, sleeping—whole families living under a piece of canvas or bamboo matting held up by a couple of sticks. A lucky few huddled under plastic sheets. Such slums are a standard sight here: they dot every cranny in the city—under the new flyovers, behind houses, beside monuments. But around the stadium and at its gates were security guards trying to bar access to anyone seeking out the laborers and, as far as possible, to keep them hidden from view.

I came armed with the necessary government permission and, after much screening, was allowed to talk to a few of the laborers. They were voluble in their complaints. They said that they couldn't find drinking water, that they didn't have food, that there were no latrines. They said that they knew neither the language nor the laws of New Delhi—most of them were from South India, and I had to use an interpreter—and that they had been picked up by a recruiting agent of the contractor and brought here in truckloads. They said that the recruiting agent had got them to put their thumbprints on a piece of paper, and had told them that that was a guarantee of high wages, but that now they were being paid only eleven rupees a day and had no idea where the paper was or where the recruiting agent was. They said

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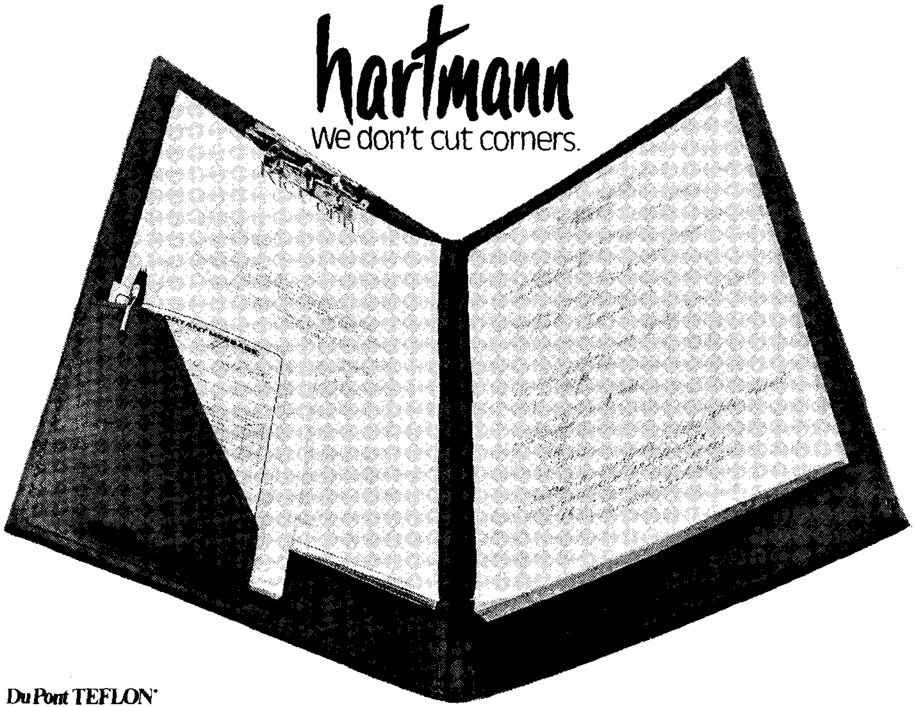

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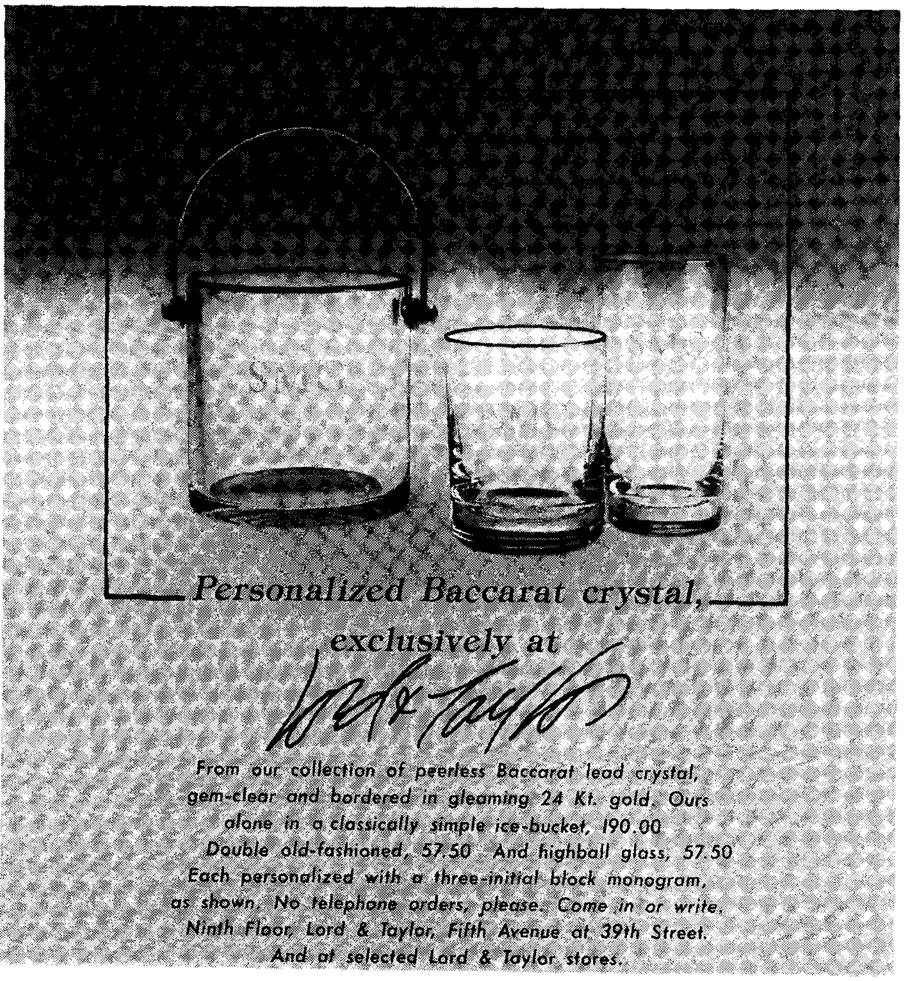

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they were now afraid that as soon as the work on the project was finished their hutments would be bulldozed and they would be trucked penniless to who knew what destination.

An official joined me and overheard some of their complaints. "All societies have been industrialized by the sweat of the poor," he said to me over their heads. "The weakest have to go to the wall or we'll all be sunk. In a country of cannibals, if one isn't a cannibal one will perish." He added guiltily, "God help us."

Newspapers pointed out that the new buildings added to the shortages of electricity, drinking water, and land in the city. They said that the buildings required between fifty and seventy-five additional megawatts of electricity per day. The previous average daily power consumption for Delhi was about five hundred and fifty megawatts. And for years there had been frequent power cuts, with the newspapers daily publishing notices like this one, from the *Times of India:* "Because of general repairs, power supply will be affected tomorrow between 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. to C and H Blocks Narajna Vihar, C, F and H Blocks Kirti Nagar residential, part of Manohar Park, Jyoti Colony, Circular Road, Jawala Nagar; and between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. to part of Amar Colony, Lajpat Nagar-IV and Basant Village." In fact, by all accounts the generating equipment and the distribution system in the city—and in the rest of the country—have long been in considerable disrepair. Recently, there has been an average of twelve electrical breakdowns a day in the city. Even without the new buildings, the number of consumers of electricity in the city has doubled in the last five years, and yet the number of skilled workers maintaining and servicing the equipment has not increased. The electricity for the stadiums and the hotels had to come from neighboring states, and this meant creating shortages there. And, in any event, in many parts of the country industrial machinery was already being shut down for lack of electricity.

In New Delhi, the new construction meant that poor people were dispossessed, acres of land needed for hospitals, schools, and inexpensive housing were lost, and some of the best green areas were denuded. One day, a newspaper reported that nine hundred poor families had been displaced; that work had had to be stopped on a ten-story, five-hundred-bed hospital because of

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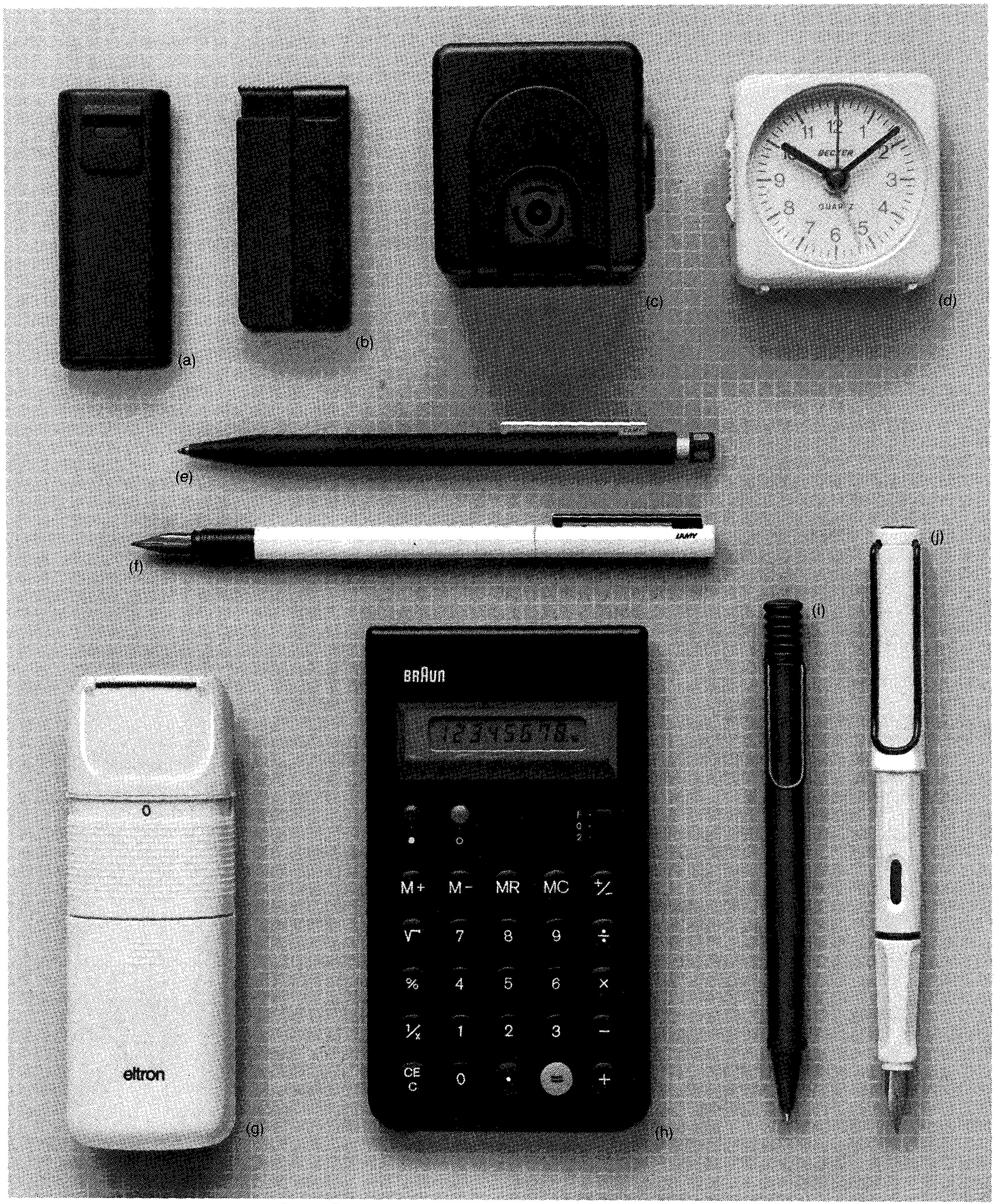

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the diversion of building materials; and that about a thousand mature trees had been felled, with a threatened increase in dust pollution. Even enthusiasts of the Games concede that, given the present flow of traffic, the main roads did not need to be broadened and the flyovers did not need to be built.

The government slogan for the Asian Games was "1982 is the year of sportsmen and sportswomen and the common man." India had never done particularly well at the Games. (The Japanese, the Chinese, and the South Koreans had usually walked away with the most gold medals.) Before the Games, the Indian athletes were given blood tests, and it was discovered that all the women and ten per cent of the men were anemic. As for the government's "common man," he was not able to see the Games. A brisk black market in tickets developed. Businessmen cornered huge blocks of them in order to present them to politicians and officials from whom they wanted favors; a ticket could hardly be had for a hundred rupees. A government brochure said:

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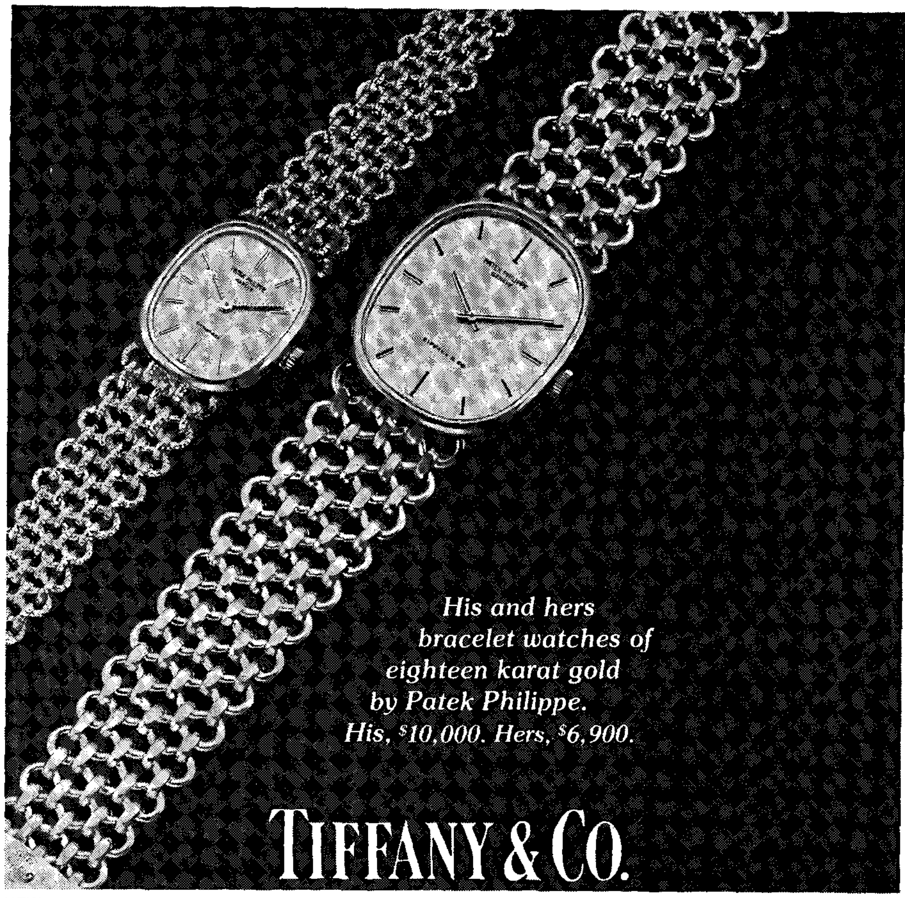
But the image of Appu did not become widely known here; countrywide Appu sports clubs and franchises had been planned, but they didn't catch on with Indians, to say nothing of foreign tourists. "Appu, the prancing elephant, the IX Asiad's mascot, has also become a symbol of the white elephant that many people believe the Games will be as far as the country is concerned," *India Today* wrote before the Games, and on another occasion it quoted a member of the Special Organizing Committee as saying, "There should have been an Asiad fever in the capital. But everyone just seems to be happy because flyovers have opened. Outside Delhi, no one seems to be aware of the big event in November." At the time of the Games, some hotels were only half finished, and tourists and visiting sportsmen



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and sportswomen had to negotiate scaffoldings to get to and from their rooms. The tourist season here lasts only from October to March, when the weather is comfortable. At the moment, there is talk that when the hotels are at last completed their rooms will be rented out as commercial offices—accommodations for which licenses would never ordinarily be granted, because of the great housing shortage here, but for which there is a constant demand, because every state government and major business feels that it needs an office in the capital. "It would be interesting to know why those who had been granted special quotas and extraordinary concessions to get hotel complexes ready in time for the Asian Games failed to deliver the goods," the *Statesman* wrote. "The fact that even the available hotel accommodation has not been fully utilized for the Games should not let the guilty get away unpunished." But the newspaper's plea was essentially rhetorical: guilty profiteers routinely get away unpunished, just as newspapers routinely decry them.

Although the government has established a new Sports Ministry, people here are wondering what it will eventually do with the stadiums and the Asian Games Village—how their maintenance will be paid for and how they will be used. There are no local sports events or cultural events that could conceivably justify the expense of lighting and air-conditioning the various facilities, and people are afraid that the stadiums may end up being used for political rallies, as happened in Perón's Argentina and Mussolini's Italy. The Asian Games Village has "the largest kitchen" in the country, with deep-freeze and cold-storage capacity for forty tons of food, and it has a dining area capable of feeding two thousand people at a time, the biggest cultural center in the country, a reception center, a discothèque, a hundred-and-eighty-four-foot water tower with a viewing gallery at the top (where a restaurant is also planned), and a couple of hundred duplex flats with private, enclosed terraces and space for private gardens. No one seems to know whether the government will try to recover the cost of the flats by auctioning them off to prosperous people—everybody is angling for one—or will retain them for occasional international competitions. (The government has succeeded in enticing the Afro-Asian Games here, to be held later this year, and is now trying to

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Clarinetist Richard Stoltzman photographed by Irving Penn

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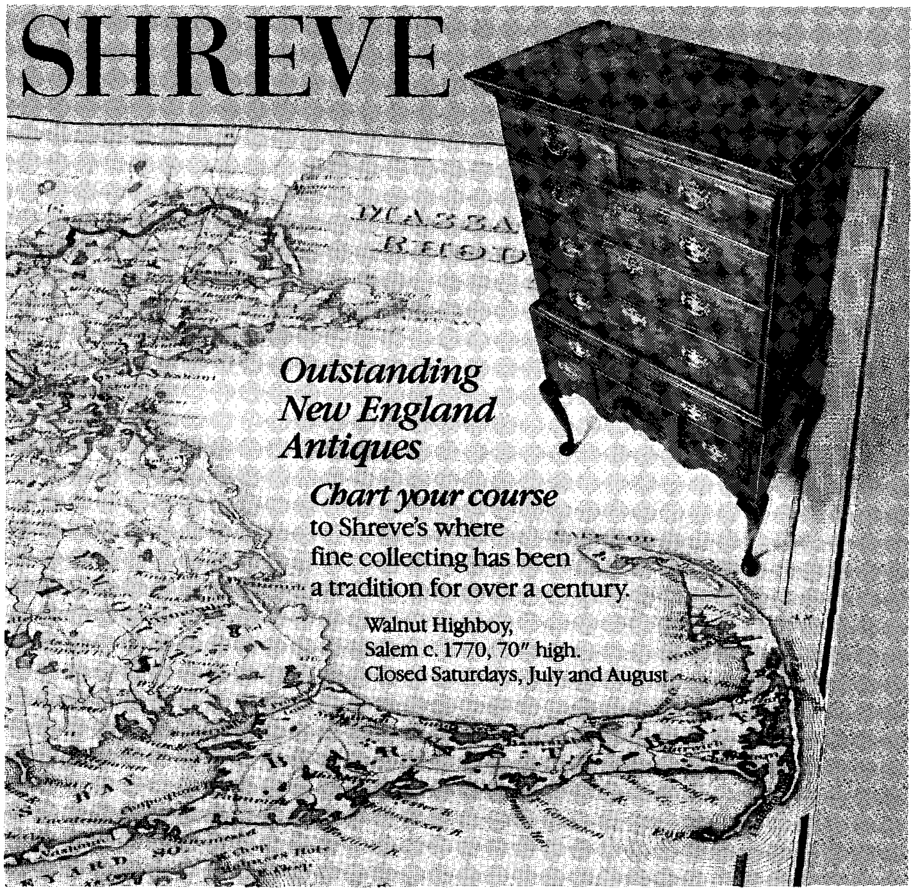

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lure the 1992 Olympic Games.) In either case, it is hard to imagine what useful purpose the public facilities can possibly serve.

The Asian Games are considered to have been a failure. The expected attendance from the country and abroad never materialized. Venders, who had obtained expensive government licenses to supply ice cream, say, complained that they had been stuck with their goods. But the sports events themselves went off without a hitch—a circumstance that the press celebrated exuberantly. "As one spectator was overheard remarking after watching the proceedings for a week: 'If only they could run the country like this, India wouldn't have a care in the world,' " *India Today* wrote. "As a diplomatic and public relations coup, the Games had no rival since Independence." Most of the time, however, the Games seemed to be a contest between the Japanese and the Chinese. Indians won only thirteen gold medals out of a hundred and ninety-six. (Indians were even defeated in field hockey, which, with cricket, is the most popular sport here, and the defeat was especially galling because it was inflicted by the Pakistanis.) But people here have tried to put a good face on it. One columnist wrote, "If all these fancy athletes from abroad are really such hot shots, let them stay in Delhi for a decent interval, drink the water we drink, eat the food we eat, socialize with the mosquitoes we socialize with, and then compete with us."

STARTING in December, 1979, a volatile mass protest movement led by students in the state of Assam practically paralyzed the functioning of the government there. The protesters demanded the disenfranchisement or expulsion of all the Bengali migrants who since 1951, attracted by Assam's sparse population and rich resources, had been coming in from East Pakistan or Bangladesh (formerly East Pakistan) and from West Bengal. There came to be four million or so Bengalis in Assam, constituting a fifth of the state's population. They stuck out as a visible foreign presence in Assam's essentially rural landscape, because they congregated in the few cities and in squatter communities. Most of the Bengalis were Muslims, and most of the Assamese were Hindus. Most of the Bengalis were poor refugees, and the Assamese considered them a blight on their way of life and on their economic and political power. Mrs. Gandhi had all along rejected the protesters' demands, contending that to give in on the issue of disenfranchisement would create different classes of citizens and that there was no way to repatriate any of them to Bangladesh (Bangladesh denied the existence of any Bangladeshi refugees in Assam) or to deport them to another state (that would only transfer the Bengali problem elsewhere). She contended that the government could not tolerate a challenge to its authority in Assam and hope to make a stand against the demands of other religious, ethnic, and linguistic minorities, such as the Sikhs. (Assam has two million or so tribal people, who have been agitating for a separate territory. So far, their agitation is only smoldering). Over the years, Mrs. Gandhi tried to defuse the protest movement by dissolution of the legislative assembly, by suspension of civil liberties, and by disciplinary action against government workers who took part in protests; for nearly a year she held talks with the protest leaders in Delhi. The discussions were having some success, but even the more moderate leaders would not give in on the issue of disenfranchisement of at least some of the Bengalis. (The initial Bengali Partition refugees have more legal status than, for instance, Bangladeshi refugees, who came twenty years later.) They claimed that Mrs. Gandhi was holding out on the issue only because the Bengalis provided her and her party a bank of automatic votes.

Early this year, Mrs. Gandhi precipitated a head-on confrontation with the Assamese protesters. She called an election for Assam's legislative assembly and for Parliament in February, even though the protesters had said that they would boycott any election in which all the Bengalis were voting. Since March, 1982, her government had ruled Assam from New Delhi under the constitution's emergency provision. It could have continued the rule beyond a year by a two-thirds vote of Parliament, but Mrs. Gandhi decided to gamble on the election. The stakes were enormous. The boycott would assure a victory for her and her party and offset in some measure the defeats in the South, but there could be violence that would be difficult to control.

The election campaign was carried on almost at gunpoint. At least fifty battalions of paramilitary forces were deployed to maintain order. Parties refrained from announcing their candi-

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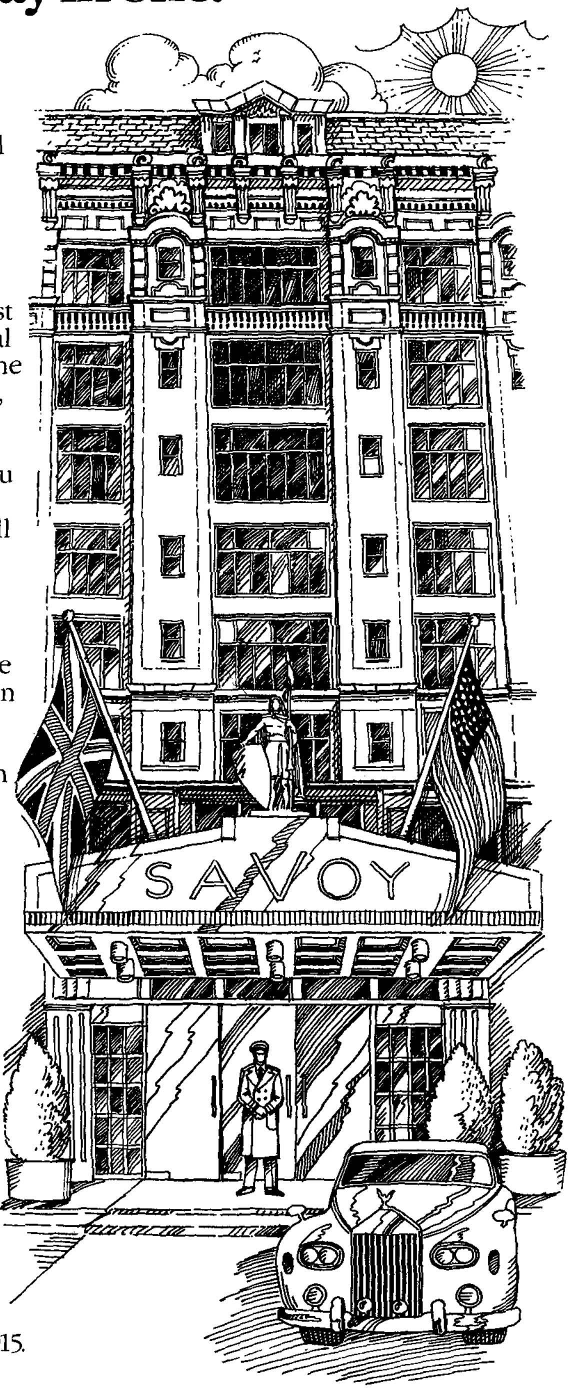

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dates until the last possible moment, for fear of mob reprisals. Fifty per cent of the Congress Indira candidates were Bengalis and Muslims, and they spoke at rallies only at the risk of their lives. Many of them moved with armed guards. (One Congress Indira candidate for Parliament was shot dead while he was addressing a political rally.) Bridges, roads, and railway tracks were blown up, fragmenting Assam's population and making orderly polling almost impossible. Although in the election Congress Indira gained a huge majority in the legislative assembly and won all the seats in Parliament, the election was attended by the worst outbreak of Hindu-Muslim violence since Partition, in 1947. More than five thousand people, most of them Bengalis and many of them women and children, were killed by mobs carrying spears and knives. Perhaps as many as three hundred thousand Bengalis were made refugees. They are living now in refugee camps in Assam and in neighboring states. At the time of this writing, Assam is virtually under military rule.

IN addition to the Maneka–Mrs. Gandhi row, the Sikh agitation, the complications created by the Games and their facilities, and the violence in Assam, everyone here is talking about caste wars (in some parts of the country Brahmans have razed entire villages of Untouchables); about spreading banditry in the countryside (in June the chief minister of Uttar Pradesh resigned because he was not able to control banditry in his state); about a precipitous rise in malaria (bad sanitation everywhere is breeding mosquitoes, which have lately become insecticide-resistant); about a virulent outbreak of dengue fever (half of Delhi seemed to be down with it last autumn); about the government's increasing reliance on the Army to maintain law and order (in two states last summer mutinous police indulged in mob violence, and order was restored only when the Army was called in); about the economic "boomlet" in the country (since returning to power Mrs. Gandhi has been relaxing socialist controls in order to encourage capitalist-type investments, and the consequent perpetual shortages and blackmarketeering have put up the price of everything); about Mrs. Gandhi's growing international lustre (last year she visited England, America, and the Soviet Union, to great public acclaim in each country, and this March she

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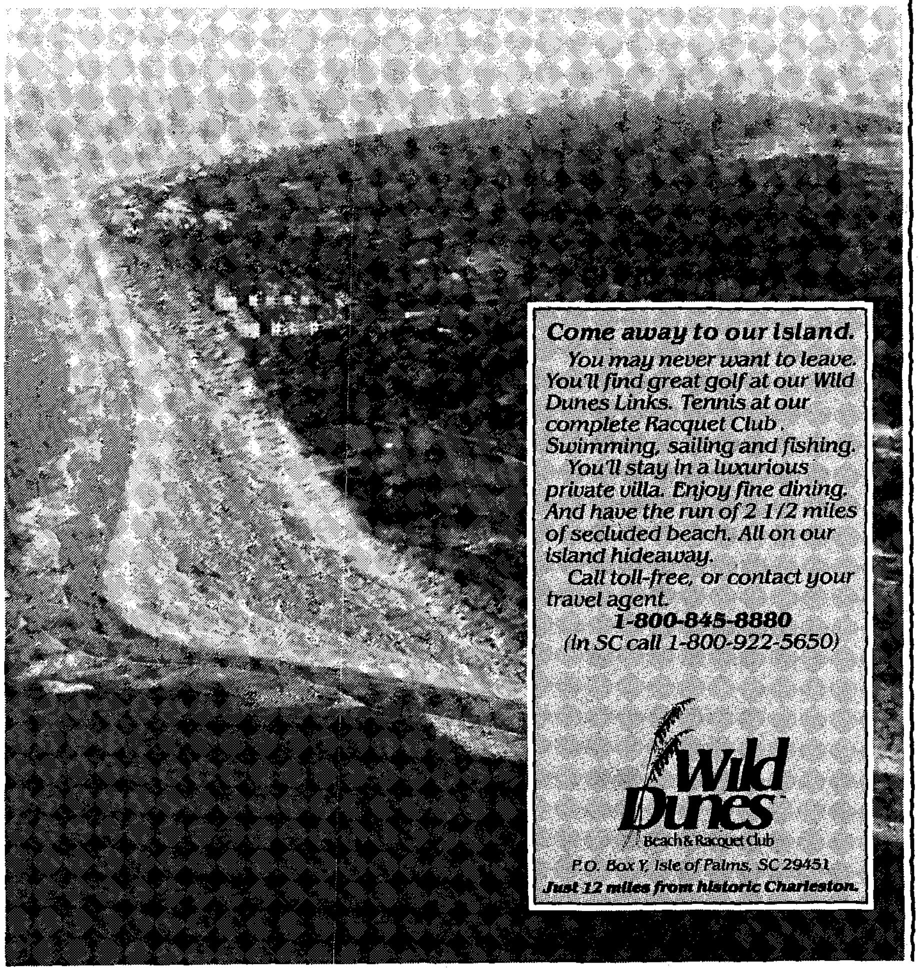

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took over the chairmanship from Fidel Castro of a conference of nonaligned nations that was held in New Delhi); about her diplomatic coup in obtaining enriched uranium (apparently, the French, with the approval of the Reagan Administration, will, after all, supply fuel for the Tarapur nuclear plant, near Bombay, without all the safeguards that the American government insisted on); about dangers to Indian security from Afghanistan (ever since the time of Mahmud of Ghazni, who lived from 971 to 1030, Hindu India has been overrun by armies of invaders from Central Asia, who have come through the region of Afghanistan and the Khyber Pass); about various attempts to silence the press (the state of Bihar almost passed an Emergency-type press-censorship bill, which was regarded here as a trial balloon for a similar national bill); and about the opening here of the film "Gandhi," which has aroused feelings of national pride not known since the early years of Independence (the government helped finance the British film, over protests by the Indian film industry, and its success around the world has been seen as Mrs. Gandhi's greatest propaganda coup). Beneath this talk—in discussions of India's purchase of four million tons of wheat from America, of the blighted weather in 1982, and of the government's ineptitude in giving emergency aid to farmers—moves the spectre of famine, for the land is in the grip of what seems to be the worst drought of the century, and some hundred million people are reported to be on the verge of starvation; in fact, the present drought in West Bengal and Bihar has revived memories of the Great Bengal Famine of 1943, in which as many as three million people may have died. Food in the stomach, it seems, remains the main preoccupation of the people of India.

—VED MEHTA

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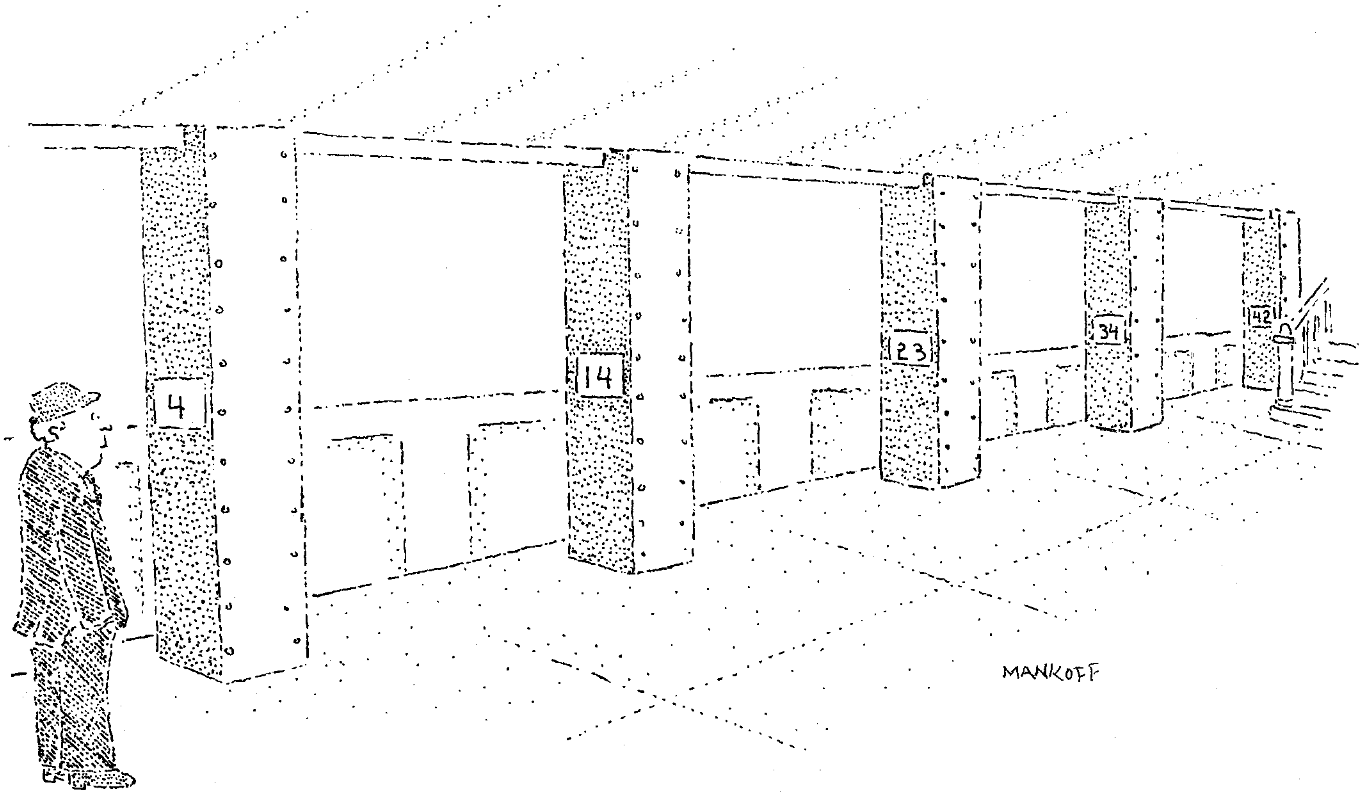
Survivors

AFTER fifty years of its being performed throughout the world, little need be said about Noël Coward's "Private Lives" save that it boasts one of the most nearly perfect first acts of any comedy in English, and that the second and third acts (which, in accordance with our present welcome custom, could readily be telescoped into one) decline into repetitious persiflage. Quite ordinary actors cannot fail to make something worthwhile out of the play's wittily symmetrical beginnings, but extraordinary skill is required to bring off the rest of it. In the first act of the production now at the Lunt-Fontanne, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, though obviously miscast, manage to carry out most of Coward's intentions in a fairly creditable fashion; it is even possible to say that their age and our knowledge of their personal lives, both together and apart, add a note of pathos to lines that, as written, were expected to be batted smartly back and forth like shuttlecocks by a couple of sexually nimble, moonlight-besotted thirty-year-olds. By now, Taylor and Burton have the look of valiant survivors; what they bear silent witness to in their persons is too often painfully at odds with Coward's text. No matter; it appears that they are eager to be seen, and it appears that the public is eager to see them. Moreover, the production is being given valuable support by the exertions of John Cullum and Kathryn Walker, playing two of the most mischievously ill-treated consorts in all literary history. It is also being given support in the form of charming sets, designed by David Mitchell; charming costumes, designed by Theoni V. Aldredge (with the exception, that is, of a black-and-white number that Miss Taylor wears in the third act and that makes her resemble a winged but almost legless bird of prey); and romantic lighting, designed by Tharon Musser. Milton Katselas is the director of record, though he is reported to have left the production before it came to town. I am always reluctant to learn of troubles backstage, especially with Coward; like the gnomons in any of a thousand English gardens, his work exists to mark none but sunny hours.

HERMAN WOUK brought out "The Caine Mutiny" as a novel in 1951—it won the Pulitzer Prize—and turned it into a highly successful play in 1953. (Still later, it was made into a movie starring Humphrey Bogart.) The play is now being given an excellent production at the Circle in the Square, and I assure you that it remains a vigorous and agreeable feat of theatrical writing. It is cast in the form of a Navy court-martial, with a brief final scene that serves as a sort of coda and that is in fact a sermon preached by the author, whose moral earnestness as a citizen has often tempted him into taking certain grave chances as an artist. No doubt Mr. Wouk would rather succumb to this temptation than resist it. Such a decision is one of the signs by which we distinguish between seriousness, which can afford to leave much of value unsaid, and earnestness, which cannot. If Mr. Wouk is earnest, he is also a crackerjack inventor of exciting plots, and "The Caine Mutiny" should have no difficulty in keeping you close to the edge of your seat.

As all but tiny tots among my readers will be aware, the time of "The Caine Mutiny" is the Second World War, and Caine is the name of an ancient minesweeper somewhere in the South Pacific, whose captain, Lieutenant Commander Philip Francis Queeg, is the unlucky possessor of an unusually paranoid personality. In ordinary circumstances, he is able to cope; under extreme pressure, he goes to pieces. When the Caine encounters a fierce typhoon and is threatened with foundering, Captain Queeg refuses to accept the advice of his executive officer, Lieutenant Stephen Maryk, who in order to save the ship



relieves Captain Queeg of his duties and takes charge in his place; Maryk is in the dock as a result of this bold action and is being defended by a young Navy flier, Lieutenant Barney Greenwald. The play begins with Greenwald informing Maryk that he would rather be prosecuting him than defending him; Greenwald had been asked to accept assignment to the case by a friend of his from civilian life, Lieutenant Commander John Challee, of the Judge Advocate's office. At first, Greenwald appears bent upon losing the case, but the truth is that he is determined to win it, even at the cost of cruelly exposing the many personal and professional weaknesses of Captain Queeg.

Since the action consists of a series of mostly hostile verbal exchanges among the defendant, his lawyer, the prosecutor, the presiding officer of the court, and a series of witnesses, it is of life-and-death importance that the play be well cast. And indeed it is, with John Rubinstein giving a superb performance as Greenwald and Michael Moriarty doing scarcely less well in the role of Queeg. William Atherton, as Challee, occasionally conveys the impression of being almost as creepy as Queeg, which lends an unexpected and injudicious twist to the plot, but Jay O. Sanders, J. Kenneth Campbell, Jonathan Hogan, and Stephen Joyce are all admirable in secondary roles, and so, in still smaller roles, are Jace Alexander, Brad Sullivan, Leon B. Stevens, and Geoffrey Horne. The minimal set is by John Falabella, the minimal costumes (what can you do with naval uniforms except get the stripes and buttons right?) are by David Murin, the lighting is by Richard Nelson, and the direction, adroit and energetic, is by Arthur Sherman.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

What's He Up To?

THOMAS BABE'S "Kid Champion" and "A Prayer for My Daughter" have established him as one of the most interesting dramatists we have, with a vision that is all his own. Line by line, he is incapable of being dull. Having said that, I must also say that his "Buried Inside Extra," which opened last week at the Public, has me stumped; I have no idea what he's up to. The play appears to be a kind of tongue-in-cheek fantasy, not meant to be realistic or to be taken literal-

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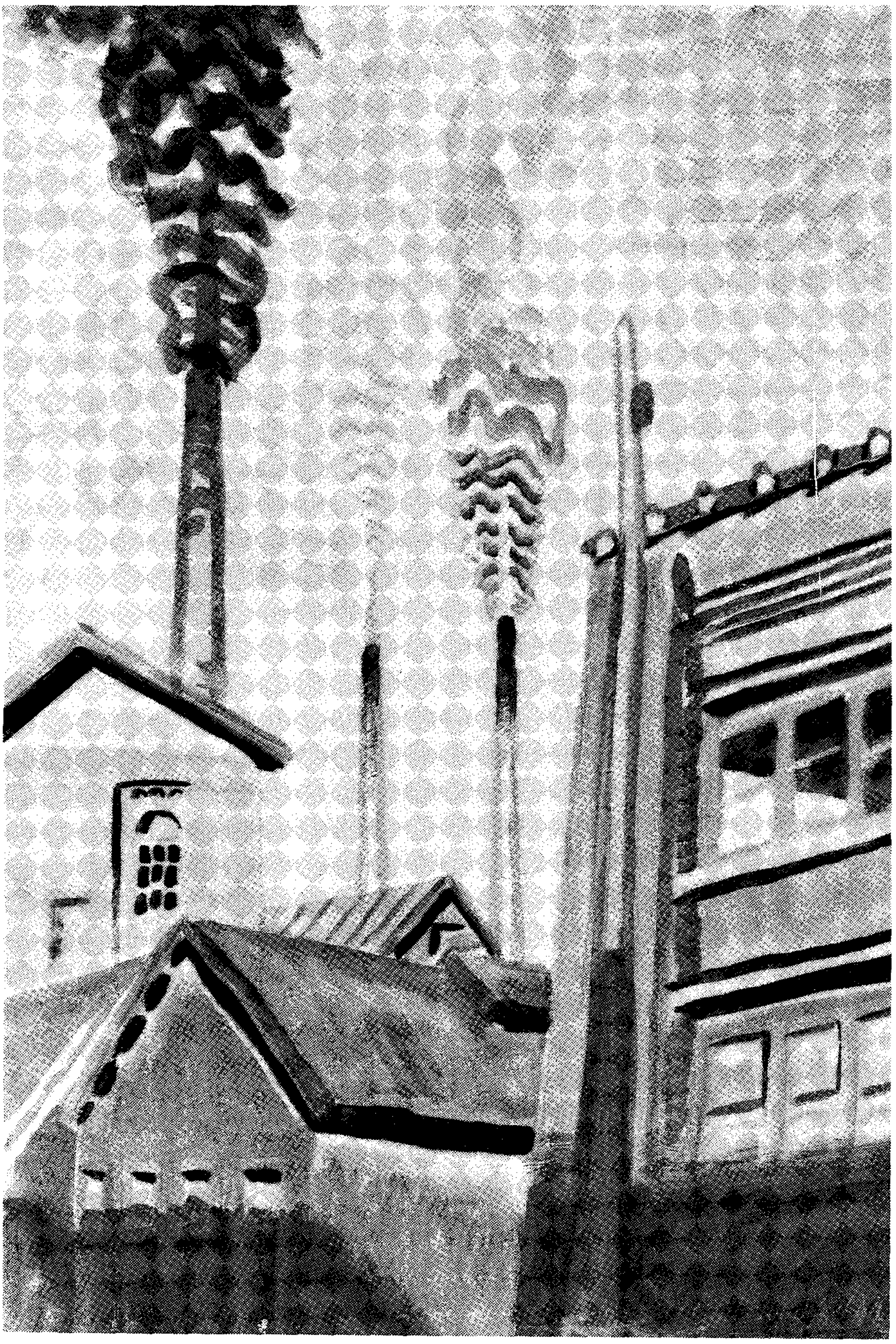

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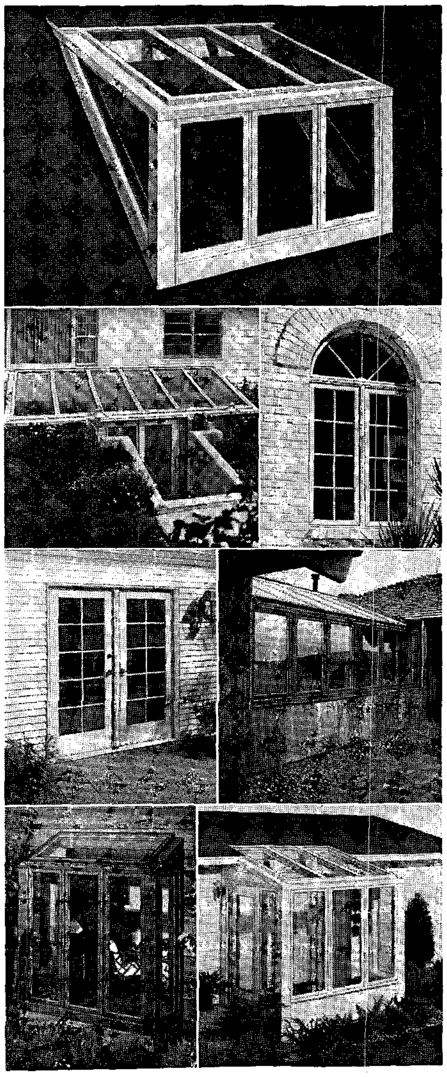

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ly. The setting is a newspaper city room, in the middle of the night, right after the final edition of the paper has gone to press—final edition, as we learn, in a couple of senses. The characters are the hard-drinking city editor, who lets slip that the paper is closing down with the edition that has just gone to press, and that he has neglected to post the closing notice; the editor of the women's page, with whom he has been having an affair for many years (and who is a pretty hard drinker herself); a tough old reporter (another drunk); an abstemious young reporter; and the city editor's unloved wife, who appears for one brief scene near the end of the second act. As may be obvious, these characters could be considered stereotypes, based on the dramatis personae of any number of movies and plays, from "The Front Page" on. At any rate, shortly after the action starts an anonymous phone call warns everybody that an atomic bomb is lodged somewhere inside the building. The police are summoned, and eventually the would-be bomber is identified (from among those present). Along the way, there are a seduction scene between young reporter and women's-page editor, a couple of revelations, and some nasty quarrels. By the time the show is over, the city editor has been allowed to finish a joke about the Emperor Nero that he has been trying to tell throughout the evening; "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," which the old reporter keeps singing (and which functions in the same way that "You Are My Sunshine" did in "A Prayer for My Daughter"), has become a general chorus; and we are back where we started. The play closes as it opens, with the clicking of typewriters.

If "Buried Inside Extra" is meant to be a parody of old-fashioned movies and plays about newspapers with a number of trimmings from up-to-date thrillers about nuclear explosions, it isn't funny. My hunch is that Mr. Babe has something more subtle or devious in mind, but his intentions remain mysterious. The cast, however, is absolutely first-rate. Hal Holbrook is the city editor, Vincent Gardenia is the old reporter, and Dixie Carter is the women's-page editor; since they are meant to be drunk much of the time, they speak, perforce, in a peculiar, fuzzy way. William Converse-Roberts is the young teetotaller, and Sandy Dennis is the quiet, two-timed

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wife, who almost allows the city editor to leave her and marry his mistress and then doesn't. Every moment plays, but what a baffling evening all the same! Joseph Papp directed. The setting, costumes, and lighting, all of them appropriate, were designed by Mike Boak, Theoni V. Aldredge, and Ralph K. Holmes, respectively.

—Edith Oliver

• •

THE RIVER

I

Look west, over the low-flowing river.
Houses, like torn white cards, cling to the cliffside.
Below me, the city's stuttering, interrupted miles.

When Hudson's ships rode the uptide,
A solitary flutter, its waters appeared to flow upward
Like the soft clarity of the mind itself.
Now a bridge arches into bluing air;
Ball fields in the park resemble sexual flowers:
The bruised earth of the pitcher's mound,
Foul lines curving toward the water.

An all-day news broadcast fills my living room
And the half-life within: enigmas, voices.

For three years I have lived above this trough
In the earth and watched the slowly wheeling light—
Years which wrote their scorchings and frights on me.
In its cradle of rock, twenty-four stories down,
The river was another world, vast, clear, and sweet,
Like a slowly drawn bow playing one never-wavering note.

II

When my daughter was an hour old, flailing
In the aseptic glow of the hospital cradle,
Eyes squeezed shut, already bruised by light,
From her mouth came a thinning sound,
As if a creature were trapped behind her gums.

Her river, this honeyed crawl from nowhere to nowhere,
This gunmetal flow, will blink as if it had never been.

Genevieve, one day you will remember someone:
A glimpse, a voice called forth to live as part of you,
Telling you what I never did—what the living
Never say—because the words ran backward in my breath,
Binding you to the dark as to a source.

III

Octagonal paving stones; a fine spray
Of shadows across the Drive;
The iron skeleton of a jungle gym
Where children clamber and slide.
A block down, drummers thump patterns
Of hollow notes. Beer cans, paper bags.
The dour gait of joggers,
As if life were always uphill, always older.

Walking next to me, your hand wrapped
Around my thumb, your capering birdlike body
Seems not to touch the ground.

The river gleams beyond the stone parapet, a nether sky;
From a satellite's orbiting eye
It is a tail drooped indolently in the sun,
A root branching into a continent.

—Paul Zweig

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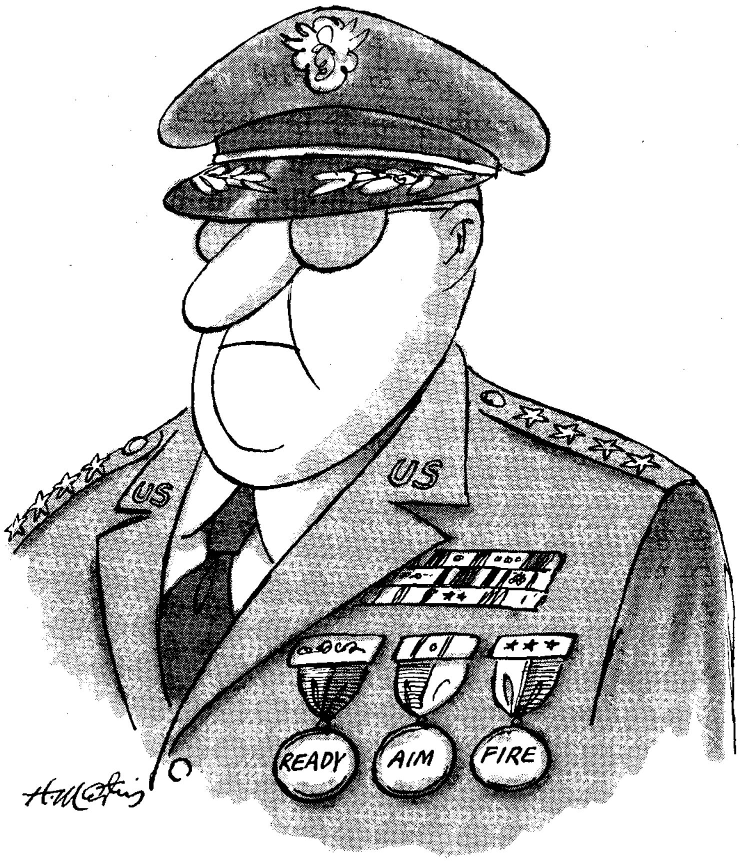
MUSICAL EVENTS

Pastoral-Tragical

THE first opera, if one reckons Jacopo Peri's "Dafne" a private experiment—a dramatic scene pointing the way—was his "Euridice," produced in Florence in 1600. Some scenes from it were done in New York in 1894, at the Berkeley Lyceum, on a bill with Royall Tyler's "The Contrast"—the first opera paired with the first American comedy (1787). "Euridice" had its full New York première last month in Christ Church, on Park Avenue, given by the Camerata of the Mannes College of Music. Once opera had been invented, there was no stopping it. It changed musical history. It changed the appearance of our cities, in some of which the opera house is a more prominent monument than the cathedral. For nearly four centuries, it has claimed the chief attention of most composers and has swallowed up huge sums of private and public money. It was curious to sit in the church, enjoying a modest—but accomplished—production, and reflect that this was how opera began. Peri's "Euridice" was overshadowed by Monteverdi's greater treatment of the same subject, seven years later, in his "Orfeo." Monteverdi and his librettist, Alessandro Striggio, built upon the work of Peri and his librettist, Ottavio Rinuccini, developing their ideas. Dr. Burney, who owned scores of the Peri, of Giulio Caccini's setting of the same text (performed in Florence in 1602), and of the Monteverdi, declared in his "History" that he was "unable to discover Monteverdi's superiority." It can be discovered. Nevertheless, Peri's "Euridice" provokes astonishment that the inventor of opera got most things right first time off, defining and turning to dramatic effect the tensions—between speech and song, recitative and aria, progressive narrative and formal repetition, solo and chorus, voices and instruments, singing and scenery, acting and dancing—in which opera, the most inclusive of the arts, has lived ever since. Monteverdi, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Wagner, Roger Sessions, and Peter Maxwell Davies had strong foundations on which to build.

Four years ago, I urged Peri's "Euridice" on the Juilliard School as an opera dramatic, melodious, and well worth staging. Mannes College, quicker to scan the opened horizons of music-making in our day, has taken the lead. Last year, its production of Marco da Gagliano's "Dafne" (1608) was praised. Next year, it moves onto unfamiliar ground, with Loreto Vittori's "Galatea," produced in Rome in 1639, and a reform opera at a time when decadence—in the shape of drama subordinated to spectacle—had already set in. The Mannes Camerata, directed by Paul Echols, has come far, fast. "Euridice" has a cast of seventeen. (In the Mannes production, three singers doubled roles, and—as in Howard Mayer Brown's performing edition—the roles of Charon and Rhadamanthus were merged.) Mr. Echols' artists were fresh and confident in their approach to a goal defined in his program note as "a full-bodied but extremely flexible voice capable of singing long, sinuous phrases, of negotiating intricate coloratura ornaments, and of employing vibrato as a coloristic device." The Orpheus, Toshiaki Kunii, achieved a fine crescendo of intensity in the strophes of "Funeste piagge," with its poignant refrain. Seven stanzas of prologue, from Tragedy, were not too many when Evelyn Simon decorated each of them differently. Marlene Hernandez, as Daphne, the nymph whose announcement of Eurydice's death suddenly clouds the pastoral rejoicing, held the listeners intent on her long narrative. Gregory Lorenz, as the shepherd Arcetrus, held them intent on his long narrative of Orpheus' despair and his meeting with Venus.

"Euridice" was sung in Italian. Authenticity would require a performance in the language of the audience. The expressiveness of comprehended words heightened by music was Peri's first aim; opera would not have caught on so surely had those first Florentine performances been given in, say, German. But Mannes is a teaching institution. Students need to master Italian (and other languages). On the other hand, students must also learn how to communicate directly and intimately with an audience—and that can be done fully only in the audience's language. Student productions should be sometimes in the original, sometimes in translation. Each way teaches different lessons. The Mannes singers evidently knew what they were saying. They uttered the words expressively even when they mispronounced them. There was a bigger band—seventeen players, plus a quartet of cornetts and dulcians in a gallery—than, on my reading of the scant surviving evidence, I believe Peri had in 1600. But opera orchestras soon grew larger, and in any case Mr. Echols' aim was not "to re-create the original performance" but "to recapture the over-all vocal style and instrumental sound of early Italian mu-



sic drama." He is an adept at using available forces, spaces, and individual abilities stylishly. If his instrumentalists sat between the singers and the audience, not in the wings, if they often took the beat from their conductor, instead of watching and taking their cues directly from the singers they accompanied, and if their obbligatos were composed in an improvisatory style, instead of being improvised, there were practical reasons therefor. (For one, the church setting provided no wing space.) There was simple, effective scenery: tall pavilions rose up as if by magic in the sanctuary; moving panels suggested prospects of Arcady or Avernus. The 1600 production used lighting effects—a contemporary report tells of simulated daylight in the pastoral scenes and a coppery glow, with tongues of flame glimpsed through rifts, in the Underworld—and so did this one. Above all, the music drama moved affectingly and well. The familiar, wonderful tale—unfaded allegory of music's power to influence and alter our lives—was told in accents and with a scenic shapeliness that caught one up afresh in its emotional situations.

CRITIC after critic, year after year, has been returning from Finland—from visits to the Savonlinna Festival and to Helsinki—proclaiming that there, at least, opera is still taken seriously, that there "noble attempts, like those of Tippett and Berg, to revive its ancient function," of reëxpressing social myth, are not (as Christopher Small puts it in his "Music-Society-Education") "doomed to triviality by the essential frivolity of its audience." In the last decade alone, fourteen new Finnish operas have been produced. (In fifteen years, the Met has not put on a single American opera—the last was Marvin David Levy's "Mourning Becomes Electra," in 1967.) One of them, Joonas Kokkonen's "The Last Temptations," first staged in 1975, is approaching its two-hundredth performance. Aulis Sallinen's "The Red Line," first staged in 1978, is approaching its hundredth. Both were created in Helsinki, by the Finnish National Opera, whose house holds five hundred, and have been played at Savonlinna, in a castle courtyard holding about two thousand. The company has taken the two works to Germany, Switzerland, and Sweden, and "The Red Line" to Russia. In 1979, it brought them to London, to Sadler's

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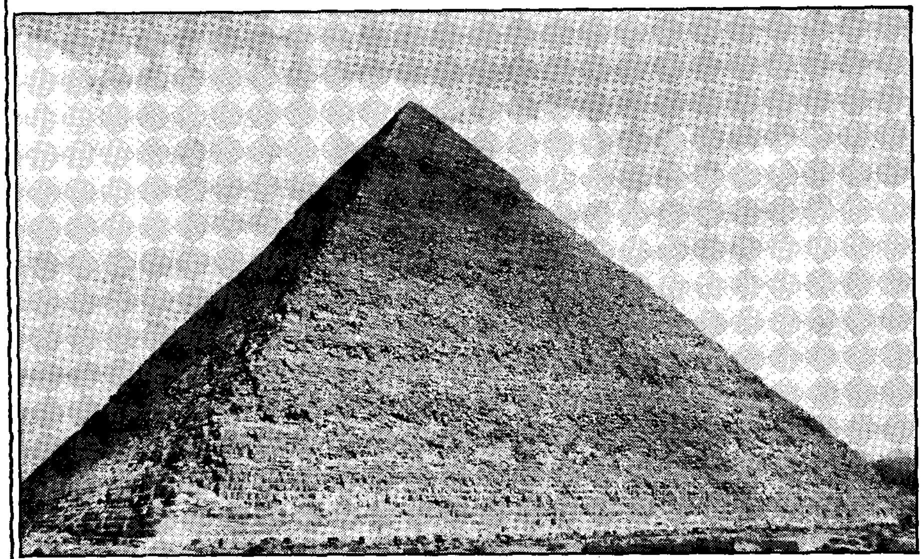

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Wells. Both have been recorded. Last month, the Finnish National Opera visited the Met and gave two performances each of "The Last Temptations" and "The Red Line."

They are certainly serious operas. A résumé of "The Last Temptations" begins:

> Paavo Ruotsalainen, a revivalist preacher, lies restless on his deathbed. . . . He relives in his imagination the trials of his life and his struggles with his own sinfulness and with his enemies. Again and again he dreams that he is prevented from going through the barrier of Heaven.

And a résumé of "The Red Line" begins:

> Topi, a poor crofter, lives with his wife Riika and their children in the bleak north Finnish backwoods, eking out a miserable livelihood near starvation level. A marauding bear . . . has just killed one of their precious sheep.

In "The Last Temptations," Paavo and his wife, Riitta, "accidentally trample their baby underfoot" while struggling to prevent frost from destroying their meagre crop. In "The Red Line," Topi and Riika's undernourished children sicken, and "one after another they die." Kokkonen's opera ends happily in that Paavo gets to Heaven. (So the libretto suggests, although at the Met the wicket representing Heaven's bar remained closed.) Sallinen's opera ends with mingled hope and tragedy. The winning of a people's election—its ballot papers marked with a red line—brings "the promise of a new life," but not for Topi, who has gone off to fight the bear and, offstage, is lying dead: "Blood is pouring from his throat, in a red line."

The libretto of "The Last Temptations," condensed from a play by Lauri Kokkonen, the composer's cousin, is close in matter to Ibsen's "Brand" but lacks its high dramatic images and vivid characterizations. Kokkonen's music has roots in Mussorgsky and Sibelius; some passages suggest Hindemith. In the Met, the piece seemed earnest but rather drab. It is more enjoyable in the recording; listening to the voices and the instruments in closeup and following the words in a bilingual libretto, one kindles to the sober intensity of Kokkonen's score and to glowing performances from artists who knew that what they said was being understood. (The recording, on Deutsche Grammophon, is of the 1977 Savonlinna performance.) The Met, too large a

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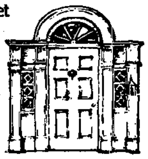

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house to allow any opera to make its full effect, was particularly hard on "The Last Temptations." The piece was played against black curtains on a bare stage, with a few pieces of furniture and hints of homestead—a kind of décor more effective in small theatres than in large, where it becomes funereal. Martti Talvela, for whom the main role was tailored, was ill; Jaakko Ryhänen, who played Paavo, has a big bass but was a stodgy actor. Ritva Auvinen, as Riitta, shines out on the records but in the Met sometimes pushed her soprano into impurity and unsteadiness. The other principal roles, Paavo's grown son Juhana, a tenor, and a village smith and revivalist, a baritone, were well taken by Matti Heinikari and Tapani Valtasaari. A semichorus of three women and three men playing various roles in the narrative offered keen, brilliant cameo performances. The choral writing is important; rugged old hymn tunes are prominent. In a smaller theatre, the Finnish chorus's sheer weight of fervent tone is probably tremendous, a dramatic presence in itself.

There is more professional skillfulness, less homespun, in the composition of "The Red Line." Sallinen came to prominence with "The Horseman," produced in Savonlinna in 1975. "The Red Line" is his second opera. (A third, "The King Goes Forth to France," has been jointly commissioned by Covent Garden, the BBC, and Savonlinna.) Mussorgsky seems again to be an influence, traces of Prokofiev are evident, and throwing in the names of Janáček and Berg may begin to suggest something of the musical world. The libretto, Sallinen's own, is based on Ilmari Kianto's 1911 novel of the same title. Its allegories are somewhat ambivalent and obscure, perhaps deliberately so. The marauding bear, according to the synop-

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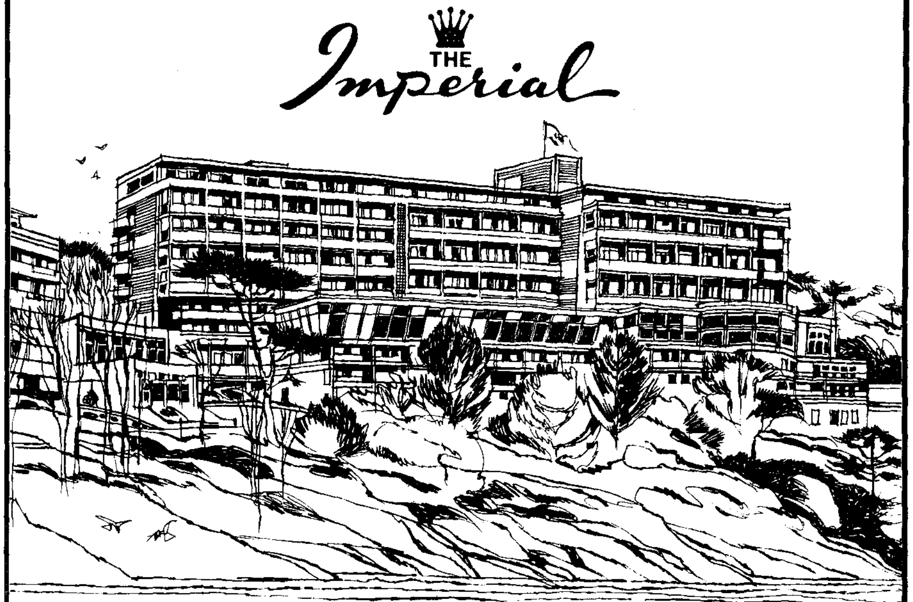

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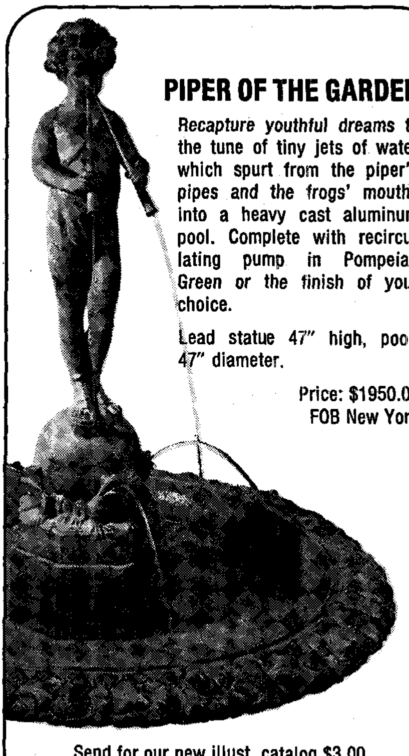
sis, is "a symbol of hostile Nature," but its proximity to the Russian border is more than once stressed. The Socialist election victory may bring that "promise of a new life" to the people of Finland, but coincident with its announcement "the bear has awakened and has come to attack once again." A Socialist agitator and his glib clichés are treated satirically, and Act I ends with something close to a parody of a Prokofiev uplifting patriotic assertion. In an Act II double-chorus of opposed ideologies, the group led by a young priest, questioning the benevolence of "the new reckless spirit" that flies over Finland on red wings, has the more eloquent music. In an *Opera News* interview, Sallinen observes that a Moscow critic of "The Red Line" complained that the working class had not been "positively" presented. He continues, "Well, I see problems in life, contradictions in the struggle toward belief, and I have to portray things as I see them." His young priest represents the voice of gentleness and seems to be the composer's spokesman. The village vicar—at least, in Topi's dream of him—is an inhumane monster. A cobbler and his wife, Kunilla, ardent Socialists, and a kindly, pious old peasant woman, Kaisa, who tells Riika that the children's deaths are God's punishment of her and Topi for voting the red line, represent other extremes. In the final scene, there is this dialogue:

> KUNILLA (*brandishing a newssheet*): News from Helsinki! Our party is winning. Now the power of gentry and priests will vanish from this land. "New land distribution! Pensions for the old! . . . Children to be clothed and educated! . . . The whole way of life will improve!"
>
> KAISA: How can people be so blind? Do you not see how the Lord has already chastised this house? . . .
>
> KUNILLA: It's you who are blind. Don't you see it's the gentry's fault that there is death in this house? If there had been money and medicine, the children would not have died like puppies.

And at that point the dogs start barking. It is spring: the bear has attacked again, and Topi goes out to do battle with it. Sallinen does not try to answer the questions he raises. But most movingly he presents Topi and Riika as people of simple, lovable, heroic goodness in their struggle for existence against the forces of both cruel nature and an unjust society. There is something of Janáček, and something of Kurt Weill, in his clear, unaffected, unpatronizing portraits of the brave couple. "The Red Line" is an opera



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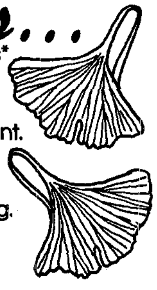

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one warms to. One would need to know the novel and the Finnish political situation before deciding that it is also, as it seems to be, a passionate if veiled denunciation of Russian Communism as something whose dangers outweigh its benefits, even to the oppressed—a remedy worse than the disease. The first act proved dramaturgically a shade scrappy; a peddler's song, reminiscent of Varlaam's song in "Boris," seemed too deliberate an injection of variety. Act II moved more surely. Sallinen has a flair for evocative, theatrically telling orchestral timbres. There is a chilling midwinter moment when a naïve political discussion is suddenly cut short by mysterious, menacing sounds, with offstage horns. The dogs on both sides of the border start barking, for they "sense what the people cannot: the bear is turning in his sleep."

Jorma Hynninen and Taru Valjakka, Topi and Riika, were fine performers. He is a baritone with a quick, live, emotional quality in his utterance and a beautiful, unforced tone. She is a lustrous soprano. Both are honest, unmannered, eloquent actors, good to look at, and portrayers of real people. There were first-rate performances from Matti Salminen (the peddler), Erkki Aalto (the young priest), Iris-Lilja Lassila (Kunilla, a speaking role), Anita Välkki, whom I last heard in 1961 at Covent Garden as a bright Brünnhilde (Kaisa), and Eero Erkkilä, the company's chorusmaster (the agitator). The setting—another almost bare stage, with black wings but, this time, a white backcloth—was far too large. But, to a woman and a man, the Finnish company, both here and in "The Last Temptations," showed a fine command of stage space. I've seldom seen a chorus move so well, so surely. In the Met, the effect of these productions was impressive. In a house of more suitable scale—say, the Brooklyn Academy—it would have been overwhelming. —ANDREW PORTER

•

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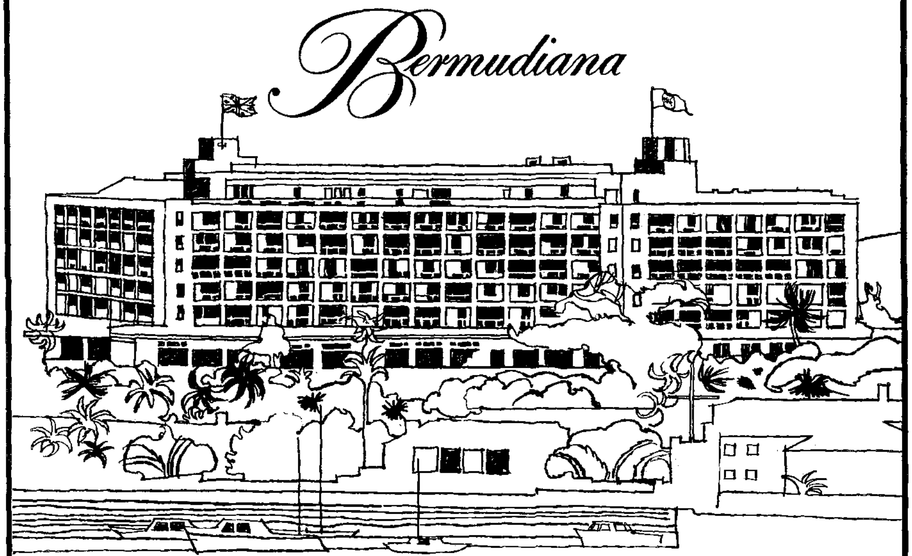

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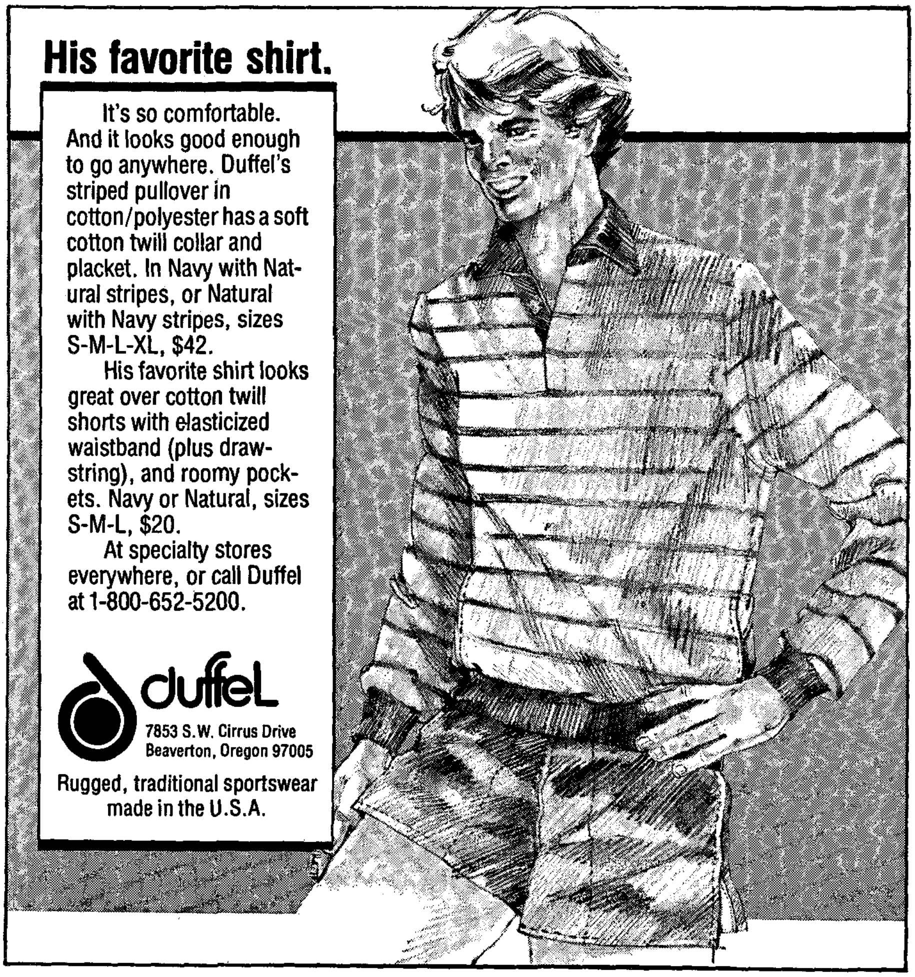

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

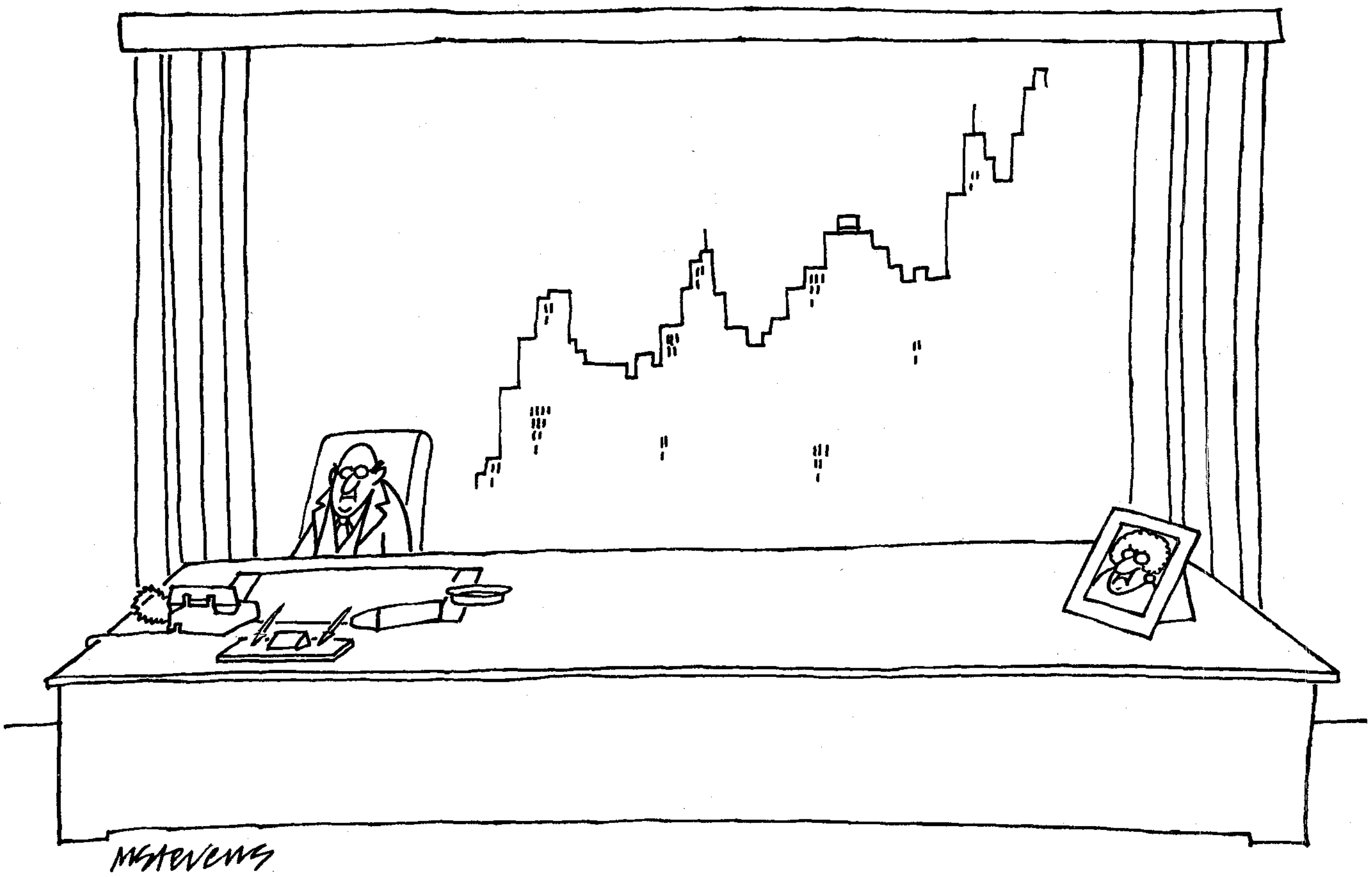
Gents and Hicks

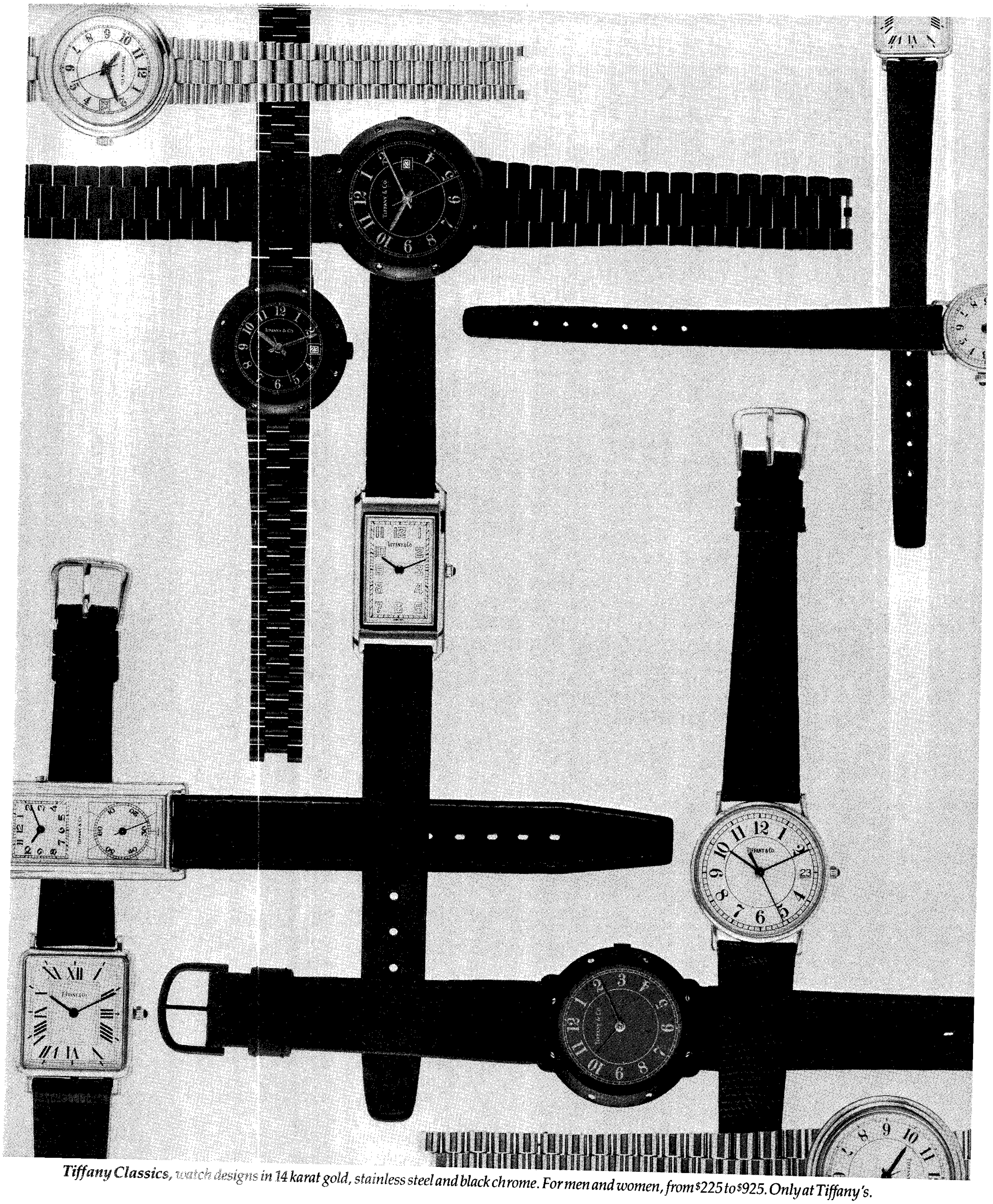
THE Swedes must have their own terms for the suppressed hysteria and the male obsession with proving oneself by great, daring achievements which we associate with Victorianism. In Jan Troell's "The Flight of the Eagle," an account of the 1897 North Pole expedition by balloon undertaken by the Swedish engineer S. A. Andrée and two colleagues, Andrée himself (played by Max von Sydow) is a classic case of raging fears hidden under a stoic, "manly" exterior. Andrée has brushed aside the judgments of experts that such a trip can only fail and has convinced the press and the public that he is an intrepid hero and the big, ballyhooed adventure a matter of national honor. He has raised money for the gigantic balloon—christened the Eagle—from the richest men in Sweden (including King Oscar II and Alfred Nobel). His only setback has been a humiliating postponement of the flight, first scheduled for 1896, because the winds weren't favorable. So in July of 1897, when weather conditions aren't really favorable, either, but don't seem too bad, the balloon house is torn down and the three pitifully inexperienced aeronauts go up.

The lift-off is a calamity. The Eagle—over a hundred feet high, with a hundred and sixty-nine thousand cubic feet of hydrogen—rises, then starts to fall into the ocean. Andrée orders ballast thrown overboard, and the balloon rises again, but in the confusion all three guide ropes are lost, and he and the other two men know that they will now have no way to control the thing. They will drift, at the mercy of the winds. They could save themselves, call off the expedition, and face the jeers of the well-wishers and journalists who have been celebrating the great occasion and are still waving, down below. But Andrée's fear of losing face is much stronger than his fear of losing his life, or his sense of responsibility for the other men's lives. The moment to admit failure passes, and the balloon floats northward. In a few days, it's heavily encrusted with ice and snow, and despite the struggles of the men, who throw out their provisions and manage to stay aloft for sixty-six hours, the winds force them down. The Eagle collapses on an ice floe five hundred miles from the Pole and about two hundred miles from land. Beached in the Arctic desolation, the amorphous, still partly swollen balloon looks like something horrible that has crept up from the sea and died.

Andrée's fantasy had already been deflated, in the chaos of the lift-off, when the other two men realized that he didn't know what he was doing—he had actually been up in balloons only a few times and never for more than three and a half hours. Even before they fall, all three of them recognize that they don't stand much chance of making it back. But—and this is certainly part of the Victorian spirit—Andrée never allows himself to appear discouraged. If he can't achieve the glory of planting the Swedish flag at the Pole, he may still make some scientific contributions. The others calculate the direction of the nearest land; they hope to go south. But Andrée decides that the group should head toward an unexplored region in the east.

They trudge over the shifting ice floes for almost three months, getting nowhere. Andrée, absorbed in his cataloguing of data, seems more than a little mad. He keeps scrupulous records of the thickness of the ice, the temper-





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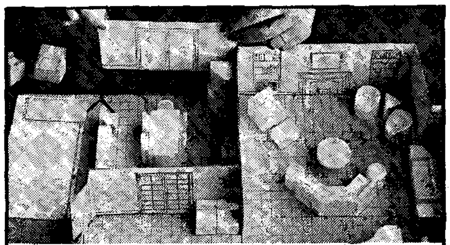

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ature of the air, and everything they see—even the hardships that they finally succumb to. In 1930, when the bodies of Andrée and his companions were found, his records were intact, preserved in his clothing where he had carefully stored them, and the negatives of the photographs taken were also recovered. Thirty-four of them turned out to be of good quality, and many of these can be seen in the movie. Periodically, the action is transformed into a black-and-white still; the effect is of a memento mori, and it helps to give "The Flight of the Eagle" a disturbing visual texture—a poignancy that goes beyond that of the usual epic film. We seem to be both inside this expedition, watching the interactions of the three men, and outside it, seeing it as something in the past. As the film goes on, its color palette contracts: warm colors disappear, and we are left with the glittering white of packed snow, the blue-white of snow casting shadows on itself (like eggs in a carton), and silvery grays, charcoal grays, dull, icy grays. When the men rip open a polar bear, its red flesh is a visual shock; the film has been turning into the black and gray and white of the photographs.

Jan Troell is both cinematographer and director here, as he was on his two-part epic "The Emigrants" and "The New Land," and is also, once again, the film editor and one of the collaborators on the script. (It's based on the 1967 book by Per Olof Sundman.) Troell goes right at his subject. He doesn't pamper the audience, and his actors don't stand out in a theatrical way. There's no coyness, no ingratiation, and none of the usual dramatic devices to alert us that big things are happening up there on the screen. There's no pressure, either. "The Flight of the Eagle" develops its own momentum.

Andrée's determination to make *something extraordinary* of his life is treated without romanticism, but is given its due. Von Sydow seems to get into a realm of almost mystic creativity, and he's scarily convincing; as he plays Andrée, we grasp why this man can't ever do the sensible thing to save his hide, and why he can't acknowledge his fears. Courage, gallantry, will power, and self-control mean far more to him than the physical passion of his mistress does. Andrée never sacrifices his unquestioned authority as the leader of the expedition. He doesn't lose his air of inquiry or his formality when he and the others are

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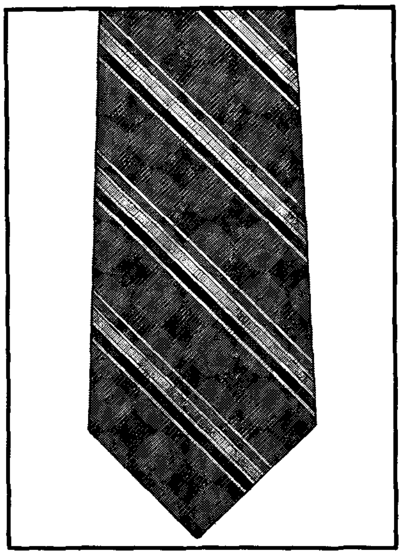
eating raw polar bear. (He isn't shaken until a polar bear gnaws on human flesh.) When he writes in his log that everything is fine, he's doing what he believes is an explorer's duty: to be hopeful, no matter what. He's a man of another century, and in some ways he seems remote from us even when we feel his pain and when we feel we see right through him. His two partners have more of a capacity for enjoying themselves, but initially, at least, they share his crazed vision. Nils Strindberg (Göran Stangertz), a gentle young physicist who loves music and his pianist fiancée, leaves her and the other good things on land to sail in the clouds (and fall through the ice). And the huge, burly Knut Fraenkel (Sverre Anker Ousdal), who is Andrée's spiritual adversary during the whole ordeal—a funny roughneck with an ironic twist to his hostility—blinds himself to the insanity of the expedition until it's too late. All three breathe the spirit of the age. Gentlemen of their time, they're interested in science and technology and the arts; they're eager to know whatever there is to be learned. At the last of the send-off parties given for these amateur aeronauts, Andrée dances with Lachambre (Clément Harari), the roly-poly, bearded little Frenchman who manufactured the Eagle, and who has dressed himself up as Mother Balloon. In costume or out, Lachambre is like a dreaming child who has turned into Kris Kringle. It's the age of Jules Verne.

Troell brings these characters from another time so close that by the end they're like possibilities inside us. And the big, black balloon, which represents so much folly and hope, is itself a character. At the beginning of the film, with the titles, we hear a restrained, percussive sound, premonitory and chilling; later, it's mixed with the sprightly tunes at the parties. It could almost be the voice of that monstrous dark blob on the ice—the warning that the three Victorians don't listen to. Troell's moviemaking here is a one-of-a-kind mixture of stolidity and lyricism, with a touch of the uncanny. The film is steady and evenly paced, whether it shows the men exercising to strengthen their bodies for the trip or posing as they are reproduced in wax for posterity. Andrée takes a replica of his head to his mother—presumably to comfort her in his absence or to remember him by if he doesn't return. This leader of men, with his gaunt dignity, and his pale-



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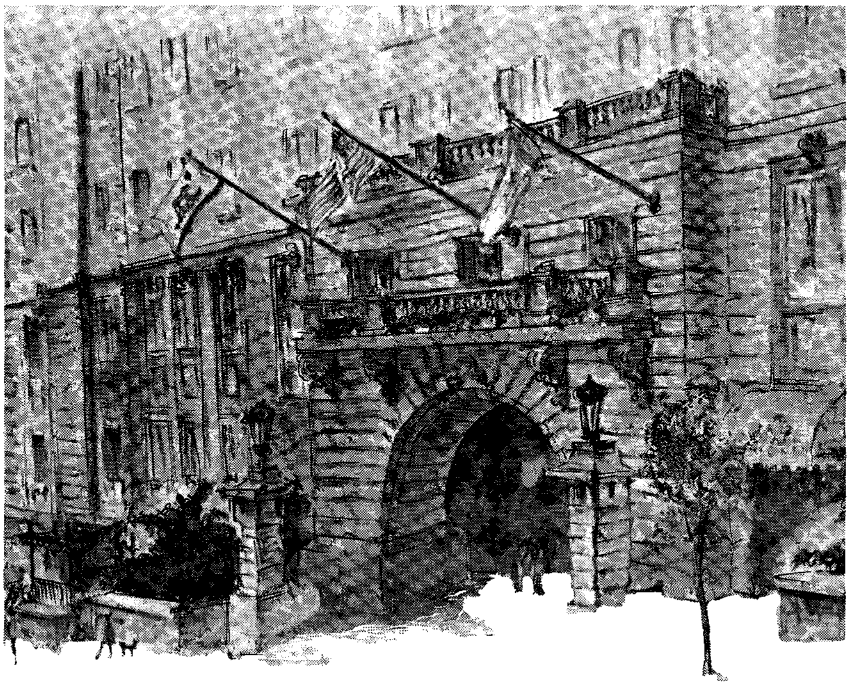

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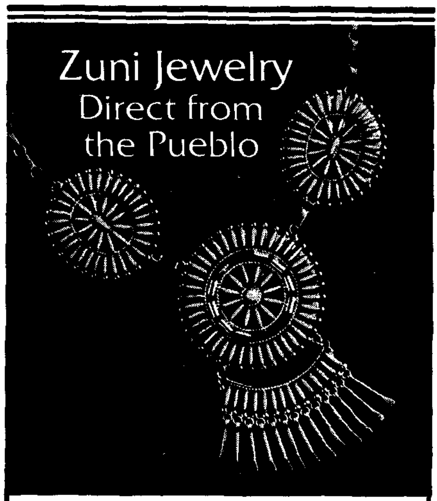
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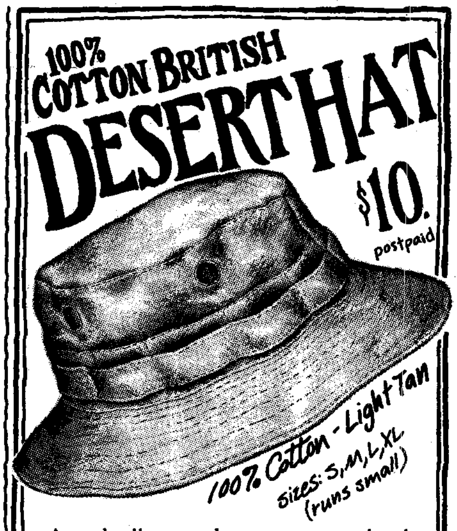
blond eyelashes and soft, carrot-blond hair, is at his most anxious and uncertain with his mother. When she objects to the beard on the replica, he explains that polar explorers need beards for warmth, but one by one he carefully pulls the whiskers out of the wax face, so she won't be distressed by them. The film shows us Nils Strindberg suffering in the cold and desperately ill on his birthday, and the other two trying to cheer him up with a gift: a tiny packet of candies. (Fraenkel says, "With true altruism, we only licked half of them.") Strindberg, who has the friendliest nature of the three, is physically the weakest; when the misery is too much for him he seems to begin living in the past—or an imagined future—with his fiancée. In the icy wastes, when the men think of erotic and happier times, the flashback fantasies are unnaturally bright and luminous and almost stiff—as if the men's memories were freezing, too. When Fraenkel and Strindberg do a festive little dance to celebrate the sick joke that the ice floes have changed direction so many times that Andrée has been leading them south without knowing it, the scene suggests the world of Beckett. Loneliness and suffering burn out both Fraenkel's and Strindberg's hopes, but Andrée, like those madmen in literature who go on classifying specimens when their world has fallen apart, keeps making the meticulous entries in his journals that will, long after his death, bring him the acclaim he sought: S. A. Andrée has become one of Sweden's national heroes—a great, mythic figure.

Troell's straightforward methods aren't novelistic; they're almost the opposite of the Masterpiece Theatre techniques. As a cinematographer-writer-director, he has a unity of image and idea which has rarely been attained since the silent era. He does what young film enthusiasts dream of doing—uses film as a painter uses paint, a writer uses pencil and paper. But "The Flight of the Eagle" gives you the feeling that you've got into a beautiful, whopping big book and are opening your mind and imagination to what it presents. When the balloon falls, the movie takes off, and it has the emotionally devastating effect of a great novel. There's a heft to Troell's sensibility. His landscapes are palpable, and the people in them are part of a magnificent visual sensuousness. He doesn't try to subdue nature; he accepts the rawness and the austerity along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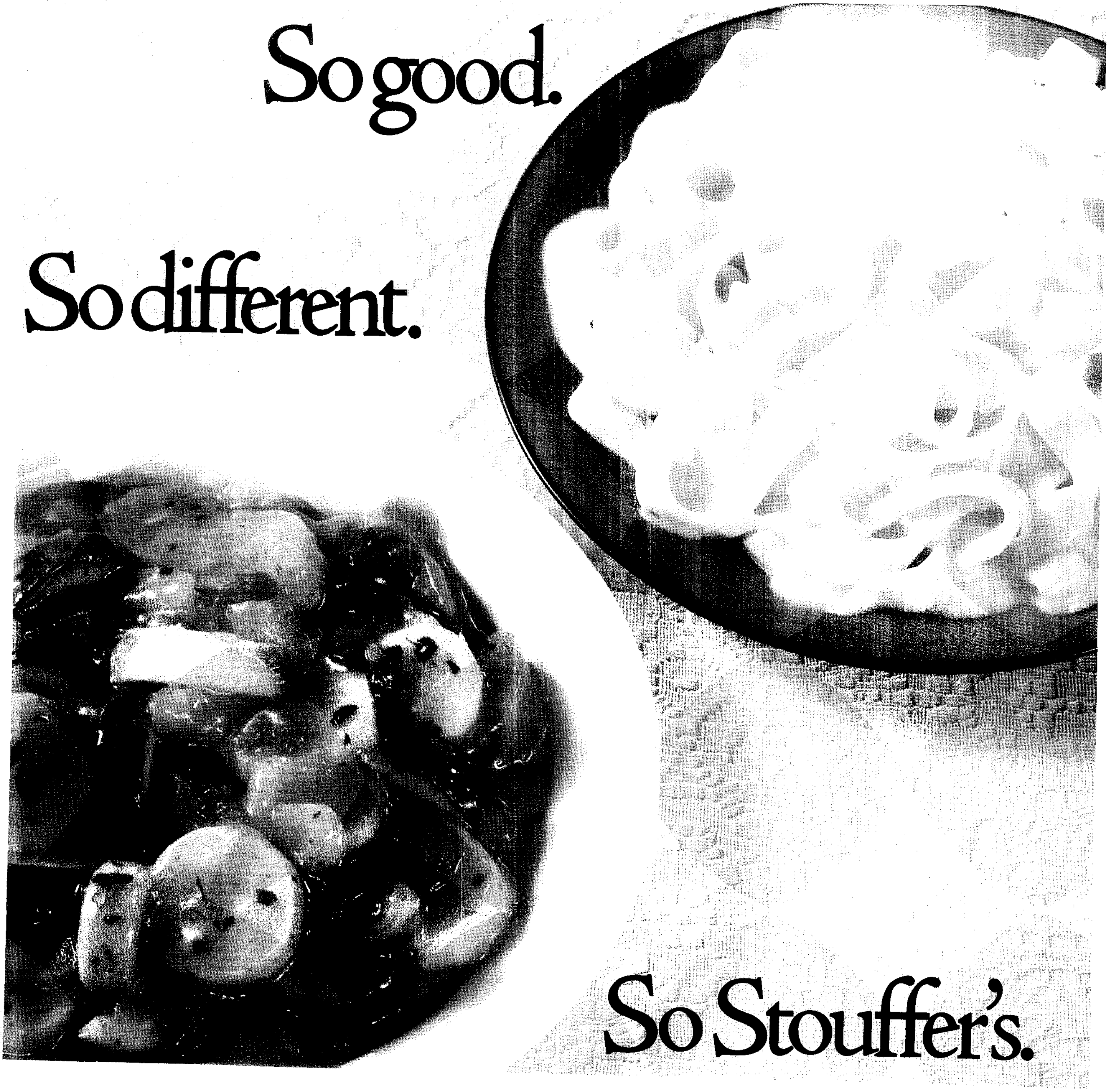

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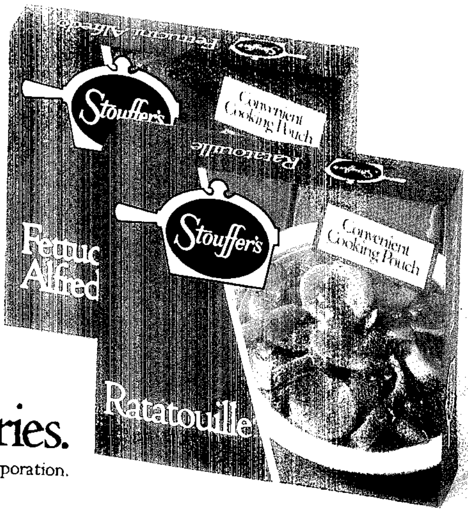
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with the vernal lushness. In "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," we saw the developing personalities of three men; here we see three men gradually bleached of their differences. In their last days, they're all in such terrible shape that they turn into joking pals. Toward the end, it's as if they shared one memory and had become one person. The final, reconciliation scene between Fraenkel and Andrée is, in its way, peerless. When Fraenkel has been mauled by a polar bear and is dying, Andrée pleads with him, "You can't go now. . . . You've got to stay with me." Fraenkel whispers "I'm sorry" with his last breath. Then Andrée lays him out in the pink silk scarf and the white gloves that Fraenkel had brought with him for the victory celebration when they were all going to be presented to the Czar. The movie earns the emotions that it brings forth. Troell doesn't tell you what happens; in his attentive way, he makes it happen right in front of you. These Victorians turn into modern man.

IN "Tender Mercies," Robert Duvall, as Mac Sledge, a legendary country-and-Western singer and songwriter who has become an alcoholic wreck, begins to recover through the kindness of Rosa Lee (Tess Harper), the young widow of a soldier killed in Vietnam. She lets him stay at her motel and gas station on the desolate Texas prairie, and he does handyman jobs to pay for his keep, but they haven't actually exchanged much more than a few yups and nopes when, about half an hour into the picture, he says, "I guess it's no secret how I feel about you. A blind man could see that." Which is quite a surprise, because *nobody* could see it. There hasn't been the slightest interplay between them—not so much as a soft expression or a good hot look. And I'm afraid that I was further confused because Rosa Lee has been so blank-faced and terse that I'd thought she was meant to be—well, simple, dim-witted. So it took me a while to get into the film's conception and realize that in this scheme of things simple meant deep, and that this woman of few words is supposed to represent frontier-woman steadfastness and true, enduring values. She's patience, normality, perfection. (What she isn't is a character.) Once I got it straight, I knew how I was supposed to react to her faint smile of gratification as she watches Mac—now her husband—getting himself dunked, along with her nine-year-old son, in the bap-

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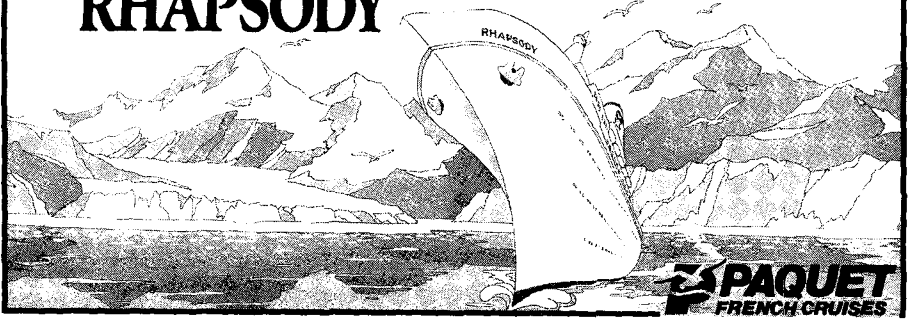

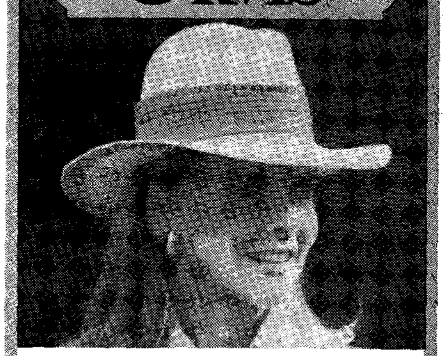

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tismal tank at her church. Mac is born again. Being with Rosa Lee and the boy has healed him. And he ends her loneliness, and provides the boy with the father he never had. (Mac's conversion, like his falling in love, takes place off camera; that could be one of the mercies referred to in the title.)

It used to happen that you paid to see a movie and you got back your weight in homilies. A lot of people must miss this; tired of the new junk, they want the old junk—like the stuff they used to get from the alleged Golden Age of Television. Audiences appear to be deeply moved by this bare-bones picture, which is said to be honest and about real people. Duvall's Mac is pure, wrinkled granite; he's such a recessive personality that the few seconds of emotion he lets come through seem to convince some viewers that they're seeing great acting. But it may be that Duvall puts too much emphasis on the integrity (i.e., the shell) of the character: his integrity as a performer means that we lose out. For example, I think he needed to give more to the scene in which Sue Anne, his eighteen-year-old daughter by his first marriage (to a high-powered country-music star), comes to see him, hoping for the understanding she doesn't get from her mother. Sue Anne is played by Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes are the high points of the movie. She has something rare in a young actress: power. And she has a great face for acting—her eyes are about a mile apart. Her lines aren't any more expressive than the rest of what the scriptwriter, Horton Foote, master of arid realism, provides, but she makes you feel Sue Anne's messy hopes so acutely that when this girl asks her father if he remembers a song he used to sing to her and he stands there, impassive, it's bewildering. After she leaves, he recites the lyrics of the song so we'll know he remembers everything, and that he is—in the language of this movie—hurting. I don't understand why he couldn't have given her a sign of acknowledgment that he remembered—he can see that she needs it. Duvall appears to operate on the premise that the less Mac Sledge shows the more he feels. (I've never seen a star performance so dependent on a squint; Mac's T-shirts should read "Life Makes Me Wince.")

I kept waiting for "Tender Mercies" to get started—to get into something. I was still waiting when it was over and I was back out on the

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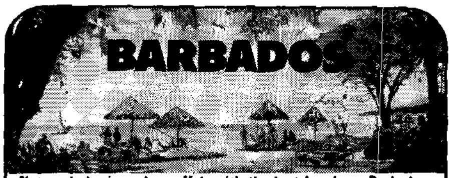

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street. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, who makes his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how Rosa Lee ever expected to make a living from it.) I was grateful when a van pulled up and several local young men—musicians—piled out; they've come to pay their respects to Mac, and though they seem like the kind of guys who can spit watermelon seeds real far, they serve to populate the screen and provide a few minutes of affability. And it helps to see Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit in her role as Dixie—Mac's first wife, the red-haired singer whom he had brutalized in the days when he was a mean drunk. Onstage, Betty Buckley's Dixie is a brassy trouper—a hardworking second-rater; too bad that offstage she has lines like the complaint about her daughter: "I gave her everything in the world she ever wanted." (I didn't make that up, but then neither did Horton Foote.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (that, too, gives a film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself, and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. These two have matching deep-sunk eyes; the theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." "Tender Mercies" is proof that a movie doesn't have to be long to be ponderous. —PAULINE KAEL

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[From the San Francisco Chronicle]

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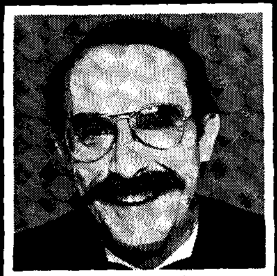

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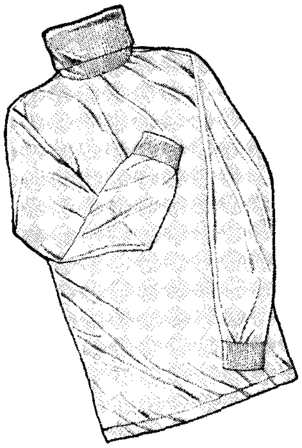

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BOOKS

Empire's End

IN September of 1974, the Emperor Haile Selassie I was deposed as ruler of Ethiopia by a committee of young Army officers called the Dergue; at that time the monarch had reigned for forty-four of his eighty-two years. The nature of his long rule and the circumstances of his deposition are enchantingly illuminated in "The Emperor: Downfall of an Autocrat," by Ryszard Kapuściński (translated from the Polish by William R. Brand and Katarzyna Mroczkowska-Brand; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). Mr. Kapuściński, who for many years covered the Third World for the Polish Press Agency, visited Ethiopia in 1963, when Haile Selassie was playing host to a conference of African leaders in Addis Ababa, "then a large village of a few hundred thousand inhabitants, situated on hills, amid eucalyptus groves." On this occasion, the Polish reporter befriended a member of the Imperial Ministry of Information, "a tall, handsome, usually silent and reserved Amhara" named Teferra Gebrewold. Not long after the Emperor's fall, Mr. Kapuściński returned to Addis and with Teferra's help sought out in their hiding places surviving members of the Emperor's circle and interviewed them. "We were a couple of collectors out to recover pictures doomed to destruction: we wanted to make an exhibition of the old art of governing."

A stunning exhibit it is; the interviewed subjects, while the turbulent aftermath of the revolution and its frenzied nationwide *fetasha* (Amharic for "search") raged about them, enunciated their memories of the days of Haile Selassie with a magical elegance that frequently achieves poetry and aphorism:

> The Emperor slept in a roomy bed made of light walnut. He was so slight and frail that you couldn't see him—he was lost among the sheets. In old age, he became even smaller. . . . He had the habit of sleeping little and rising early, when it was still dark outside. He treated sleep as a dire necessity that purposelessly robbed him of time he would rather have spent ruling or at Imperial functions. Sleep was a private, intimate interval in a life meant to be passed amid decorations and lights. That's why he woke up seeming discontented with having slept, impatient with the very fact of sleep. Only the subsequent activities of the day restored his inner balance.

The first of his activities was to walk within the Palace grounds while a scheduled series of high-ranking informers poured news of the night's conspiracies into his ear. They walked a step behind the Emperor, who never made a comment or took a note: "Our monarch not only never used his ability to read, but he also never wrote anything and never signed anything in his own hand. Though he ruled for half a century, not even those closest to him knew what his signature looked like." During Imperial audiences, a Minister of the Pen, when the Emperor spoke, "moved his ear as close as a microphone" and "transcribed his ruler's scant and foggy mutterings. All the rest was interpretation." In hourly segments rather picturesquely named—the Hour of the Cashbox, the Hour of the Supreme Court of Final Appeal—Haile Selassie moved through his day, expressionless, virtually inaudible, his every move framed by slavish attendance. One employee of the court had the sole job of wiping from the shoes of respectfully immobile dignitaries the urine deposited there by the Emperor's pet lapdog Lulu; another was for twenty-six years "His Most Virtuous Highness's pillow bearer":

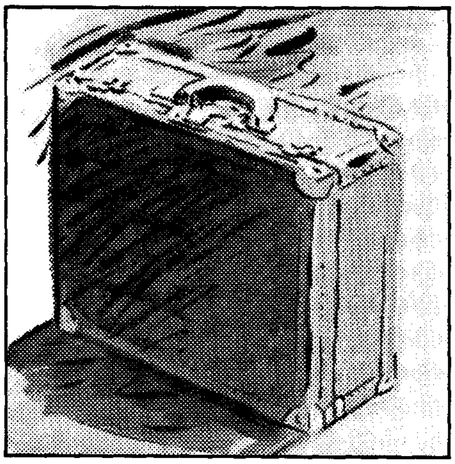
> His Majesty would take his place on the throne, and when he had seated himself I would slide a pillow under his feet. This had to be done like lightning so as not to leave Our Distinguished Monarch's legs hanging in the air for even a moment. . . . I had mastered the special protocol of this specialty, and even possessed an extremely useful, expert knowledge: the height of various thrones. This allowed me quickly to choose a pillow of just the right size, so that a shocking ill fit, allowing a gap to appear between the pillow and

"And this is Leonard, my husband of fourteen years."

the Emperor's shoes, would not occur. In my storeroom I had fifty-two pillows of various sizes, thicknesses, materials, and colors.

The "keeper of the third door" also had his heavy responsibilities and his pride of expertise: "It was an art to open the door at the right moment, the exact instant. To open the door too early would have been reprehensible, as if I were hurrying the Emperor out. If I opened it too late, on the other hand, His Sublime Highness would have to slow down, or perhaps even stop, which would detract from his lordly dignity, a dignity that meant getting around without collisions or obstacles." And a high ceremonial official rejoiced in being called "His Distinguished Majesty's cuckoo;" his duty was, when the moment came "for the Emperor, in accordance with official protocol, to pass from one activity to another," to stand before him and rapidly bow several times, as a signal.

At the center of all this clockwork-like apparatus of absolutism the Emperor maintained, according to the testimony of these voices (identified simply by initials, for their own protection), an inscrutable poise, a trance of power that let scarcely an appointment or an expenditure take place within the entirety of the Empire without his approval. His objective was peace, obtained by balancing factions: "The Palace divided itself into factions and coteries that fought incessant wars, weakening and destroying each other. That is exactly what His Benevolent Majesty wanted. Such a balance assured his blessed peace." He distrusted activists and fanatic enforcers of order: "Desirous of His Majesty's approbation, they tried to introduce absolute order, whereas His Supreme Majesty wanted basic order with a margin of disorder on which his monarchical gentleness could exert itself." What power he shared he shared on one basis: loyalty. "It didn't matter if a given dignitary measured up or not, as long as he showed unshakable loyalty." "I don't remember His Magnanimous Highness's ever demoting someone and pressing his head to the cobblestones because of corruption. Let him enjoy his corruption, as long as he shows his loyalty!" A certain Prince Imru "began to smell of reform, and without asking the Emperor's permission he gave some of his lands to the peasants. Thus, having kept something secret from the Emperor . . . in an irritating and even provocative way he violated the principle of loyalty. His



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Benevolent Highness, who had been preparing a supremely honorable office for the prince, had to exile him from the country for twenty years." The underlying principle is expressed by one former courtier in a celestial metaphor:

> I'll come right out and say it: the King of Kings preferred bad ministers. And the King of Kings preferred them because he liked to appear in a favorable light by contrast. How could he show himself favorably if he were surrounded by good ministers? The people would be disoriented. Where would they look for help? On whose wisdom and kindness would they depend? Everyone would have been good and wise. What disorder would have broken out in the Empire then! Instead of one sun, fifty would be shining, and everyone would pay homage to a privately chosen planet.

One wonders how much of the elegant style of Abyssinian testimony—beautifully caught by this supple English translation—was smuggled in by way of Mr. Kapuściński's Polish. Certainly the editing and sequencing of these interviews is highly artistic, and creates a more than documentary effect, a Kafkaesque poetry and mystery. The events that led to the Emperor's downfall are, but for an occasional italicized interpolation, seen entirely from within the court, with the moist eyes of injured innocence:

> I also took care of another bag, a large one that was filled with small coins on the eve of national holidays.... On such occasions our august ruler went to the most crowded and lively quarter of Addis Ababa, Mercato, where on a specially constructed platform I would place the heavy, jingling bag from which His Benevolent Majesty would scoop the handfuls of coppers that he threw into the crowd of beggars and other such greedy riffraff. The rapacious mob would create such a hubbub, however, that this charitable action always had to end in a shower of police batons against the heads of the frenzied, pushy rabble. Saddened, His Highness would have to walk away from the platform. Often he was unable to empty even half the bag.
>
> Nowadays, all those who destroyed the monarchy point out that in each province His Most Worthy Majesty maintained a Palace always ready for his arrival. It is true that some excesses were committed. For instance, a great Palace was constructed in the heart of the Ogaden Desert and maintained for years, fully staffed with servants and its pantry kept full, and His Indefatigable Majesty spent only one day there. But what if His Distinguished Majesty's itinerary were such that at some point he had to spend a night in the heart of the Desert? Unfortunately, our unenlightened people will never understand the Higher Reason that governs the actions of monarchs.

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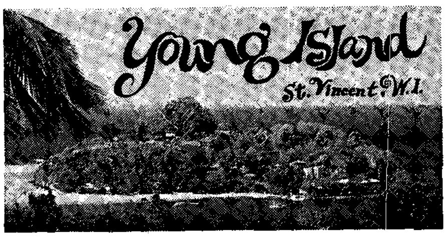

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a fashion show at the university, organized by the American Peace Corps even though all gatherings and meetings were forbidden. But His Distinguished Majesty could not forbid the Americans a show, could he? And so the students took advantage of this cheerful and carefree event to gather in an enormous crowd and set off for the Palace. And from that moment on they never again let themselves be driven back to their homes.

There had been an unsuccessful rebellion in 1960, led by Germame Neway, an aristocrat who had returned at the age of thirty from the United States, where an Imperial scholarship had financed a university education. Made governor of the southern province of Sidamo, Germame began to turn uncultivated land over to landless peasants; Haile Selassie's characteristically mild reaction was to transfer the rash reformer to the governorship of Jijiga, where the only inhabitants were nomads uninterested in land. Germame's attempted coup, when it came, was efficiently quelled by the Army; the common people, lacking radios, were slow to realize that a revolution was in progress and that the Palace had been taken. When they became aware, they pursued the rebels with sticks and stones. Nevertheless, from 1960 on "a sort of negativism started to flood over us. . . . You noticed it everywhere on people's faces, faces that seemed diminished and abandoned, without light or energy, in what people did and how they did it. . . . Even though the Emperor went on issuing decrees and striving to get things done, got up early and never rested, all the same the negativism was there, growing all the time. . . . People seemed unable to control things; things existed and ceased to exist in their own malicious ways, slipping through people's hands. . . . The Palace was sinking, and we all felt it. . . . We could feel the temperature falling, life becoming more and more precisely framed by ritual but more and more cut-and-dried, banal, negative."

Haile Selassie was not bloodthirsty or unintelligent. He perpetrated many actual reforms in his anachronistic empire, and to the last was going through the motions of "development." The fatal weakness of his rule—which he would not have outlived had he not lived so very long—was the rapacity of his officials, a rapacity he encouraged as a seal to their loyalty. As the collapse drew near, the corruption grew worse: "The closer it got to the end, the more horrible was the

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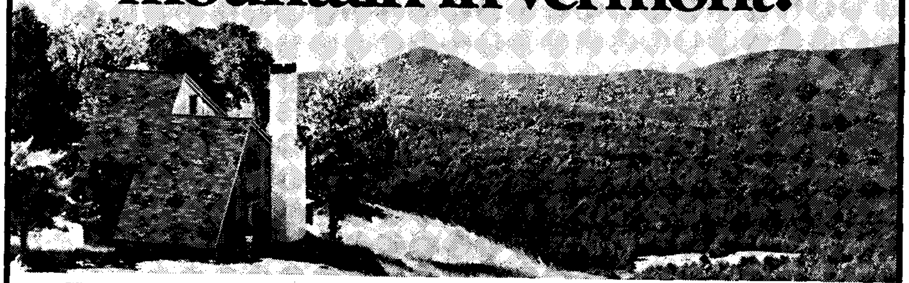

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grabbing and the unrestrained snatching. Instead, my friend, of applying himself to the tiller or the sails as the boat started to sink, each one of our magnates stuffed his bag and looked around for a comfortable lifeboat." The vessel sank, finally, under the weight of the drought that had been afflicting North Africa for a number of years. A British television journalist, Jonathan Dimbleby, who had previously made films flattering to the Emperor, in 1973 took cameras into the desolated north of the country and produced a film entitled "Ethiopia: The Unknown Famine," "in which this unprincipled calumniator"—to quote the interview subject called A.A.—"pulled the demagogic trick of showing thousands of people dying of hunger, and next to that His Venerable Highness feasting with dignitaries. Then he showed roads on which scores of poor, famished skeletons were lying, and immediately afterward our airplanes bringing champagne and caviar from Europe. Here, whole fields of dying scrags; there, His Highness serving meat to his dogs from a silver platter." An outcry greeted the film's showing in England, and the Empire reluctantly had to admit foreign aid, with its attendant personnel, including "correspondents disguised as male nurses":

> It's never good to let so many foreigners in, since they are amazed at everything and they criticize everything. . . . When these missionaries, physicians, and so-called nurses reached the north, they saw a thing most amazing to them, namely, thousands dying of hunger right next door to markets and stores full of food. There is food, they say, only there was a bad harvest and the peasants had to give it all to the landowners and that's why they've got nothing left and the speculators took advantage and raised the prices so high that hardly anyone could buy wheat and that's where the misery comes from.

More scandalous yet, the Emperor's officials turned out to be appropriating the food shipments sent in aid. With astonishing effrontery, the Finance Minister, Yelma Deresa, demanded high customs fees from the overseas donors; when they balked at payment, the local press hastened "to denounce the rebellious benefactors, saying that by suspending aid they condemn our nation to the cruelties of poverty and starvation." And:

> Amid all the people starving, missionaries and nurses clamoring, students rioting, and police cracking heads, His Serene Majesty . . . *summoned the wretched notables* from the north [and] conferred high distinctions on them to prove that they were

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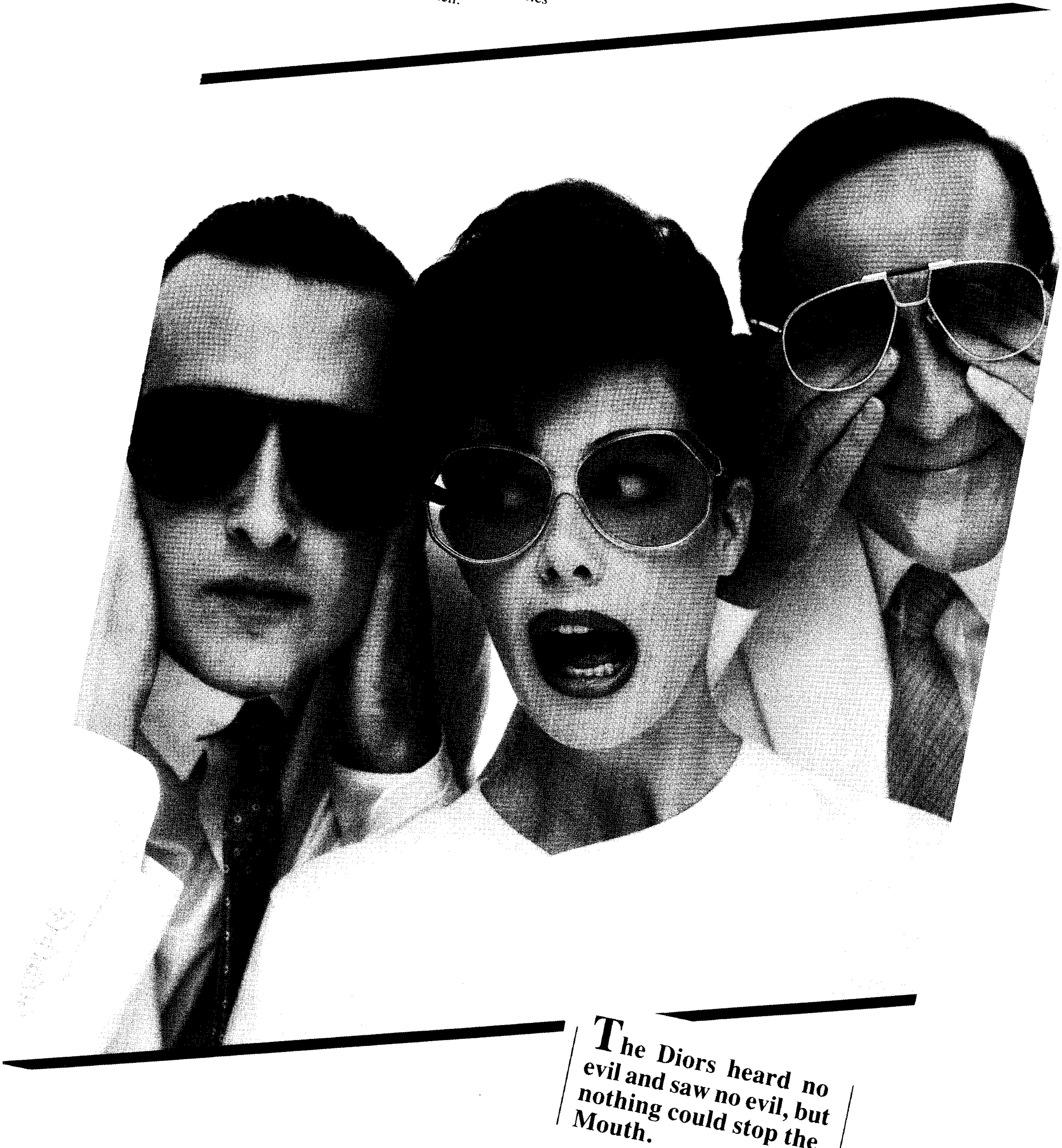

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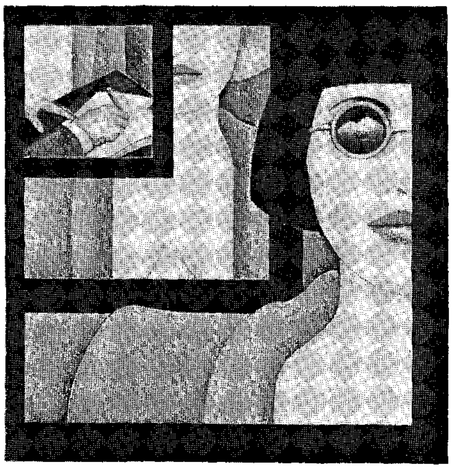
innocent and to curb the foreign gossip and slander.

The well-placed Ethiopians had trouble understanding what the fuss was all about. "First of all," A.A. told Mr. Kapuściński, "death from hunger had existed in our Empire for hundreds of years, an everyday, natural thing, and it never occurred to anyone to make any noise about it. Drought would come and the earth would dry up, the cattle would drop dead, the peasants would starve. Ordinary, in accordance with the laws of nature and the eternal order of things. . . . Consider also, my dear friend, that—between you and me—it is not bad for national order and a sense of national humility that the subjects be rendered skinnier, thinned down a bit." The Emperor, after all, had issued a statement upon the famine announcing that he "attached the utmost importance to this matter":

> For the starvelings it had to suffice that His Munificent Highness personally attached the greatest importance to their fate, which was a very special kind of attachment, of an order higher than the highest. It provided the subjects with a soothing and uplifting hope that whenever there appeared in their lives an oppressive mischance, some tormenting difficulty, His Most Unrivaled Highness would hearten them—by attaching the greatest importance to that mischance or difficulty.

Such celestial reassurances to the contrary, unrest and criticism continued to swell, there were riots and strikes, and the Army—the biggest in black Africa, and since the 1960 rebellion the mainstay of Imperial power—began, in February of 1974, to mutiny. The Dergue came into being, and the Emperor consented to meet with it. The last surreal act of the drama was under way; acting in the Emperor's name, the Dergue gradually arrested all the Emperor's officials and favorites, emptying the Palace around him. The grim farce was heightened by the arrival of some Swedish physicians who had been previously engaged to lead the court circle in calisthenics. "To prevent the rebels from capturing everyone at once, the grand chamberlain of the court pulled off a cunning trick by ordering that calisthenics be done in small groups." The Dergue relentlessly continued its arrests, "cutting off great hunks of dignitaries, until in the end the Palace was picked clean, flushed out, and there was nobody left except for His Most Extraordinary Majesty and one servant." This servant, like the Emperor, was an octogenarian. Through August,



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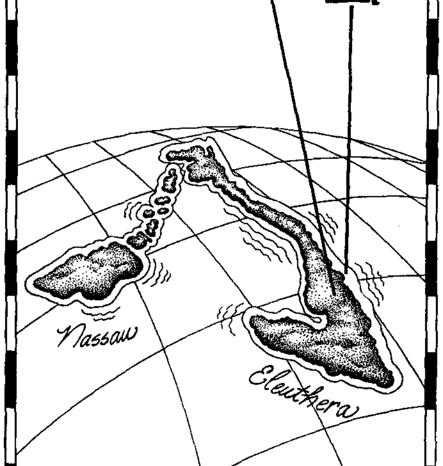

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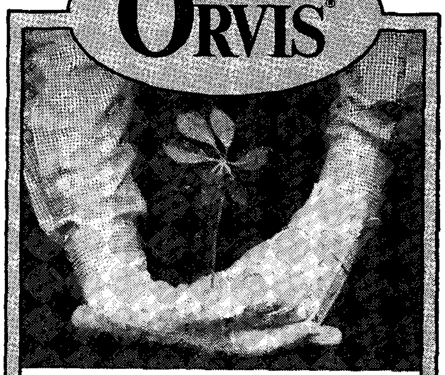

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the two old men held to routines of server and served in the vast void of the Palace. "It rained for days on end," Mr. Kapuściński tells us. "Mornings were foggy and nights cold. H.S. still wore his uniform, over which he would throw a warm woolen cape. They got up as they had in the old days, as they had for years, at daybreak, and they went to the Palace chapel, where each day L.M. [the servant] read aloud different verses from the Book of Psalms. . . . Afterward, H.S. would go to his office and sit down at his desk, on which more than a dozen telephones were perched. All of them silent—perhaps they had been cut off. L.M. would sit by the door, waiting for the bell to ring, summoning him to receive orders from his monarch." Delegations of young officers arrived, attempting to persuade Haile Selassie to yield up to them the millions of dollars he had secreted over the years in Swiss banks; he never did, though the Dergue did find the dollars he had hidden beneath his Persian carpet and in his great collection of Bibles. The night of September 11, 1974, was New Year's Eve according to the Ethiopian calendar, and the two old men in the Palace did not sleep; in observance of the holiday the servant lit candles in chandeliers throughout the deserted rooms. The next morning, three officers in combat uniforms arrived, and one of them read to the Emperor an act of dethronement that stated, "Even though the people treated the throne in good faith as a symbol of unity, Haile Selassie I took advantage of its authority, dignity, and honor for his own personal ends. As a result, the country found itself in a state of poverty and disintegration." They told the servant to pack his belongings and go home. The streets of Addis Ababa were still empty under a morning curfew; nevertheless, the Emperor waved his hand at the few people they passed as he was driven from the Palace in a green Volkswagen. He was held in rooms of the Menelik Palace on the hills above Addis Ababa, close to where his pet lions were caged. (In 1960, he had ordered some of his lions shot, "because instead of defending the Palace they had admitted the traitors.") According to a report from Agence France Presse, he was granted many signs of respect by his captors and on his side repeatedly proclaimed, "If the revolution is good for the people, then I am for the revolution." He died, according to a terse announcement in

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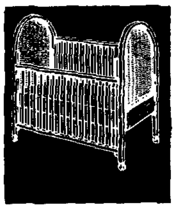

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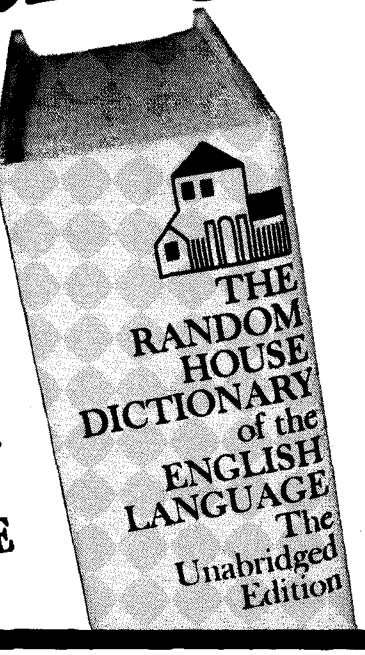
the *Ethiopian Herald*, a little less than a year after his deposition, of circulatory failure.

"The Emperor" is a parable of rule which offers a number of lessons. Foremost looms the inevitable tendency of a despot, be he king, ward boss, or dictator, to prefer loyalty to ability in his subordinates, and to seek safety in stagnation. One of Haile Selassie's problems, well managed as long as power was kept within the court circle, was to balance the forces within his government so that no one branch or clique developed any initiative or momentum of its own. The price paid, of course, was a corruption and inertia that broke the bonds between the monarchy and the nation. Another lesson, more elusive in its workings, is the fragile, even phantasmal nature of the connection between the ruler and the ruled. Haile Selassie was so accustomed to ruling, with its ceaseless pomp and protocol, that he displayed a sublime passivity—infuriating to some of his retainers—when the Palace began to sink. He allowed himself to be used by the military as its figurehead and through his nonresisting person permitted a transition to revolution. How much of this was intentional it would take another book to tell us. The courtier C. explained to Mr. Kapuściński, "His Venerable Majesty wanted to rule over everything. Even if there was a rebellion, he wanted to rule over the rebellion, to command a mutiny, even if it was directed against his own reign." Perhaps, in his mind, as he conferred each day that summer with delegations from the Dergue and—always dressed in military uniform now—visited his terrified ministers as they awaited incarceration, he was still ruling. These procedures might have seemed no less real than those of the days when his Ministers of the Pen and the Purse would translate his murmurings into governmental action. "It's so very difficult," mused M.W.Y., "to establish where the borderline is between living power, great, even terrifying, and the appearance of power, the empty pantomime of ruling, being one's own dummy, only playing the role, not seeing the world, not hearing it, merely looking into oneself." For power, appearances to the contrary, flows upward from the governed: all the munificence of Haile Selassie's court derived from the exertions of desperately poor peasants, from a submission that amounted to consent. And consent can be with-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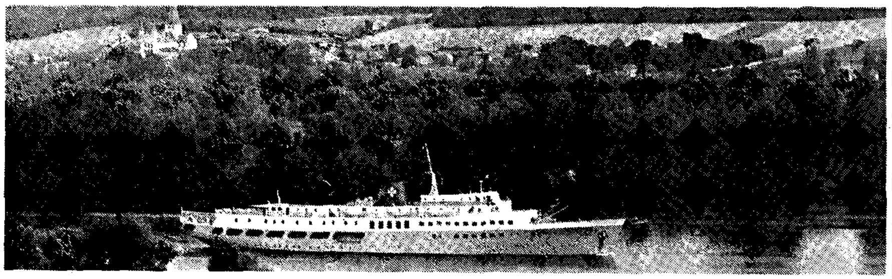

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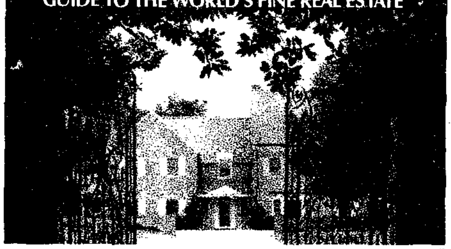

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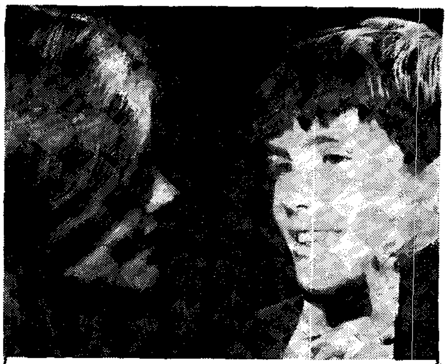
held. Ethiopia in 1960 was not ready for revolution; by 1974, it was.

Not that peasants, as such, revolted. The eloquent and philosophical A.A. observes:

> Up north there was no rebellion. No one raised his voice or his hand up there.... The usefulness of going hungry is that a hungry man thinks only of bread. He's all wrapped up in the thought of food.... Who destroyed our Empire? Who reduced it to ruin? Neither those who had too much, nor those who had nothing, but those who had a bit. Yes, one should always beware of those who have a bit, because they are the worst, they are the greediest, it is they who push upward.

It is no paradox that the customary fomenters of modern revolution are young members of the middle class rather than of the oppressed masses. It is these who have had opportunity to think of more than bread, yet have not attained an entrenched position in the established order. Haile Selassie distributed scholarships and selectively encouraged education and thus helped create the class that brought him down. Both the leader of the failed coup of 1960, Germame Neway, and the leader of the successful one of 1974, Mengistu Haile-Mariam, had spent time, at the Imperial government's expense, in the United States, which continues to export, in the form of raised consciousness, more revolution than the Soviet Union.

Ethiopia is distinguished from most Third World countries by its ancient history of independence, on its craggy African plateau. It is typically Third World, however, in that its government is the nation's one significant accumulation of capital and therefore must serve as the main avenue to wealth. Mr. Kapuściński puts it well: "The people of the Palace were overcome by terror because in a poor country, in which the only source of property is not hard work and productivity but extraordinary privilege, no dignitary could have a clear conscience." The United States and the other industrial nations of the West are fortunate insofar as high political office is financially unattractive, except as a stepping stone to best-selling memoirs. When the most energetically entrepreneurial types are drawn elsewhere in the economy, a possibility of altruistic service enters officialdom. But until a society can generate superior economic opportunity elsewhere government is apt to be a league of exploiters, a protection racket dearly selling the governed a modicum of protection from itself. The jacket flap



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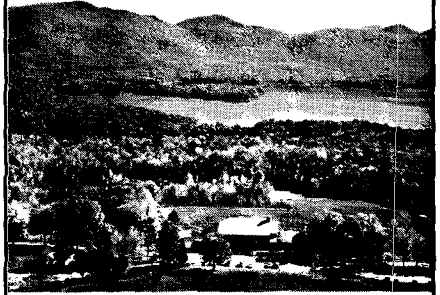

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of "The Emperor" claims that when it was published in Poland, in 1978, "it was widely viewed as an allegory of dictatorship in general. Critics saw its publication as a key event in shaping the consensus for reform in Poland." Perhaps; but the Cold War moral that stands out is the orthodox Communist call to revolution against autocratic and élitist regimes. The intolerable extent of callously regarded misery allowed to flourish under Haile Selassie is firmly, though gracefully, indicated, in this book devoted to the melodious ghosts of his regime. The vivid charm of these voices—the courtesy, the irony, the rhetorical flair, a certain antique quality of dispassionate speculation amid timeless horizons—has already tempted your reviewer to quote all too generously. The Emperor himself, though he is the titular subject, remains less than vivid—something of a mystery to his court as he was to the world, a grave and soft-spoken king seen through the wrong end of the telescope, a man who became invisible when he went to bed. Yet his world, the abruptly abolished world of the Amharic aristocracy, lives in these pages, so curiously delicate, of remembrance collected amid danger and ruin. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LONESOME GODS, by Louis L'Amour (Bantam; $14.95). God knows what psychiatry would think of Johannes Verne, the hero of Mr. L'Amour's new melodrama of the Old West. We meet him at the age of six. His mother, the runaway daughter of a rich California don, has just died, and he and his father, an Anglo hated by the old, haughty Don Isidro, are crossing the Colorado desert for the village of Los Angeles in a covered wagon. They fight off an Indian attack, and make it to a mountain hideaway known to Papa Verne, and are there ambushed by the old Don and his henchmen. Johannes sees his father killed, and is abandoned by his grandfather to die of thirst in the desert. He survives, grows up alone in the old hideaway, and makes his way to Los Angeles—handsome, highly intelligent, well read, well mannered, charming, friendly, a natural leader of men, a dead shot with pistol or rifle, determined to lead a good and useful life. Everything here is as unlikely as Johannes's undamaged psyche, but it makes riveting reading. Mr. L'Amour writes neatly of a setting he knows well; his characters, though undeveloped, have character; and his action is unrelenting. It is no wonder that, as his publishers tell us, his books have sold nearly a hundred and thirty million copies.

LOUIE & WOMEN, by Todd Walton (Dutton; $12.95). Louie has been an architect and a piano player, but as the first chapter of this haunting little novel (less than two hundred small pages) begins he is an emaciated drifter resting in a field of iceberg lettuce near Monterey Bay. Just what has brought him to this condition is a story revealed in part by a fiercely faithful admirer living in Santa Cruz—she has served time in prison for defending Louie's honor with a knife—and in part by Louie himself, as he enchants a young woman who lives with her mother in a nearby beach house. At the heart of the story is Louie's need, and reluctance, to choose between his old friend and his new one, but to say this is to give no hint of the strange events that structure the novel and Louie's life: a matching set of suicides; a party thrown by a lot of silly human beings for two amorous dogs; an ill-timed flight to the East Coast by one woman and a terrifying cruise to South America by another; a surprise visit to the only woman in the world (or so it seems) not glad to see Louie; and a sad, funny scene, toward the end, in which Louie is almost raped by a grateful young mother whom he rescued, near the beginning, from just such a fate.

NOTE: "In Constant Flight," a collection of stories by Elizabeth Tallent, has been published by Knopf ($11.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

DISRAELI, by Sarah Bradford (Stein & Day; $19.95). A spirited biography. Disraeli's obvious political liabilities in the England of his day (1804-81) were his middle-class birth and income, his lack of aristocratic connections, and his Jewish ancestry, but perhaps his greatest weakness was his irrepressible flamboyance—a trait that, in the course of his long career, he transformed into an asset. Miss Bradford's Disraeli was, from first to last, a romantic and a fanta-

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sist, who saw every transaction from his own disastrous speculation in mining stocks, in the eighteen-twenties, to his brilliant purchase of Suez Canal shares for Great Britain, in 1875, as glamorous. She gives an unprejudiced account of how Disraeli fractured the Tory Party by leading a rebellion against Sir Robert Peel and rebuilt it on a platform of welfare and empire: in both cases he articulated what an enormous number of Englishmen desired. In describing his cultivation of the Queen before, during, and after his two terms as Prime Minister, Miss Bradford emphasizes his sincerity—he saw the monarchy and the sovereign as inherently enchanting. Dizzy, in sum, dazzled himself before he dazzled anybody else, and his wit only partly concealed his earnestness.

The Sack of Rome, 1527, by André Chastel, translated from the French by Beth Archer (Princeton; $40). In the summer of 1527, the imperial army of Charles V fell upon the city of Rome, torturing and murdering its citizens and systematically looting and desecrating *the artistic* and cultural treasures of the Catholic Church. (Pope Clement VII, who was marked for assassination, only narrowly escaped.) This book is composed of lectures that M. Chastel, a noted French art historian, gave at the National Gallery, in Washington, in 1977. He explores the religious and political tangle of early-sixteenth-century Europe, and the combination of circumstances that ended the independence of Italy for three hundred and fifty years. He is concerned mainly, however, with the effects of the sack on the artistic *world of the time*—on the personalities and the styles of the leading artists of Clementine Rome. His dense and vivid study is illustrated with reproductions of drawings, prints, and paintings that figure in the text.

The Insanity Plea, by William J. Winslade and Judith Wilson Ross (Scribners; $15.95). Two colleagues at the U.C.L.A. Program in Medicine, Law, and Human Values examine seven murder trials whose outcomes, they believe, demonstrate that psychiatric testimony leads to unjust verdicts and sentences. The *authors* would like to abolish the plea of not guilty by reason of insanity. They think that a murder trial should decide the question of

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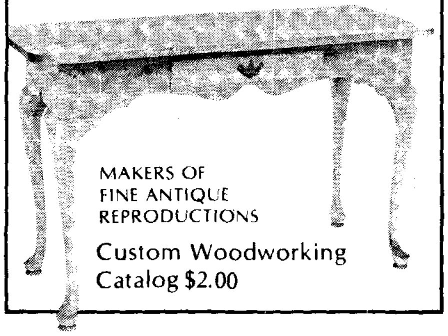

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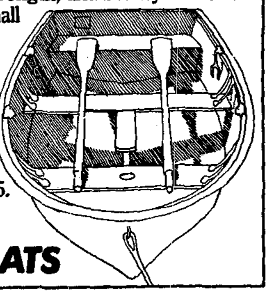

guilt or innocence; if the verdict is guilty, a second hearing, to determine the sentence, might appropriately include psychiatric testimony. They argue that psychiatrists have confused juries by pretending to greater expertise than their science has attained, and have relieved juries and judges of responsibilities they should shoulder.

Fast Train Russia, by Jay Higginbotham (Dodd, Mead; $10.95). This is an unusual memoir—one of unusual charm and what can only be called sweetness. It describes in warm detail a journey from the Siberian port of Nakhodka to Moscow on the Rossiya Express (or Fast Train Russia) in the summer of 1966 by the author, who is now on the staff of the Mobile, Alabama, Public Library, and was then an adventurous wanderer of twenty-eight. It consists of excerpts from a diary he kept at the time and of elaborations from memory. Mr. Higginbotham knew no Russian; an English-speaking woman teacher was a fellow-passenger for part of the six-thousand-mile trip, but he communicated with the others in his car and with a family of three who shared his compartment in sign language and pidgin German. The time passed quickly and joyfully. He played ticktacktoe with his companions, they taught him a game called *durak* (fool), he entered an impromptu chess tournament, he joined in the singing of Russian songs, he played hopscotch with the children and made them paper hats, he raced with the others at every stop to buy ice cream or nuts or fruit, he was offered drinks at every turn and drank everything he was offered, he ran foot races along the station platforms, he watched the endless countryside. He was "*Meester Zhay, Americansky.*" On the last day of the trip, he was given a surprise farewell party: "Lyuda presented me with a book, with a sketch of herself on the inside flap and an inscription which was signed by all the passengers on our coach. Several other people handed me gifts . . . a stickpin, some wooden dolls, several packs of cigarettes, a pair of gold cuff links . . . a miniature bronze Sputnik." There were toasts of "*Mir! Mir! Mir!*"—meaning "Peace."

Note: "The Biggest Game in Town," A. Alvarez's portrait of the professional poker players who make

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it to the annual "World Series" in Las Vegas, has been published by Houghton Mifflin ($13.95). The contents first appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WAR TOYS, by Hampton Howard (Stein & Day; $14.95). A fierce melodrama, set in Paris, in which a dropped C.I.A. agent, one Noah Fredericks, now quietly employed as a specialist in systems software, is set up by his former employers as a scapegoat in a complicated espionage. Their selection of Fredericks is a grave mistake. When he discovers, almost at once, the nature of the plot, he rejoices in the opportunity to achieve a double revenge—for this attempt and for the earlier dismissal. He goes about it with deadly precision, and it is a joy to see how he topples his enemies one by one. For the fullest enjoyment of this impressive first novel, one should have some familiarity with the streets and neighborhoods of Paris, with French, and with French cuisine.

THE AVENGING ANGEL, by Rex Burns (Viking; $12.50). Another high-class episode in the dangerous life of the half-Mexican, half-Anglo Denver homicide detective whom Mr. Burns calls Gabriel Wager. The trouble this time is heroic. It involves a series of brutal killings (with a toll of eleven women and children in one shootout) in and around Denver and in the high-desert country on the western slopes of the Rockies, each marked by the killer's calling card: a drawing of a sword-brandishing angel. Wager continues to deepen as a character. His credo is spelled out here: "Life was as casual as death, and . . . the only meaning to be found in either was what he gave to it." So Existentialism is coming back.

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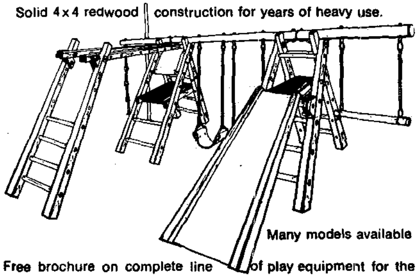

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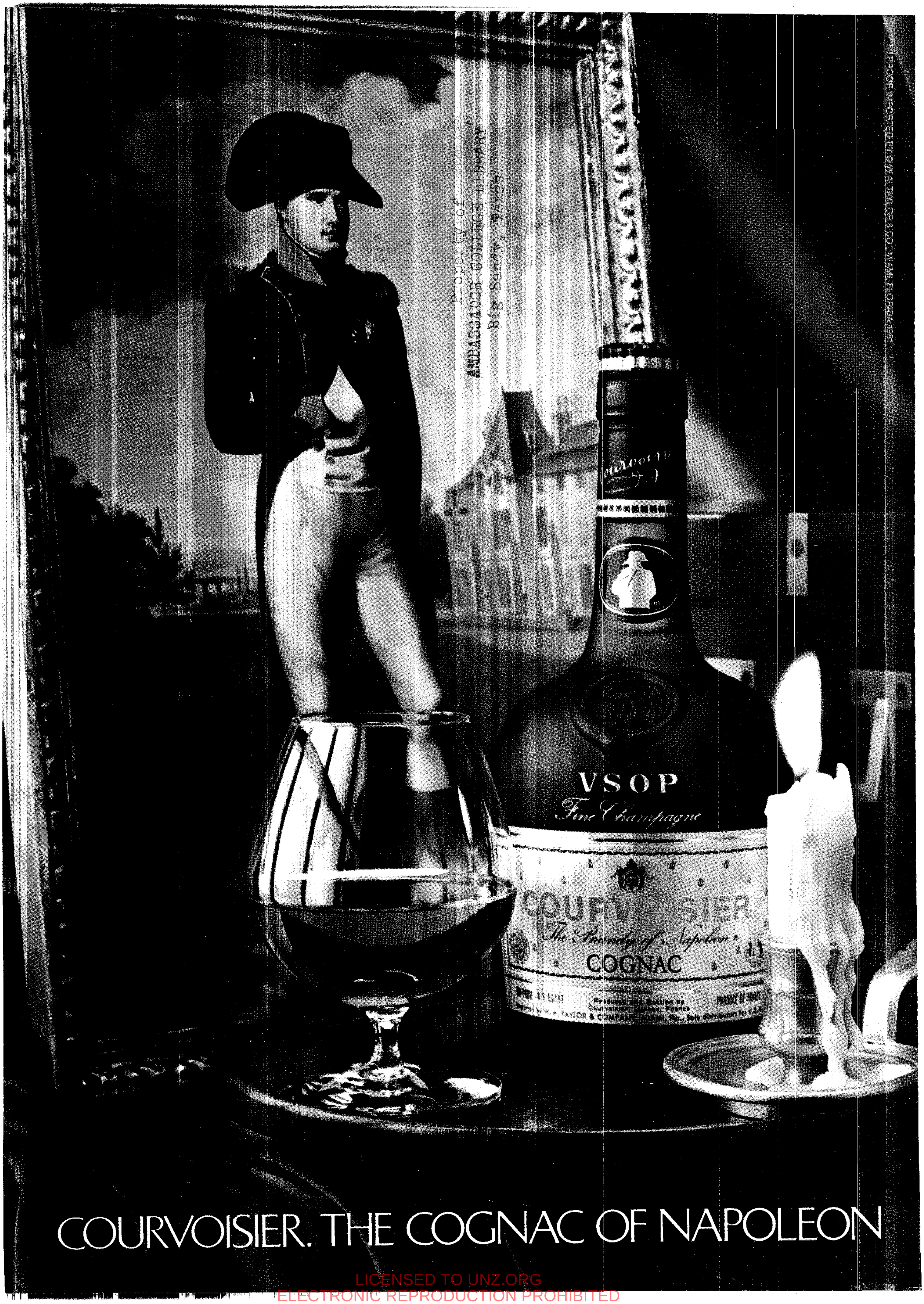
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